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FRS RABELAIS

French Classics for English Readers

Edited by

Adolphe Cohn and Curtis Hidden Page

Rabelais

Selected and Edited by

Curtis Hidden Page

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Five Books
of the
Lives, Heroick Deeds, and Sayings
of
Gargantua
and his sonne
Pantagruel

together

With the Oracle of the Divine *Bacbus*, and
Response of the Bottle

Hereunto are Annexed the Navigations unto
the Sounding Isle

all done by

Mr. Francis Rabelais

in the *French* tongue

and now faithfully translated into *English* by the unimitable pens of

Sir Thomas Urquhart, K^t. & Bar. of Cromarty

and

Peter Motteux

Εὐνοεῖ, εὐλογε κ' εὖ πράττει.

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INTRODUCTION

“**R**ABELAIS created French letters,” says Chateaubriand ; “ Montaigne, La Fontaine, Molière, are his offspring.” Rabelais is in fact the first great prose-writer who used a language near enough to that spoken to-day to be called modern French. In mastery of that language, he has not been surpassed since his time, and has been rivalled only by Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Balzac, and George Sand ; while no one, even of these, has equalled the rich and racy abundance of his style. By his genius, too, he stands alone in his epoch, the only creative writer in France before Corneille to whom the epithet of “great” can justly be applied. Sainte-Beuve, in one of the first *Causeries du Lundi*, classes him with Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Molière, calling them the four greatest geniuses of modern times. Milton and Goethe were later added to the list. “His work,” says Sainte-Beuve, “is an unheard-of creation ; a mixture of science, obscurity, comedy, eloquence, and high fantasy, that suggests everything yet is comparable to nothing, that seizes you and disconcerts you, intoxicates and disgusts you ; and about which—after having vastly enjoyed and admired it—you may still ask yourself seriously whether or no you have understood it.”

Sainte-Beuve here touches on a much-debated

question—the question of Rabelais's seriousness in his character and in his works. To discuss this question too seriously (as has often been done) and to make Rabelais a pedantic reformer of abuses and a Quixotic tilter at all windmills; or to dismiss it as non-existent, leaving him to be considered as merely the greatest of modern buffoons, are both equally false to the spirit of his works; and the second, in particular, is false to all that we know of his life. He was born at Chinon, the little town which he describes so lovingly, and with such humour, in one of the last chapters of his fifth and last Book—a passage which in itself is almost enough to settle the supposedly doubtful question whether that Book be really his own work. Whether his father was an innkeeper, and proprietor of the “Painted Cellar” there spoken of, seems more than doubtful; since De Thou, writing in the second half of the sixteenth century, speaks of the house where Rabelais was born as having then *become* an inn. Other traditions make his father an apothecary, or again the proprietor of a small vineyard. In fact, nothing is really known of Rabelais's family; but it probably belonged to the upper peasant or the lower middle class.

The date of his birth is equally uncertain. All we can say is, that it took place toward the end of the fifteenth century. Tradition places it as early as 1483, but that is hardly probable.

Chinon is in the Province of Touraine, near the centre of that rich Loire country which Rabelais calls “The Garden of France,” where the French language always has been spoken at its best—as

Italian in Tuscany—and where, as in Tuscany, even the peasant takes pride and joy in the inheritance of his mother-tongue and of his mother-wit. It is the province which has given to France her sweetest lyric singer, Ronsard, and her greatest creator of living characters, Balzac. Both of them are rich in overflowing power and creative energy. Richer still in some ways—richer even than Balzac in thought and speech and fantastic imaginings—is Rabelais.

Rabelais's schooling was obtained at the Abbey of Seuillé or Seville, later made famous by him as the home of his Friar John; and at the Convent school of La Baumette, where he had for mates the du Bellay brothers and Geoffrey d'Estissac. Here he began his novitiate, completed at the Cordelier monastery of Fontenay-le-Comte. In this monastery he spent some fifteen years, from about 1509 to 1524, taking priest's orders there, and laying the foundations of that prodigious learning which astonished even his contemporaries of the Renaissance; and also of those friendships which stood him in such good stead throughout his life. He corresponded with Budæus, chief Hellenist of the times, who dignifies him with the fine old names of gentleman and scholar. He made himself familiar with the classic literatures of Rome and Greece, and became learned in the law, and in the sciences so far as then known. But the tree of knowledge was in ill-repute among the monks of that epoch, especially the Cordeliers, and Greek in particular was forbidden fruit. Rabelais's Greek studies, carried on in secret, were discovered; according to the legend, the monks

one day made a descent upon his cell, confiscated and burned his books, and condemned him to solitary confinement for life on a diet of bread and water, and without light. From this fate he was rescued by the efforts of Tiraqueau, Budæus, and others. The story of his imprisonment is probably mere legend, but it is historically certain, from letters of Budæus to his friend Pierre Amy, that Rabelais was persecuted for his studies, that his books were seized by his superiors, and that he finally, through the efforts of his friends, obtained special permission from Pope Clement VII. to leave the order of the Cordeliers and enter that of the Benedictines at Maillezais, where his schoolmate d'Estissac was now Bishop.

Then followed six happy years, spent in intimacy with d'Estissac, Salel, Ardillon, Tiraqueau, the poet Jean Bouchet, the prose-writer Bonaventure Despériers, the scholar Budæus, and the chief poet of his time, Clément Marot. Rabelais carried on his studies, particularly in botany and medicine. In 1530 he entered the University of Montpellier, under the medical faculty; he first inscribed himself as a student on September 16th, and he took his degree on November 1st of the same year. These dates are authenticated by the records of the University. In the following year he gave a public course at the same University on Hippocrates and Galen.

He had already abandoned the Benedictine order, and chosen the garb of a secular priest. He now took up the two new professions of physician and hack-writer. We find him at Lyons, where he

edited various learned works on law, archæology, and medicine, and was attached to the City Hospital at a regular salary. He published, in the one year of 1532, the *Ars parva* of Galen, the *Aphorisms* of Hippocrates, the *Medical Letters* of Manardi, and several other works; it was probably in this year also that he began the making of almanacs, which he seems to have continued through the rest of his life; for he was learned in astronomy as well as in the other sciences.

At Lyons he became the intimate friend of Étienne Dolet, one of the chief printers of that epoch, when it was the rule for a printer to be also scholar, author, and artist. Dolet was the translator of Cicero, Plato, and the Bible, the author of poems, several of which were addressed to Rabelais, and of many important works in Latin and French. He was burned at the stake in 1546.

In 1534 Rabelais accompanied his friend and patron, Jean du Bellay, on his first journey to Rome, when du Bellay all but succeeded in his important mission of preventing the rupture between Henry VIII. of England and the Catholic Church. Rabelais made a second visit to Rome, from November, 1535, to April, 1536, still in the company of Jean du Bellay, who had now been made Cardinal and was fast becoming one of the most influential men of France. During this visit Rabelais learned Arabic, and continued his studies in archæology and the natural sciences, especially botany. He also obtained from the Pope (Paul III.) a special brief absolving him from all past irregularities, and authorising him to re-enter the order of St. Benedict,

to practice medicine, and to hold benefices. The Pope's letter speaks of his "zeal for religion, science, and letters, his honourable life and character, and the many merits and virtues which recommend him." A little later we find him at Paris, where du Bellay—now Lieutenant-General of France—was in charge of the national defence against the Emperor Charles V. In 1537 and 1538 Rabelais again lectured in the faculty of medicine at Montpellier. He was one of the first, perhaps the first, to give public demonstrations on anatomy, illustrated by dissection. A poem of Étienne Dolet represents a hanged man as congratulating himself on the noble use he has served in being publicly cut up by the learned Doctor Rabelais.

In 1539 and 1540, and probably until 1543, Rabelais was in the service of Guillaume du Bellay, brother of the Cardinal, a noble patriot, diplomat, and soldier, then governor of Piedmont. During his residence at Turin, he helped to obtain for the King's library important manuscripts in Hebrew, Syriac, and Greek. After the death of Guillaume du Bellay, he was appointed curate of Saint-Christophe by another of the du Bellay brothers, René, Bishop of Mans; but it appears that he never actually took charge of the pastorate. He was city physician at Metz from 1546 to 1547, having apparently taken refuge there from the persecutions of the Sorbonne; and was again at Rome in 1549, when we find him in correspondence with the Cardinal de Guise, later Cardinal de Lorraine, who with the Duc de Guise and the Connétable de Montmorency, in rivalry with the Châtillon brothers, now

held the chief power in France. Rabelais was appointed curate of Meudon, on the estates of the Duc de Guise, in January, 1550; and was also in close relations with the eldest of the Châtillons, the Cardinal Odet, Count of Beauvais, as is shown by the Epistle Dedicatory of Book IV. He resigned his position as curate just two years later, and probably died soon after, in 1552 or 1553. The exact date is unknown.

These are practically all the authentic facts concerning the life of Rabelais, aside from the dates of publication of his works, which will be found in the Bibliography. Around his life and personality, however, there has grown up an extensive legend, manufactured largely out of his own Romance of Gargantua and Pantagruel, and representing him chiefly under the feature of Panurge. He is said, for instance, to have stolen away the statue of St. Francis from its niche in the church at Fontenay-le-Comte, and taken its place, serving the faithful who came to worship him somewhat as Gargantua did the Parisians. Another legend relates that when at Montpellier, he was sent as Ambassador to the Chancellor Dupont at Paris, to ask the restitution of its privileges to the University. Being unable to obtain audience of the Chancellor, he accoutred himself in fantastic garb and paraded in front of his door, till a curious crowd had assembled and a servant was sent to learn who this strange foreigner, Turk or Arab, might be. Rabelais addressed the servant in Latin; and when a man was brought who understood Latin, Rabelais addressed him in Greek; when a gentleman appeared who knew Greek,

Rabelais changed to Spanish, and for each newcomer he had a new language—French, German, English, Hebrew, etc. Finally the Chancellor ordered this strange scholar to be introduced, and he then pronounced in excellent French an oration which won back its privileges for the University. One slight flaw in this story is the fact that, so far as we can learn, the privileges of the University had never been taken away; and though Rabelais was known as an eloquent speaker, and probably was capable of using all the languages in question, the sole basis of the tale seems to be his own description of Pantagruel's first meeting with Panurge.

Many other such tales have a similar origin; those usually attached to Rabelais's stay at Rome being inherently still more improbable, in view of the serious *rôle* which he played there, and the personal support which he was careful to win for himself from the men there in power.

Another story is that on a return journey from Rome to Paris, finding himself stranded at Lyons without resources, he obtained free transportation from the public officials by making up small packages of ashes at the hearth of his inn, and labelling them "Poison for the King," "Poison for the Queen," "Poison for the Dauphin." The city of Lyons, where Rabelais was well known and had many friends, was, as M. Moland points out, rather ill-chosen for the scene of this legend.

The stories which have gathered around the scene of his death are not so necessarily false. There is merely no evidence whatever of their truth. His alleged will, "My assets are nothing; my debts are

many; I give the rest to the poor," might be worthy of Panurge, but unfortunately had been used before him. It is related that Rabelais's last message to his friend, the Cardinal du Bellay (or Châtillon, in other versions of the story), was: "I go to seek a great perhaps"; and that at the end, gathering his strength for one final burst of laughter, he sank back saying: "Draw the curtain; the farce is done."

Such is the real, and such the legendary Rabelais. He was known to his contemporaries primarily as a skilful physician and a profound scholar; one who possessed in the encyclopædic fashion of the early Renaissance all the learning of his time, and who enlarged the bounds of knowledge, particularly in medicine and in botany. He was the esteemed friend of the chief men of the epoch,—both its men of letters and its men of affairs, its scholars, writers, diplomats, soldiers, churchmen, statesmen. De Thou calls him "a celebrated Doctor, a great scholar in Greek and Latin, and very skilful in his profession." Tiraqueau speaks of him as "a man most learned above his age in both languages and in all kinds of scholarship." Jean Bouchet describes him as a man of great knowledge in Greek and Latin, and a great orator in Greek, Latin, and French. Wherever we find him mentioned by the scholars of the time, it is with high respect and regard. He is called *docte*, *facond*, *sage*, *divin*, *gentil*, etc. The epitaph which returns oftenest in the Latin writers is *doctissimus*.

It is hardly conceivable that such a man, beginning a new work when he was past the middle of his career, certainly more than forty, perhaps nearly

fifty years old, should have made of it merely a mass of buffoonery and zanyism such as the *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel*, is often thought to be.

The work of Rabelais, looked at carelessly, or without a knowledge of the time in which it was written, may seem nothing but extravagance and buffoonery, where it is not worse. Parts of it are like the orgies of drunken genius, parts entirely meaningless. There are other parts, however, which treat important questions of education, ethics, government, justice, law, the relations of nations, and the relations of the Church to the State and to the individual, with a seriousness more or less evident in proportion as they touch less or more nearly on subjects concerning which an open expression of opinion might bring their author to the stake.

In what he says about education he is perfectly serious. He ridicules the old system, and offers a new to take its place. What little there is of good in Rousseau's ideas on Education, more than two centuries later, is simply Rabelais in a diluted and weaker form. He also criticises freely (in Book II.) each of the Universities of France, and ridicules some tendencies of education which seem to him harmful, in the person of the Limousin scholar. Finally, the famous letter of Gargantua to Pantagruel, where he intones the triumph-song of the Renaissance, and shows an appreciation of the whole movement which is marvellous in an early contemporary, gives proof of such a broad outlook and such noble thoughts on higher study, that after many times re-reading it one is inclined to accept literally the enthusiastic eulogy of Noël, when he

says: "Rabelais's book is still the most human . . . and the wisest, of all treatises on education."

The folly and wrong of wars of conquest are painted in vivid colours, and the type of a noble and pacific king is set in contrast to the hasty and ambitious monarch, at the time when Francis I. was the would-be conqueror of Italy, when Charles V. was constantly attempting to enlarge his power, and when for nearly a century no peace lasted above six years. The abuses and delays of law-courts are ridiculed in the person of Bridle-goose, the old judge who has all his life decided cases by the cast of the dice (after a long collection of evidence and authorities) and yet "has judged no worse than the other judges," and defends himself on the ground that he has done "even as your other worships"; and their venality and injustice are satirised in Gripe-men-all, from whom no one has ever escaped "without leaving something of his behind him."

Similarly he attacks all abuses in the nation; but yet more bitterly the abuses within the church. In religion Rabelais was an advocate of free thought and free worship, at a time when there were few such in Europe. The Calvinists were even more intolerant than the Papists. Rabelais, hating intolerance and restraint in every form, had little or no sympathy with the Protestants, and hoped (at least until about 1550) for reform within the Catholic Church. With this end in view, he unsparingly attacked its abuses, with satire that cut deeper than even the diatribes of Luther. But the faction in the church represented by Ignatius Loyola, not that

with which Rabelais sympathised, won the ultimate triumph.

It is the monks that he lashes oftenest and most fiercely with the stinging whip of his ridicule, for their ignorance, apathy, dirt, idleness, drunkenness, gluttony, vice. He loses no opportunity of attacking them, either directly or in extravagant hyperbole. In the assault of Picrochole's army on Seville their cowardice, sloth, and stupidity are ludicrously set forth. A little later Rabelais demonstrates their utter uselessness, comparing them to an ape in the house. Again he describes how they love to spend all their lives in the kitchen. But he not only arraigns the monks; he also attacks the whole ecclesiastical fabric, in the *Papimany Chapters* of the fourth Book; and all the hierarchy of clerghawks, monkhawks, priesthawks, abbothawks, bishawks, cardinhawks, and the Popehawk himself, in that Titanic parody of the "Ringing Island," at the beginning of the fifth Book.

Nowhere, however, does he speak with disrespect of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. In his plan of education he includes the reading of the Bible in Hebrew and Greek. When Pantagruel makes his prayer for victory, he vows that throughout his kingdom of Utopia, the Gospel shall be preached "in its purity, simplicity, and entirety, so that the abuses of a herd of Popelets and false prophets, who have poisoned the whole world with human inventions and base fictions, shall be utterly exterminated from around me." Finally, let any one who doubts that Rabelais was an earnest and serious religious thinker, read again that definition

of God which he gives in his third Book and repeats in the last chapter of his works; which Montaigne and Pascal borrowed from him; which perhaps comes nearer defining the Infinite than any other attempt at that impossible task; and which may be taken as Rabelais's farewell word to his readers, as it is that of his priestess of the *Dive Bouteille* to Pantagruel, Panurge, and the rest: "Now depart, my friends, and may that intellectual Sphere, whose centre is everywhere, whose circumference nowhere, and whom we call God, keep you in His almighty protection."

Why, then, should Rabelais, if he was such a serious reformer, have disguised his purpose in a mass of Aristophanic buffoonery. The answer is evident; because he had to wear a fool's-cap to protect his head. Of Rabelais's closest friends, two (Berquin and Dolet) suffered death by fire, another (Despériers) escaped the same fate only by suicide, and a fourth (Clément Marot) took refuge in exile. Rabelais wrote his work by the light of burning fagots. His character was not that of a blindly zealous martyr eager to die for his cause; as he jokingly says, he will maintain his doctrines—*jusqu'au feu exclusivement*—"up to (but not including) being burned at the stake for them." He remembers how the monks treated him at Fontenay, and does not care to be caught in such clutches again. Voltaire expresses this truth well when he represents Rabelais in the other world telling Lucian and Erasmus about his method: "Seeing that learning and wisdom were sure to lead to the workhouse or the gallows, I adopted the plan of being more of a fool than all

my countrymen together. I took them at their weak point. I talked of drinking, I talked ribaldry—and having once discovered this secret, I could do what I pleased.” Rabelais himself suggests this explanation in his description of the “Ringing Island”: when Panurge breaks out into loud invective against the old green-headed bishawk, *Ædituus* bids him speak low, for though any treachery and villainy against one’s fellowmen may be pardoned, an offence against one of the holy birds is sure to bring its penalty. Panurge quickly changes his tune to “Let us drink”—“Ah! *now* you speak well,” says *Ædituus*; “so long as you talk like that, you’ll never be a heretic.”

Rabelais is constantly acting on this advice of his own. At the end of Chapter XXI., Book I., after his first bitter attack on the Monastic Orders, he suddenly changes his tune to “But now, hither come, some drink, some drink here!” So it is again at the end of Chapter XIII. of Book II., after Epistemon has described how John le Maire impersonates the Pope in hell, and makes the Popes of this world kiss his feet and buy pardons. So it is again in Book V., after Panurge has almost blasphemed against the Popehawk himself: “‘T were better to drink and be merry,’ quoth Friar John.”

That Rabelais constantly and consciously adapted his work to the need of escaping prosecution, and even death at the stake, is evident from the changes made in successive editions, some of which I have called attention to in the notes to this volume. Even so, the work was condemned by the Sorbonne, and its sale was temporarily forbidden by the Parlia-

ment of Paris. But Rabelais had skilfully secured for himself protectors among those who were more influential even than the religious orders and the Sorbonne itself—the du Bellays when they were in power, the Guises and the Châtillons later, and even the Kings of France and the Popes themselves. Many of those highest in the church sympathised with the tendencies of his work. He had for friends and protectors the Bishops of Paris, Mans, Tulle, Montpellier, and Maillezais, the Cardinals du Bellay and d'Armagnac, and many others. And so he was able to live his life out and speak his message.

It has seemed worth while to insist on the seriousness of Rabelais's work, because it is so generally thought of as a mere mass of extravagancies or even filth. But serious as it is, seriousness is very far from being its first or its chief characteristic. To take Rabelais as seriously as does Réaume, for instance, who proves him a worthy pedant with but one object in writing his romance—that of developing his system of education; or as does Noël at times, who (not entirely without reason) shows him to us as the great humanitarian, whose chief ambition was “to give to drink to the people,”—is almost as great a mistake as to take him for a mere buffoon. Coleridge was right, perhaps, when (before Sainte-Beuve) he classed Rabelais “with the creative minds of the world, Shakespeare, Dante, Cervantes, etc.” But perhaps he gave a mistaken reason when he said: “Beyond a doubt, he was among the deepest, as well as the boldest thinkers of his age. . . . I could write a treatise in proof and praise of the

morality and moral elevation of Rabelais's work, which would make the church stare and the conventicle groan, and yet should be the truth and nothing but the truth." And he certainly was wrong when he denied the appropriateness of Pope's lines about

Rabelais laughing in his easy chair.

It is true that Rabelais was serious—but it is also true, and more important, that he had a genius. This is what some of his warmest advocates have almost forgotten. He sets out to satirise abuses, perhaps; but the genius of extravaganza seizes on him and whirls him away. As Hazlitt says, in a criticism which is certainly as just and as true as Coleridge's: "He indulged his vein, and took his full swing of folly. He did not balk his fancy or his readers . . . he set no limits to his extravagance; he was communicative, prodigal, boundless, and inexhaustible. His were the Saturnalia of wit, the riches and the royalty, the health and long life. He is intoxicated with gaiety, mad with folly. His animal spirits drown him in a flood of mirth; his blood courses up and down like wine." This is after all what makes Rabelais's work live—not his more or less earnest purpose as a reformer, his seriousness as an educator, his sincerity as a satirist, but his creative literary genius and his mastery of style. Since his work does live, it is essential that we recognise its seriousness of purpose; but let us not deceive ourselves into thinking that that is what makes it live.

Aristophanes, Rabelais, the Shakespeare of the

Comedies, and Cervantes, are the world's four great geniuses of extravaganza. In the same class, perhaps, but far less great, less rich, less genial, are Swift and Sterne. Among the moderns it is Rabelais who approaches nearest to the ancient master, Aristophanes. A Titanic farce, a transcendental parody upon the Universe, that is what Rabelais alone of the moderns, as Aristophanes of the ancients, has given us.

The Satire of Cervantes is less Titanic, more measured, more human. Swift has done something almost approaching the work of Rabelais in kind, but with none of that exuberant imaginative power which characterises Rabelais. The contrast between them has been well expressed by Coleridge: "Swift was *Anima Rabelaisii habitans in sicco*—the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry place"; and by Hazlitt: "Except from the sparkling effervescence of his gall, Swift's brain was as 'dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage.' He hated absurdity; Rabelais loved it, exaggerated it with supreme satisfaction, luxuriated in its endless varieties, rioted in nonsense, 'reigned there and revelled.' " That is the final summary of their difference: Swift hated absurdity, Rabelais loved it.

If we compare Rabelais with Sterne, we find that they have little or nothing in common. Sterne unquestionably attempted to imitate Rabelais, but he never for a moment succeeded. In character the two are antithetical. Sterne, as Taine describes him in one of his vivid sentences, was "sickly and eccentric, a clergyman and a libertine, a fiddler and a philosopher." Now Rabelais, the great physician

Rabelais, "hale and cheery, as sound as a bell," who like Galen "did not desire to be accounted a physician, if from his twenty-eighth year to his old age, he had not lived in perfect health," and who in his works (as he tells us in the Epistle Dedicatory of the fourth Book) "designed to give by my pen, to the absent who labour under affliction, that little help which at all times I willingly strive to give to the present that stand in need of my art and service," — this Rabelais, certainly, was one of the least "sickly" men that ever trod the earth. The very basis of his philosophy and his "teaching," if teaching and philosophy there be in his work, is: "Be hearty and wholesome, honest and healthy." Some might call him (as Taine calls Sterne) "eccentric," but that is not the right word; he may better be described in Shakespeare's phrase, as "high fantastical." No one would think of calling him a "fiddler"—he is the whole orchestra, with the drums and brass somewhat predominant. And there is properly no "libertinism" in his work, however much there may be of grossness. Sterne's indecency is of a puny sort, that of a "peeping Tom"; a childish, or rather apish, pleasure in tampering with forbidden things. Rabelais is in everything frank and virile. He does not peep under the corners of the veils we hang over the facts of life, but on occasion he rends them off completely. There is no morbid curiosity in him, for to him nothing is hidden. He is no satyr or ægipan, but the great god Pan himself. Sterne, with his philandering sentimentality, is profoundly immoral. Rabelais despises sentimentality, and is often filthy,

but is not immoral. After wading through the worst of Rabelais's work, one needs a thorough bath and change of raiment, but after Sterne one needs strychnine and iron and a complete change of blood.

Rabelais's work "smacks of the soil," and of a rich loamy soil filled full with nature's own manure. It is no delicate house-plant, forced by false culture and watered with sentimentality, but the healthy product of the open fields, fed with filth from below and with sunshine from above, and blown over by the free airs of heaven. In all his filth and obscenity, there is never a hint of that half-sentimental indecency which fills the works of many modern novelists who pass in good society. He is naturally not a favourite with the modern novel-reading public. "Half of life is absent from his work," says Sir Walter Besant—meaning that half which Carlyle would have reduced to a small fraction, but which to most novel-readers is the whole: "the thing called love." Sentimentality is, indeed, completely absent from Rabelais's work. But sentiment is not absent from it, although we find there little or nothing of man's sentiment for woman; it appears only in the ardent and respectful admiration with which he speaks of Marguerite de Navarre, and in one ideal picture of the woman of the home. Rabelais is a monk still in this respect, though an unfrocked one. Yet his work is full of true sentiment, is made of it. Only it is man's sentiment all: the love of father and son, so nobly expressed in the relations of Grandgousier and Gargantua, and of Gargantua and Pantagruel; the lifelong simple loyalty of comrade and comrade; the worship of

learning and good letters; and most of all, pervading the whole work, giving it its tone, there is always present that genuine love of mankind, from its noblest to its basest, with all its quirks and quavers, in its oddness, queerness, folly—that true feeling for humanity and its weaknesses—which makes of wit humour, and of satire comedy.

One vast comedy his work is. Its chief characters are clearly drawn by him, thoroughly known to us, unforgettable: Grandgousier, the good old king, beloved of his people, the original *roi d'Yvetot*, simple and debonair, “who after supper warmeth his ballocks by a good, clear, great fire, and, waiting upon the broiling of some chestnuts, is very serious in drawing scratches on the hearth . . . telling to his wife and the rest of the family pleasant old stories and tales of former times”; Gargantua in his childhood, “wallowing and rolling up and down himself in the mire”; Gargantua the mature man, great-hearted, simple, dignified; Pantagruel, the real hero of the *Romance*, the perfect ideal of well-balanced manhood, “the embodiment of reason,” as Coleridge says—a figure that in the hands of any but a true humourist and comic genius would have become an insufferable prig, but who in Rabelais’s story is nobly and richly human—and possesses in literature but one counterpart, Shakespeare’s King Hal; Panurge the all-various, the Falstaff and Sancho Panza, the Scapin and Gil Blas, the Mascarille-Figaro of the sixteenth century; and Friar John, who has no counterpart or descendants, for he could live in the sixteenth century only—these are the chief characters of the play. The minor

characters that surround them—Carpalim the swift, Gymnast the nimble, Eusthenes the strong, Epistemon the intelligent, Xenomanes the much-travelled—are somewhat conventional, little more than names which express their nature; and form a sort of *chorus* in the play. But the real minor characters are as alive and almost as clearly individualised as the heroes themselves: Bridle-goose, Homenas, Ædituus, Master Janotus, the Limousin scholar, Ding-Dong the sheep merchant, even the little junior devil, “who could not yet write or read, or hail and thunder, unless it were on parsley or cole-worts.” Rabelais has the genius of comedy, whether of comic character-drawing, or comic situation, or comic dialogue. Often his narrative falls of itself into dialogue form, as in the two scenes taken directly from him by Molière, and in many others.

In the nature of his conceptions, he is far nearer to Aristophanes than to Molière. Rabelais and Aristophanes both alike set out to satirise the society of their time and lash its abuses; but both loved extravagance, folly, and madness for their own sakes, and were carried away by love of them. Aristophanes attacks in the *Wasps* the same abuses which Rabelais ridicules in his chapters on Bridle-goose and in those on Gripe-men-all. Aristophanes in the *Clouds*, Rabelais in his first and second Books, ridicule a system of education in vogue at their time, and advocate an ideal substitute. The story of Diogenes and his tub, in the prologue of Rabelais’s third Book, is worthy to compare in extravagance with that of Socrates suspended in his basket, in Aristophanes. The ideal Abbey of Thelema is almost

as admirable—and as visionary—as “Cloud-Cuckoo-Town”; and the “birds” of Rabelais’s Ringing Island, governed by their “pope-jay,” who is like a tufted hoopoo, may well be compared with the *Birds* of Aristophanes.

Rabelais’s words come in torrents, and their spring is inexhaustible. “His style is no less prodigious than his matter,” says Hazlitt. How Friar John roars and lays about him in the close of the Abbey! How Diogenes bemoils and belabours his tub! “Never,” says Sainte-Beuve, “has the French language kept such festival.” Aristophanes himself can show nothing to rival such passages. Rabelais also surpasses even Aristophanes (at least so far as we can appreciate him to-day) by the constant humour of every little turn of phrase. On the other hand, Rabelais has not approached the heights of lyric beauty that Aristophanes reaches in the choruses of the *Clouds* and the *Birds*. No one has done so save Shakespeare and Shelley. But Rabelais does on occasion pass, by as quick a transition as Aristophanes, from enormous buffoonery to noble thought and feeling. How suddenly there drops into the fantastic description of Panurge’s debts, that summary of all life-philosophy from the ancients to Montaigne: “For all the goods that the heaven covereth, and that the earth containeth, in all their dimensions of height, depth, breadth, and length, are not of so much worth, as that we should for them disturb or disorder our affections, trouble or perplex our senses or spirits.”

Montaigne carries on Rabelais’s tendencies in thought, though in so different a way; and is his

first successor in that field. Molière is his first successor in the dramatic creation of character (and Beaumarchais is perhaps his last). In *Tartuffe* we easily recognise our unctuous friend Homenas, now fallen on evil days. Scapin and Mascarille are grandsons of Panurge. For be it known that the much-discussed marriage of Panurge did finally take place; he — the incorrigible old *esprit gaulois* — espoused the Italian *Commedia dell' Arte*, and their eldest born was Molière. . . . In thought and mood as well as creative power Molière was Rabelais's successor. The motto which Rabelais prefixed to his first book

Better to laugh than weep, then, if we can,
For laughter is the special mark of man,

was the rule by which Molière strove both to govern his life and to write his plays. Love of health and honesty, hatred of sentimentality and sham, respect for the real, these are Molière's characteristics as they are Rabelais's. Of the other successors of Rabelais, La Fontaine was the true "abstractor of his quintessence," Diderot was his very self incarnate in a man of the eighteenth century, Beaumarchais was his nephew *à la mode de Bretagne*, and Balzac was the fantastic epic realist of 1830 to 1850, as Rabelais had been of the same decades in the sixteenth century.

By great good fortune there lived in the early seventeenth century a Scotch cavalier who had

something of the same miscellaneous encyclopædic knowledge, the same command of a seemingly limitless vocabulary, the same high fantasticality in his use of it, that characterised Rabelais. He had none of Rabelais's creative power or imagination, but he had just the equipment that enabled him to reproduce in another language the material which Rabelais furnished. Translation is largely a question of recreating literary style, and the "unimitable pen" of Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, Knight and Baronet, had this rare power. Born in 1611, the eldest son of an old Scotch family, knighted by Charles I., supporter of Charles II. in the rising of 1649, declared rebel and traitor by Cromwell, captured in a second rising (at Scone), and imprisoned in London Tower, finally released on parole and allowed to live on the Continent, he was the author of many unsuccessful original works, and of one supremely successful translation.

He published a volume of *Epigrams* in 1642; the *Trissotetras* (an obscure work on trigonometry) in 1645; his *Genealogy* (in which he proved his direct descent from Ourquhartos, who in the fifth generation after Noah married the Queen of the Amazons—thus making him, Sir Thomas, the 143d in direct recorded line from Adam)—in 1652; a project for a universal language, in 1653; other mathematical works; and the translation of the first two books of Rabelais, also in 1653. The translation of the third book was published forty years later, long after his death, which is said to have occurred in 1660; legend has even honoured him by making it like that of Rabelais, and relates that he died "in an un-

controllable fit of laughter. . . . on hearing of the Restoration.”

In his *Rabelais*, while he is on the whole faithful to the wording of the original, he does not confine himself strictly to it; but he gives us something better than a closely literal translation—he creates in the language which he is using a real literary equivalent of the original work. For by his style, he is Rabelais re-incarnate. From the point of view of English alone, and as a permanent possession of our English literature, his work does not rank so high as do the two other great translations of the seventeenth century, Florio's *Montaigne* and the King James Bible. But it is probably the closest reproduction ever made in English of the exact style and spirit of a foreign author. It has the further great advantage (since our language of the seventeenth century is fully as archaic to us as the French of the sixteenth century is to a modern Frenchman) of giving in English almost exactly the same impression and flavour of antiquity which Rabelais has for the reader of modern French.

The translation was completed by Pierre Antoine le Motteux, generally known in England as Peter Motteux. He was a French Huguenot, born at Rouen in 1663, who came to England upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. He established himself in London as a merchant of East India goods; acquired in a remarkably short time a still more remarkably complete and versatile command of the English language; was editor of the *Gentleman's Journal* in 1692 and 1693; in 1693, published Urquhart's *Rabelais*, with introduction and

notes, and in the following year his own translation of the fourth and fifth Books. The whole was published together in 1708, with additional notes. Motteux became still better known for his translation of *Don Quixote*, and for a large number of comedies, masques, tragedies, and operas, original or adapted. He was admired by Dryden, who wrote a complimentary prologue to his *Beauty in Distress*, was detested by Pope, who attacked him both in the *Dunciad* and in the *Satires*, and was the friend of Steele, who in the *Spectator* recommends his "spacious warehouses, filled and adorned with tea, China and India wares, etc." He lived till 1718.

His translation of the fourth and fifth Books of *Rabelais* naturally does not match Urquhart's in style, though if we had not Urquhart's to compare it with we should consider it altogether excellent. In one respect it is even more remarkable than Urquhart's; for although Motteux learned English after he was twenty-two years old, he does not, even in translating from the French, let drop a single phrase which would make one suspect that English was not his native tongue. His command of the language includes a thorough knowledge of its slang, which he is rather fond of displaying; and sometimes this coffee-house cant of Dryden's age rather jars against the Renaissance dignity of Rabelais, as, for instance, when he makes Rabelais call himself "poor Pilgarlic"; and the familiarity of Motteux seems a bit vulgar, after the fantasticality of the noble Urquhart. On the whole, however, Motteux has the grace to imitate the translator

whose work he is continuing, and he follows his original rather more closely and faithfully than Urquhart did; this, added to his thorough knowledge of both languages, has given us a translation which leaves little to be desired, and which worthily completes the English *Rabelais*.

Unfortunately, it is not exactly this translation which is generally read. In 1737, Ozell, the stock translator of the Augustan age, who had already turned into English Boileau's complete works, Molière's *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*, the *Cheats of Scapin*, and the *Miser*, Racine's *Britannicus*, *Alexander the Great*, and the *Litigants*, Corneille's *Cid*, Montesquieu's *Persian Letters*, Fénelon's *Telemachus*, and the *Iliad* (from the French of Madame Dacier), and had revised Motteux's *Don Quixote*, took upon himself to correct Urquhart and Motteux's *Rabelais*. He added full notes (taken from various sources, especially the French edition of Duchat), many of which are valuable, and others full of unconscious humour. And he boasted of having improved the text by some thousands of "corrections." This "improved" version is the one which has always been followed since, except in a small edition (one hundred copies) of the first three books, made for the members of the Maitland Club, Edinburgh, 1838; and in the series of "Tudor translations," now out of print and difficult to obtain. Fortunately, Ozell by no means improved away all the flavour and quality of the original translations; but these can be fully appreciated only in their primitive form.

That form has been restored in the present edi-

tion, by a careful collation of all parts of the text here given. Sometimes more than a score of changes to the page were necessary to bring the modern accepted versions into conformity with the original text. The text has also been compared throughout with the original French, and notes have been added where it seemed desirable. To avoid the multiplication of unimportant notes, some few slight corrections of the translation have been made in the text itself; but these corrections have in all cases been enclosed in *brackets*. Important omissions within chapters have been indicated by dots, but by no means all omissions are so indicated. Except for omissions, and for simple corrections of the translation indicated by brackets, no modification of the text has been made in more than half a dozen cases.

In making the selections, I have followed a principle entirely different from that adopted by Sir Walter Besant for his *Readings in Rabelais*. In that collection he avowedly left aside all that was mere sketch and story and comic situation, and chose primarily what was of ethical and philosophical interest, what he calls "the wisdom of Rabelais." My intention, on the other hand, has been first and chiefly to keep all the essential parts of the *story*, and all the scenes which had most literary value and human interest; secondarily, to retain all the best of the historical satire; and, in the third place, to include other parts which have some special interest, such as the chapters on education. Sir Walter Besant has himself generously indicated that a selection of this kind was also desirable: "It would be a

labour of love to edit for modern readers the life and voyages of Pantagruel," he says. "The necessary omissions could be made without very great difficulty, and the parts to be left out are not interwoven with the web of the whole." This has proved almost surprisingly true. No essential or even important part of the story has had to be omitted in the process of selection; and not more than one or two at most of the good comic scenes. The parts which are omitted bear a large proportion to the whole, to be sure; somewhat larger than is the case in our usual editions of *Gulliver's Travels*, for instance. But these parts are in no wise closely connected with the whole or essential to it. They fall away and leave the story, the characters, the situations, the satire, and the thought, only the more vivid and interesting through being freed from excrescence and prolixity.

Of the great masters of extravaganza, Swift and Cervantes have long been familiarly read—though neither *Gulliver* nor *Don Quixote*, of course, is given complete in library and home editions. I have tried to make the best parts of Rabelais's great *Romance*, which is in many ways so superior to *Gulliver*, similarly available for general reading, in its original and best form.

CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

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infra. No evidence whatever exists on either side of the question, except the internal evidence of the book itself ; and it is impossible to reach any certain conclusion. Practically all Rabelaisians, however (among whom M. Brunetière can hardly on any score be counted), believe in the genuineness of at least nearly all of it. See further, Millet's *Life of Rabelais*. The difference in tone of both the fourth and fifth Books from the others is certainly greater than that of the fifth from the fourth ; and the genuineness of the fourth cannot be questioned.]

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The First Book

The Inestimable Life
of the
Great Gargantua
Father of Pantagruel

Heretofore Composed by

M. Alcofribas ¹

Abstractor of the Quintessence

A Book Full of Pantagruelism

TO THE READERS

Good friends, my readers, who peruse this book,
Be not offended, whilst on it you look ;
Denude yourselves of all deprav'd affection,
For it contains no badness nor infection ;
'T is true that it brings forth to you no birth
Of any value but in point of mirth ;
Thinking therefore how sorrow might your mind
Consume, I could no apter subject find ;
One inch of joy surmounts of grief a span ;
Because to laugh is proper to the man.²

¹ Rabelais calls himself *Alcofribas Nasier*, which is an anagram of François Rabelais.

² The translation of the verse is closely literal, except in the next to the last line :

Mieux est de ris que de larmes écrire ;
“ Better of laughter than of tears to write.”

BOOK I

THE INESTIMABLE LIFE OF THE GREAT
GARGANTUA, FATHER OF PANTA-
GRUEL, HERETOFORE COMPOSED BY
M. ALCOFRIBAS, ABTRACTOR OF
THE QUINTESSENCE, A BOOK FULL
OF PANTAGRUELISM

THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE TO THE FIRST BOOK

MOST noble and illustrious drinkers, and you thrice precious pockified blades (for to you, and none else do I dedicate my writings), Alcibiades, in that dialogue of Plato's, which is entituled, *The Banquet*, whilst he was setting forth the praises of his schoolmaster, Socrates (without all question the prince of philosophers), amongst other discourses to that purpose said, that he resembled the Silenes. Silenes of old were little boxes, like those we now may see in the shops of apothecaries, painted on the outside with wanton toyish figures, as harpies, satyrs, bridled geese, horned hares, saddled ducks, flying goats, thiller harts, and other suchlike counterfeited pictures at discretion, to excite people unto laughter, as Silenus himself, who was the foster-father of good Bacchus, was wont to do; but within those capricious caskets were carefully preserved and kept many rich jewels, and fine drugs, such as balm, ambergrease, amomon, musk, civet, with several kinds of precious stones, and other things of great price. Just such another thing was Socrates. For to have eyed his outside, and esteemed of him by his exterior appearance, you would not have given the peel of an onion for him, so deformed he was in body, and ridiculous in his gesture. He had a

sharp-pointed nose, with the look of a bull and countenance of a fool; he was in his carriage simple, boorish in his apparel, in fortune poor, unhappy in his wives, unfit for all offices in the commonwealth, always laughing, tippling, and merrily carousing to every one, with continual gibes and jeers, the better by those means to conceal his divine knowledge. Now, opening this box you would have found within it a heavenly and inestimable drug, a more than human understanding, an admirable virtue, matchless learning, invincible courage, unimitable sobriety, certain contentment of mind, perfect assurance, and an incredible misregard of all that for which men commonly do so much watch, run, sail, fight, travel, toil, and turmoil themselves.

Whereunto (in your opinion) doth this little flourish of a preamble tend? For so much as you, my good disciples, and some other jolly fools of ease and leisure, reading the pleasant titles of some books of our invention, as Gargantua, Pantagruel, Whippot, of Pease and Bacon, with a commentary, etc., are too ready to judge that there is nothing in them but jests, mockeries, lascivious discourse, and recreative lies; because the outside (which is the title) is usually, without any farther inquiry, entertained with scoffing and derision. But truly it is very unbecoming to make so slight account of the works of men, seeing yourselves avouch that it is not the habit makes the monk, many being monasterially accoutred, who inwardly are nothing less than monachal,¹ and that there are of those that wear Spanish caps, who have but little of the valour of

¹ In the French, *rien moins que moine*, "anything but monacal."

Spaniards in them. Therefore is it, that you must open the book, and seriously consider of the matter treated in it. Then shall you find that it containeth things of far higher value than the box did promise; that is to say, that the subject thereof is not so foolish, as by the title at the first sight it would appear to be.

And put the case, that in the literal sense you meet with purposes merry and solacious enough, and consequently very correspondent to their inscriptions, yet must not you stop there as at the melody of the charming Syrens, but endeavour to interpret that in a sublimer sense, which possibly you intended to have spoken in the jollity of your heart.¹ Did you ever pick the lock of a cupboard to steal a bottle of wine out of it? Tell me truly, and, if you did, call to mind the countenance which then you had. Or, did you ever see a dog with a marrow-bone in his mouth—the beast of all others, says Plato, lib. 2, *De Republica*, the most philosophical? If you have seen him, you might have remarked with what devotion and circumspectness he wards and watcheth it; with what care he keeps it; how fervently he holds it; how prudently he gobbets it; with what affection he breaks it; and with what diligence he sucks it. To what end all this? What moveth him to take all these pains? What are the hopes of his labour? What doth he expect to reap thereby? Nothing but a little marrow. True it is that this little is more savoury and delicious than the great quantities of other sorts of meat, because

¹ More literally, “which you thought was spoken merely as a merry jest.”

the marrow (as Galen testifieth, 3. *Facult. Nat.* & 11. *De Usu Partium*) is a nourishment most perfectly elaborated by nature.

In imitation of this dog, it becomes you to be wise to smell, feel, and have in estimation these fair, goodly books stuffed with high conceptions, which, though seemingly easy in the pursuit, are in the cope and encounter somewhat difficult. And then like him, you must, by a sedulous lecture and frequent meditation, break the bone and suck out the marrow; that is, my allegorical sense, or the things I to myself propose to be signified by these Pythagorical symbols; with assured hope, that in so doing, you will at last attain to be both well-advised and valiant by the reading of them; for, in the perusal of this treatise, you shall find another kind of taste, and a doctrine of a more profound and abstruse consideration, which will disclose unto you the most glorious sacraments and dreadful mysteries, as well in what concerneth your religion, as matters of the public state and life economical.

Do you believe, upon your conscience, that Homer, whilst he was couching his *Iliads* and *Odyssees*, had any thought upon those allegories, which Plutarch, Heraclides, Ponticus, Eustathius, Cornutus, squeezed out of him, and which Politian filched again from them? If you trust it, with neither hand nor foot do you come near to my opinion, which judgeth them to have been as little dreamed of by Homer, as the gospel sacraments were by Ovid, in his *Metamorphoses*; though a certain gulligut friar,¹ and true

¹ In the French, *frère Lubin*. This, however, was a common name used contemptuously of all friars, though oftenest of the Fran-

bacon-picker, would have undertaken to prove it, if, perhaps, he had met with as very fools as ciscans, so that Urquhart's translation is correct. The general characteristics of Friar Lubin have been given by Marot in his third Ballade, translated by Longfellow :

To gallop off to town post-haste,
So oft, the times I cannot tell ;
To do vile deed, nor feel disgraced,—
Friar Lubin will do it well.
But a sober life to lead,
To honor virtue, and pursue it,
That 's a pious, Christian deed,—
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

To mingle, with a knowing smile,
The goods of others with his own,
And leave you without cross or pile,
Friar Lubin stands alone.
To say 't is yours is all in vain,
If once he lays his finger to it ;
For as to giving back again,
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

With flattering words and gentle tone,
To woo and win some guileless maid,
Cunning pander need you none,—
Friar Lubin knows the trade.
Loud preacheth he sobriety,
But as for water, doth eschew it ;
Your dog may drink it,—but not he ;
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

ENVOY

When an evil deed 's to do,
Friar Lubin is stout and true ;
Glimmers a ray of goodness through it,
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

The particular Friar Lubin here alluded to by Rabelais was an English Jacobin monk, Thomas Walleys, the author of *Metamorphosis Ovidiana Moraliter Explanata*, Paris, 1509.

himself, and as the proverb says, "a lid worthy of such a kettle."

If you give [any] credit thereto, why do not you the same in these jovial new chronicles of mine? Albeit, when I did dictate them, I thought upon 't no more than you, who possibly were drinking the whilst, as I was. For in the composing of this lordly book, I never lost nor bestowed any more, nor any other time, than what was appointed to serve me for taking of my bodily refection, that is, whilst I was eating and drinking. And, indeed, that is the fittest and most proper hour, wherein to write these high matters and deep sciences: as Homer knew very well, the paragon of all philologues, and Ennius, the father of the Latin poets, as Horace calls him, although a certain sneaking jobbernot¹ alleged that his verses smelled more of the wine than oil.

So saith a Turlupin² or a new start-up grub of my books; but a fig for him. The fragrant odour of the wine, oh! how much more dainty, pleasant, laughing, celestial, and delicious it is, than that smell of oil! and I will glory as much when it is said of me, that I have spent more on wine than oil, as did Demosthenes, when it was told him, that his expense on oil was greater than on wine. I truly hold it for an honour and praise to be called and reputed a frolic Gaulter and a Robin Goodfellow; for under this name am I welcome in all choice companies of Pantagruelists. It was upbraided to

¹ Block-head. The French is *malotru*, which Cotgrave (*French Dictionary*, 1611) translates "a poore snake."

² "Tirelupin: A catch-bit . . . ; a scowndrell, or scurvie fellow." (*Cotgrave*, 1611.)

Demosthenes, by an envious, surly knave, that his Orations did smell like the sarpler, or wrapper of a foul and filthy oil vessel. For this cause interpret you all my deeds and sayings, in the perfectest sense; reverence the cheese-like brain that feeds you with these faire billevezees, and trifling jollities, and do what lies in you to keep me always merry. Be frolic now, my lads, cheer up your hearts, and joyfully read the rest, with all the ease of your body and profit of your reins. But hearken, joltheads, you viedazes,¹ or dickens take ye, remember to drink a health to me for the like favour again, and I will pledge you instantly, *Tout ares-metys*.²

¹ *Vietzdazes* (Provençal) = visages d'ânes, "ass-faces."

² *Tout ares-metys* (Gascon): "on the spot, at once."

CHAPTER I

OF THE GENEALOGY AND ANTIQUITY OF GARGANTUA

I MUST refer you to the great Chronicle of Pantagruel for the knowledge of that genealogy and antiquity of race by which Gargantua is come unto us. In it you may understand more at large how the giants were born in this world, and how from them by a direct line issued Gargantua, the father of Pantagruel: and do not take it ill, if for this time I pass by it, although the subject be such, that the oftener it were remembered, the more it would please your worshipful Seniorias; according to which you have the authority of Plato in Philebo and Gorgias; and of Flaccus, who says that there are some kinds of purposes (such as these are without doubt), which, the frequentlier they be repeated, still prove the more delectable.

Would to God every one had as certain knowledge of his genealogy since the time of the ark of Noah until this age. I think many are at this day emperors, kings, dukes, princes, and popes on the earth, whose extraction is from some porters and pardon-pedlars; as, on the contrary, many are now poor wandering beggars, wretched and miserable, who are descended of the blood and lineage of great

kings and emperors, occasioned, as I conceive it, by the transport and revolution of kingdoms and empires,

From the Assyrians to the Medes;
From the Medes to the Persians;
From the Persians to the Macedonians;
From the Macedonians to the Romans;
From the Romans to the Greeks;
From the Greeks to the French.

And to give you some hint concerning my self, who speaks unto you, I cannot think but I am come of the race of some rich king or prince in former times; for never yet saw you any man that had a greater desire to be a king, and to be rich, than I have, and that only that I may make good cheer, do nothing, nor care for anything, and plentifully enrich my friends, and all honest and learned men. But herein do I comfort myself, that in the other world I shall be so, yea, and greater too than at this present I dare wish. As for you, with the same or a better conceit console yourselves in your distresses, and drink fresh if you can come by it.

To return to our wethers,¹ I say, that by the sovereign gift of heaven, the antiquity and genealogy of Gargantua hath been reserved for our use more

¹ *To return to our wethers.*—In the French, *retournant à nos moutons*—a proverb taken from the old French play of Patelin, where a woollen draper is brought in, who, pleading against his shepherd concerning some sheep the shepherd had stole from him, would ever and anon digress from the point, to speak of a piece of cloth which his antagonist's attorney had likewise robbed him of, which made the judge call out to the draper, and bid him "return to his muttons." (*Ozell's note*, 1750.) The meaning is, of course, *to come back to the point*.

full and perfect than any other except that of the Messias, whereof I mean not to speak, for it belongs not unto my purpose; and the devils, that is to say, the false accusers and dissembled gospellers,¹ will therein oppose me. This genealogy was found by John Andrew in a meadow, which he had near the pole-arch, under the olive-tree, as you go to Narsay: where, as he was making cast up some ditches, the diggers with their mattocks struck against a great brazen tomb,² and unmeasurably long, for they could never find the end thereof, by reason that it entered too far within the sluices of Vienne. Opening this tomb in a certain place thereof, sealed on the top with the mark of a goblet, about which was written in Hetrurian letters "HIC BIBITUR," they found nine flagons, set in such order as they used to rank their skittles in Gascony,³ of which that which was placed in the middle had under it a big, fat, great, grey, pretty, small, mouldy, little pamphlet, smelling stronger, but no better, than roses. In that book, the said genealogy was found written all at length, in a chancery hand, not in paper, not in parchment, nor in wax, but in the bark of an elm

¹ *Caffars* = cafards, "hypocrites."

² *A great brazen tomb.*—In a place called Civaux, within two leagues of Chauvigni, in Lower Poitou, there is still to be seen, almost even with the surface of the earth, a great number of stone tombs, for near two leagues together, in a circle, particularly near the River Vienne, wherein likewise, it is thought, are many more of those tombs. This is what Rabelais here alludes to, and the tradition of the country is, that they enclosed the bodies of a prodigious number of Visigoth Arians, defeated by Clovis. (*Ozell.*)

³ *In such order.*—Not all upon a line, as in some places, and at a certain game, but upon three parallel lines, three pins on each line, as here with us. (*Ozell.*)

tree; yet so worn with the long tract of time, that hardly could three letters together be there perfectly discerned.

I, though unworthy, was sent for thither, and with much help of those spectacles, whereby the art of reading dim writings, and letters that do not clearly appear to the sight, is practised, as Aristotle teacheth it, did translate the book, as you may see in your Pantagruelising, that is to say, in drinking stiffly to your own heart's desire, and reading the dreadful and horrific acts of Pantagruel. . . .

CHAPTER II

HOW GARGANTUA WAS BORN IN A STRANGE MANNER

GRANGOUSIER was a good fellow in his time, and notable jester; he loved to drink neat, as much as any man that then was in the world, and would willingly eat salt meat. To this intent he was ordinarily well furnished with gammons of bacon, both of Westphalia, Mayence, and Bayonne, with store of dried neat's tongues, plenty of links, chitterlings, and puddings, in their season; together with salt beef and mustard, a good deal of hard roes of powdered mullet called botargos,¹ great provision

¹ *Botargos*.— . . . Now hear what Duchat says: In Provence they call Botargues the hard roe of the mullet, pickled in oil and vinegar. The mullet (*muge*) is a fish which is catch'd about the middle of December; the hard roes of it are salted against Lent,

of sausages, not of Bolonia (for he feared the Lombard *Boccone*,¹) but of Bigorre, Longaulnay, Brene, and Rouargue. In the vigour of his age, he married Gargamelle, daughter to the King of the Parpaillons, a jolly pug, and well-mouthed wench. At last she became great with child of a fair son, and went with him unto the eleventh month; for so long, yea longer, may a woman carry her offspring especially when it is some master-piece of nature, and a person predestinated to the performance, in his due time, of great exploits. As Homer says that the child which Neptune begot upon the Nymph was borne a whole year after the conception, that is in the twelfth month. For, as Aulus Gellius saith, lib. 3, this long time was suitable to the majesty of Neptune, that in it the child might receive his perfect form. For the like reason Jupiter made the night wherein he lay with Alcmena last forty-eight hours, a shorter time not being sufficient for the forging of Hercules, who cleansed the world of the monsters and tyrants wherewith it was superstitious. My masters, the ancient Pantagruelists, have confirmed that which I say, and withal declared it to be not only possible, but also maintained the lawful birth and legitimation of the infant born of a woman in the eleventh month after the decease of her husband. Hypocrates, *lib. De alimento*. Plinius, *lib. 7, cap. 5*; Plautus, in his *Cistellaria*; etc.

The occasion and manner how Gargamelle was and this is what is called *Boutargues*, a sort of *boudnis* (puddings), which have nothing to recommend them but their exciting thirst. (*Ozell.*)

¹ For he feared the Lombard *Boccone*.—*Boccone* in Italian signifies a mouthful of anything (from the Latin *bucca*, the hollow part of the cheek), but in French it signifies poison. (*Ozell.*)

brought to bed and delivered of her child, was . . . with having eaten at dinner too many godebillios.¹ . . . The cotyledons of her matrix were presently loosened, through which the child sprang up and leaped, and so, entering into the hollow vein, did climb by the diaphragm even above her shoulders, where the vein divides itself into two, and from thence taking his way towards the left side, issued forth at her left ear. As soon as he was born, he cried not as other babes use to do, *Miez, miez, miez, miez*, but with a high, sturdy, and big voice shouted about, "Some drink, some drink, some drink," as inviting all the world to drink with him. The noise hereof was so extremely great, that it was heard in both the countries at once, of Beauce and Bibarois. I doubt me that you do not thoroughly believe the truth of this strange nativity. Though you believe it not, I care not much: but an honest man, and of good judgment, believeth still what is told him, and that which he finds written.²

Is this beyond our law, or our faith—against reason or the Holy Scripture? For my part, I find

¹ Rabelais explains: "Godebillios are the fat tripes of Coiros. Coiros are beeves fattened in the stall, or in the fresh guimo meadows. Guimo meadows are those that for their fruitfulness may be mowed twice a year."

² At this point, the three earliest editions of Rabelais have the following paragraph, which was omitted (to placate the Sorbonne) in the edition of 1542 and later editions, and therefore was unknown to Urquhart: "Doth Solomon not say, *Innocens credit omni verbo*, etc. (*Proverbiorum* xiv.)? and Saint Paul, *Charitas omnia credit* (*Prim. Corinthior* xiii)? And why should ye not believe it? Because, say you, it is contrary to all we see. I tell you, for this very reason you ought to believe it with perfect faith. For the doctors of the Sorbonne tell us that faith is the evidence of things not seen."

nothing in the sacred Bible that is against it. But tell me, if it had been the will of God, would you say that he could not do it? Ha, for favour sake, I beseech you, never emberlucock or impulregafize your spirits with these vain thoughts and idle conceits; for I tell you, it is not impossible with God; and, if he pleased, all women henceforth should bring forth their children at the ear. Was not Bacchus engendered out of the very thigh of Jupiter? Did not Roquetaillade come out of his mother's heel, and Crocmoush from the slipper of his nurse? Was not Minerva born of the brain, even through the ear of Jove? Adonis, of the bark of a myrrh tree; and Castor and Pollux of the doupe of that egg which was laid and hatched by Leda? But you would wonder more, and with far greater amazement, if I should now present you with that chapter of Plinius, wherein he treateth of strange births, and contrary to nature, and yet am not I so impudent a liar as he was. Read the seventh book of his *Natural History*, chapt. 3, and trouble not my head any more about this.

CHAPTER III

AFTER WHAT MANNER GARGANTUA HAD HIS NAME
GIVEN HIM, AND HOW HE TIPPLED, BIBBED,
AND CURRIED THE CAN

THE good man Grangousier, drinking and making merry with the rest, heard the horrible noise which his son had made as he entered into the light

of this world, when he cried out, "Some drink, some drink, some drink;" whereupon he said in French, "*Que grand tu as et souple le gousier!*" that is to say, How great and nimble a throat thou hast! Which the company hearing, said, that verily the child ought to be called Gargantua; because it was the first word that after his birth his father had spoke, in imitation and at the example of the ancient Hebrews; whereunto he condescended, and his mother was very well pleased therewith. In the meanwhile, to quiet the child, they gave him to drink a tirelaregot, that is, till his throat was like to crack with it;¹ then was he carried to the font, and there baptized according to the manner of good Christians.

Immediately thereafter were appointed for him seventeen thousand nine hundred and thirteen cows of the towns of Pautille and Brehemond, to furnish him with milk in ordinary, for it was impossible to find a nurse sufficient for him in all the country, considering the great quantity of milk that was requisite for his nourishment; although there were not wanting some doctors of the opinion of Scotus, who affirmed that his own mother gave him suck, and that she could draw out of her breasts one thousand, four hundred, two pipes, and nine pails of milk at every time.

Which indeed is not probable, and this point hath been found duggishly scandalous² and offensive to

¹ "*Boire à tirelarigot*, to carowse lustily, quaffe extreamely." (Cotgrave.)

² *Duggishly scandalous*.—*Mammallement scandaleuse*. Rabelais here seems particularly to have in view the anathema pronounced by the Universities of Lovain and Cologne, and afterwards by Pope Leo X. in 1520, against the propositions of Luther, which, as his very

tender ears, for that it savoured a little of heresy. Thus was he handled for one year and ten months; after which time, by the advice of physicians, they began to carry him, and then was made for him a fine little cart drawn with oxen, of the invention of Jan Denio, wherein they led him hither and thither with great joy; and he was worth the seeing, for he was a fine boy, had a burly physnomy, and almost ten chins. He cried very little . . . for if he happened to be vexed, angry, displeased or sorry, if he did fret, if he did weep, if he did cry, and what grievous quarter soever he kept, in bringing him some drink, he would be instantly pacified, reseated in his own temper in a good humour again, and as still and quiet as ever. . .

CHAPTER IV

OF THE YOUTHFUL AGE OF GARGANTUA

GARGANTUA, from three years upwards unto five, was brought up and instructed in all convenient discipline, by the commandment of his father; and spent that time like the other little children of the country, that is, in drinking, eating, and sleeping: in eating, sleeping, and drinking: and in sleeping, drinking, and eating.

Still he wallowed and rolled up and down himself adversaries confessed, were not all equally heretical and capital. See Sleidan, l. 2, and Fra. Paolo's *History of the Council of Trent*. (Ozell.)

in the mire and dirt: he blurred and sullied his nose with filth; he blotted and smutched his face with any kind of scurvy stuff; he trod down his shoes in the heel; at the flies he did often times yawn,¹ and ran very heartily after the butterflies, the empire whereof belonged to his father. He sharpened his teeth with a top, washed his hands with his broth, and combed his head with a bowl. He would sit down betwixt two stools; would cover himself with a wet sack, and drink in eating of his soup. He did eat his cake sometimes without bread, would bite in laughing, and laugh in biting, and hide himself in the water for fear of rain. He would strike [on] the cold iron, be often in the dumps, and frig and wriggle it. He would flay the fox, say the ape's pater-noster,² return to his sheep,³ and turn the hogs to the hay. He would beat the dogs before the lion, put the plough before the oxen, and claw where it did not itch. He would pump one to draw somewhat out of him, by griping all would hold fast nothing, and always eat his white bread first. He shoed the geese, tickled himself to make himself laugh, and was very steadable in the kitchen: made a mock at the gods, would cause sing *Magnificat* at matins, and found it very convenient so to do. He knew flies in a dish of milk, and would make them lose their feet. He would scrape paper, blur parchment, then

¹ "Lay with his mouth open to catch gnats," says Ozell, thinking to correct Urquhart. The French is *baisloit aux mouches*, = "stood agape," musing, doing nothing, dawdling.

² According to Le Duchat, "Murmur between his teeth as an ape does in moving its chops." In all these phrases Rabelais is simply heaping up a multitude of proverbial expressions.

³ See note on page II.

run away as hard as he could. He would pull at the kid's leather, or vomit up his dinner, then reckon without his host. He would beat the bushes without catching the birds, thought the moon was made of green cheese, and that bladders are lanterns. Out of one sack he would take two moultures or fees for grinding; would act the ass's part to get some bran, and of his fist would make a mallet. He took the cranes at the first leap, and would have the mail-coats to be made link after link. He always looked a given horse in the mouth, leaped from the cock to the ass,¹ and put one ripe between two green. By robbing Peter he paid Paul, he kept the moon from the wolves, and hoped to catch [roasted] larks if ever the heavens should fall. He did make of necessity virtue, of such bread such pottage, and cared as little for the peeled as for the shaven. Every morning he did cast up his gorge, and his father's little dogs eat out of the dish with him, and he with them. He would bite their ears, and they would scratch his nose. . . .

¹ “*Sautter du coq à l'asne*. To digresse from the matter, or, to leape suddainely, and disorderly, from one matter to another.” Cotgrave's *French Dictionary*, 1611. Hence the modern expression, *coq à l'âne*, disconnected nonsense.

CHAPTER V

OF GARGANTUA'S WOODEN HORSES

AFTERWARDS, that he might be all his lifetime a good rider, they made to him a fair great horse of wood, which he did make leap, curvet, jerk out behind, and skip forward, all at a time: to pace, trot, rack, gallop, amble, to play the hobby, the hackney gelding: go the gait of the camel, and of the wild ass. He made him also change his colour of hair, as the Monks of Coultibo¹ (according to the variety of their holidays) use to do their clothes, from bay brown to sorrel, dapple-grey, mouse-dun, deer-colour, roan, cow-colour, gingioline, skued colour, piebald, and the colour of the savage elk.

Himself of a huge big post made a hunting nag, and another for daily service of the beam of a wine-press; and of a great oak made up a mule, with a foot-cloth, for his chamber. Besides this, he had ten or twelve spare horses, and seven horses for post; and all these were lodged in his own chamber, close by his bed-side. One day the Lord of Breadinbag came to visit his father in great bravery, and with a gallant train: and at the same time, to see him, came likewise the Duke of Freemeale, and the Earl of Wetgullet. The house truly for so many guests at once was somewhat narrow, but especially

¹ *Comme font les moines de courtibaux*, "as the monks do their vestments." The translator has here mistaken the word *courtibaux* (from the latin, *curtum tibiale*), for a proper name.

the stables; whereupon the steward and harbinger of the said Lord Breadinbag, to know if there were any other empty stable in the house, came to Gargantua, a little young lad, and secretly asked him where the stables of the great horses were, thinking that children would be ready to tell all. Then he led them up along the stairs of the castle, passing by the second hall unto a broad great gallery, by which they entered into a large tower, and as they were going up at another pair of stairs, said the harbinger to the steward,—“ This child deceives us, for the stables are never on the top of the house.” “ You may be mistaken,” said the steward, “ for I know some places at Lyons, at the Basmette, at Chaisnon, and elsewhere, which have their stables at the very tops of the houses; so it may be, that behind the house there is a way to come to this ascent. But I will question with him further.” Then said he to Gargantua, “ My pretty little boy, whither do you lead us?” “ To the stable,” said he, “ of my great horses. We are almost come to it, we have but these stairs to go up at.” Then leading them along another great hall, he brought them into his chamber, and, [closing] the door, said unto them, “ This is the stable you ask for, this is my gennet, this is my gelding, this is my courser, and this is my hackney, and laid on them with a great lever. I will bestow upon you,” said he, “ this Friezeland horse. I had him from Francfort, yet will I give him you; for he is a pretty little nag, and will go very well, with a tessel of goshawk, half a dozen of spaniels, and a brace of grey-hounds; thus are you king of the hares and partridges for all this winter.” “ By St. John,” said they, “ now we

are paid, he hath gleeked¹ us to some purpose, bobbed we are now for ever." . . .

Judge you now, whether they had most cause, either to hide their heads for shame, or to laugh at the jest.

CHAPTER VI

HOW GARGANTUA WAS TAUGHT LATIN BY A SOPHISTER¹

THE good man Grangousier having heard this discourse, was ravished with admiration, considering the high reach and marvellous understanding of his son Gargantua, and said to his governesses, "Philip King of Macedon knew the wit of his son Alexander, by his skilful managing of a horse; for his horse Bucephalus was so fierce and unruly, that none durst adventure to ride him, after that he had given to his riders such devilish falls, breaking the neck of this man, the other man's leg, braining one, and putting another out of his jaw-bone. This by Alexander being considered, one day in the hippodrome (which was a place appointed for the breaking and managing of great horses), he perceived that the fury of the horse proceeded merely from the fear he had of his own shadow, whereupon getting on

¹ *Gleek*, to fool or to sneer at. "I have seen you gleeking or gall-ing at this gentleman twice or thrice."—Shakespere, *Henry V.*, Act V., Sc. 1.

¹ The three earliest editions read *théologien*. The change to *sophiste* was made in the edition of 1542, like many other changes, to placate the Sorbonne. See the note on page 15.

his back, he run him against the sun, so that the shadow fell behind, and by that means tamed the horse and brought him to his hand. Whereby his father, knowing the divine judgment that was in him caused him most carefully to be instructed by Aristotle, who at that time was highly renowned above all the philosophers of Greece. After the same manner I tell you, that by this only discourse, which now I have here had before you with my son Gargantua, I know that his understanding doth participate of some divinity, and that if he be well taught, and have that education which is fitting, he will attain to a supreme degree of wisdom. Therefore will I commit him to some learned man to have him indoctrinated according to his capacity, and will spare no cost." Presently they appointed him a great sophister-doctor,¹ called Master Tubal Holophernes, who taught him his A. B. C. so well, that he could say it by heart backwards; and about this he was five years and three months. Then read he to him Donat, le Facet, Theodolet, and Alanus *in Parabolis*.² About this he was thirteen years, six months, and two weeks. But you must remark, that in the meantime he did learn to write in Gothic characters, and that he wrote all his books,—for the art of printing was not then in use,—and did ordinarily

¹ In the three earliest editions, *Doctor of Theology*.

² *Le Facet, etc.*—These three treatises are part of the *Auctores octo morales*, in Latin verse, printed with their Gloss. (also in Latin) at Lyons (anno 1490), by John Fabri. The author of *Facetus*, or of the book called *Mr. Merryman* (if you will), was one Reinerus Allemannus, quoted by the vocabulist Hugutio, who died about the year 1212. See in Duchat a further account of these school-books, of which *Alanus in Parabolis* is the best. He died in 1189. (Ozell.)

carry a great pen and ink-horn, weighing about seven thousand quintals (that is 700,000 pound weight), the penner whereof was as big and as long as the great pillars of Enay, and the horn was hanging to it in great iron chains, it being of the wideness of a tun of merchant ware. After that he read unto him the book *De Modis significandi*, with the commentaries of Hurtbise, of Fasquin, of Tropditeux, of Gaulhaut, of John Calf,¹ of Billonio, of Berlinguandus, and a rabble of others; and herein he spent more than eighteen years and eleven months, and was so well versed in it, that, to try masteries in school disputes with his condisciples, he would recite it by heart backwards; and did sometimes prove on his finger ends to his mother, *quod de modis significandi non erat scientia*. Then did he read to him the Compost, for knowing the age of the moon, the seasons of the year, and tides of the sea, on which he spent sixteen years and two months, and that justly at the time that his said preceptor died of the French pox, which was in the year one thousand four hundred and twenty. Afterwards he got an old coughing fellow to teach him, named Master Jobelin Bridé, or muzzled dolt, who read unto him Hugutio, Hébrard's *Grecisme*, the Doctrinal, the Parts, the *Quid est*, the *Supplementum*, Marmotretus *de Moribus in mensa servandis*, Seneca *de quatuor Virtutibus cardinalibus*, Passavantus *cum commento*, and *Dormi secure*²

¹ *Jean Le Veau*.—Urquhart translates the name, thinking it a coinage of Rabelais', as, indeed, some of the names in the list are.

² A book of ready-made sermons, for the use of preachers who wished to "sleep soundly," rather than labour at original composition.

for the holydays, and some other of such like meally stuff, by reading whereof he became as wise as any we ever since baked in an oven.

CHAPTER VII

HOW GARGANTUA WAS PUT UNDER OTHER SCHOOLMASTERS

AT the last his father perceived, that indeed he studied hard, and that, although he spent all his time in it, he did nevertheless profit nothing, but which is worse, grew thereby foolish, simple, doted, and blockish; whereof making a heavy regret to Don Philip of Marays, Viceroy or Depute King of Papeligosse, he found that it were better for him to learn nothing at all, than to be taught such like books, under such schoolmasters; because their knowledge was nothing but brutishness, and their wisdom but blunt foppish toys, serving only to bastardise good and noble spirits, and to corrupt all the flower of youth. "That it is so, take," said he, "any young boy of this time, who hath only studied two years; if he have not a better judgment, a better discourse, and that expressed in better terms than your son, with a completer carriage and civility to all manner of persons, account me for ever hereafter a very clouch, and bacon-slicer of Brene.¹"

¹ *Taille-bacon de la Brène*.—Bacon-slicer is as much as to say, a worthless fellow, though strictly a braggadocio, a vapourer, a

This pleased Grangousier very well, and he commanded that it should be done. At night at supper the said Des Marays brought in a young page of his of Villegouges, called Eudemon, so neat, so trim, so handsome in his apparel, so spruce, with his hair in so good order, and so sweet and comely in his behaviour that he had the resemblance of a little angel more than of a human creature. Then he said to Grangousier, "Do you see this young boy? He is not as yet full twelve years old. Let us try, if it please you, what difference there is betwixt the knowledge of the doting Mateologians¹ of old time, and the young lads that are now." The trial pleased Grangousier, and he commanded the page to begin. Then Eudemon, asking leave of the vice-king his master so to do, with his cap in his hand, a clear and open countenance, beautiful and ruddy lips, his eyes steady, and his looks fixed upon Gargantua with a youthful modesty, standing up straight on his feet, began very gracefully to commend him; first, for his virtue and good manners; secondly, for his knowledge; thirdly, for his nobility; fourthly, for his bodily accomplishments: and in the fifth place, most sweetly exhorted him to reverence his father with all due observancy, who was so careful to have him well brought up. In the end he prayed him, that he would vouchsafe to admit of him amongst the least of his servants; for other favour at that

beater of a fast-tied cow, a breaker-down of open doors; such as *trinc' amellos*, a kernel-splitter, among the people of Toulouse. (Ozell.)

¹ Coined by Rabelais, from the Greek: *ματαιος*, foolish, and *λογος*, speech.

time desired he none of heaven, but that he might do him some grateful and acceptable service. All this was by him delivered with such proper gestures, such distinct pronounciation, so pleasant a delivery, in such exquisite, fine terms, and so good Latin, that he seemed rather a Gracchus, a Cicero, an Æmilius of the time past, than a youth of this age. But all the countenance that Gargantua kept was, that he fell to crying like a cow, and cast down his face, hiding it with his cap, nor could they possibly draw one word from him. Whereat his father was so grievously vexed, that he would have killed Master Jobelin, but the said Des Marays withheld him from it by fair persuasions, so that at length he pacified his wrath. Then Grangousier commanded he should be paid his wages, that they should whittle him up soundly like a sophister, with good drink, and then give him leave to go to all the devils in hell. "At least," said he, "to-day shall it not cost his host much, if by chance he should die as drunk as a Switzer.¹ Master Jobelin being gone out of the house, Grangousier consulted with the viceroy what schoolmaster they should choose for him, and it was betwixt them resolved that Ponocrates, the tutor of Eudemon, should have the charge, and that they should go all together to Paris, to know what was the study of the young men of France at that time.

¹ In the original, *comme un Anglais*, "as an Englishman."

CHAPTER VIII

HOW GARGANTUA WAS SENT TO PARIS, AND OF
THE HUGE GREAT MARE THAT HE RODE ON ;
HOW SHE DESTROYED THE OX-FLIES OF THE
BEAUCE

IN the same season, Fayoles, the fourth King of Numidia, sent out of the country of Africa to Grangousier, the most hideously great mare that ever was seen, and of the strangest form, for you know well enough how it is said, that Africa always is productive of some new thing. She was as big as six elephants, and had her feet cloven into fingers, like Julius Cæsar's horse, with slouch-hanging ears, like the goats in Languedoc, and a little horn on her buttock. She was of a burnt sorrel hue, with a little mixture of dapple grey spots, but above all she had a horrible tail; for it was little more or less, than every whit as great as the steeple-pillar of St. Mark, beside Langes: and squared as that is, with tufts, and ennicroches or hair-plaits wrought within one another, no otherwise than as the beards are upon the ears of corn.

If you wonder at this, wonder rather at the tails of the Scythian rams, which weighed above thirty pounds each, and of the Surian sheep, who need, if Tenaud say true, a little cart at their heels to bear up their tail, it is so long and heavy. And she was brought by sea in three carricks and a brigantine unto the harbour of Olone in Thalmondoïs. When Grangousier saw her, "Here is," said he, "what is fit to carry my son to Paris. So now, in the name

of God, all will be well. He will in times coming be a great scholar. If it were not, my masters, for the beasts, we should live like clerks.¹" The next morning, after they had drunk, you must understand, they took their journey; Gargantua, his pedagogue Ponocrates, and his train, and with them Eudemon the young page. And because the weather was fair and temperate, his father caused to be made for him a pair of dun boots; Babin calls them buskins. Thus did they merrily pass their time in travelling on their high way, always making good cheer, and were very pleasant till they came a little above Orleans, in which place there was a forest of five-and-thirty leagues long, and seventeen in breadth, or thereabouts. This forest was most horribly fertile and copious in dorflies, hornets, and wasps, so that it was a very purgatory for the poor mares, asses, and horses. But Gargantua's mare did avenge herself handsomely of all the outrages therein committed upon beasts of her kind, and that by a trick whereof they had no suspicion. For as soon as ever they were entered into the said forest, and that the wasps had given the assault, she drew out and unsheathed her tail, and therewith skirmishing, did so sweep them, that she overthrew all the wood alongst and athwart, here and there, this way and that way, longwise and sidewise, over and under, and felled everywhere the wood with as much ease as the mower doth the grass, in such sort that never since hath there been there, neither wood, nor dorflies: for all the country was thereby reduced to a plain

¹ Froissart had said, "If it were not for the clergy we should live like beasts," and the phrase had become proverbial.

champagne field. Which Gargantua took great pleasure to behold, and said to his company no more but this, *Je trouve beau ce*, "I find this pretty;" whereupon that country hath been ever since that time called Beauce. But all the breakfast the mare got that day, was but a little yawning and gaping, in memory whereof the gentlemen of Beauce do as yet to this day break their fast with gaping, which they find to be very good, and do spit the better for it. At last they came to Paris, where Gargantua refreshed himself two or three days, making very merry with his folks, and inquiring what men of learning there were then in the city, and what wine they drank there.

CHAPTER IX

HOW GARGANTUA PAID HIS WELCOME TO THE
PARISIANS, AND HOW HE TOOK AWAY THE
GREAT BELLS OF OUR LADY'S CHURCH

SOME few days after that they had refreshed themselves, he went to see the city, and was beheld of everybody there with great admiration; for the people of Paris are so sottish, so badot, so foolish and fond by nature, that a juggler, a carrier of indulgences, a sumpter-horse, or mule with cymbals, or tinkling bells, a blind fiddler in the middle of a cross lane, shall draw a greater confluence of people together, than an Evangelical preacher. And they pressed so hard upon him that he was con-

strained to rest himself upon the towers of Our Lady's Church. At which place, seeing so many about him, he said with a loud voice, "I believe that these buzzards will have me to pay them here my welcome hither, and my *Proficiat*. It is but good reason. I will now give them their wine, but it shall be only in sport." Then, smiling, he untied his fair braguette, and so bitterly all-to-be-flooded them, that he drowned two hundred and sixty thousand four hundred and eighteen, besides the women and little children. Some, nevertheless, of the company escaped this flood by mere speed of foot, who, when they were at the higher end of the university, sweating, coughing, spitting, and out of breath, they began to swear and curse, some in good hot earnest, and others in jest. "Carimari, carimara: goly-noly, golynolo. By my sweet Sanctesse, we are washed in sport, a sport truly to laugh at;"—in French, *Par ris*, for which that city hath been ever since called Paris, whose name formerly was Leucotia, as Strabo testifieth, *lib. quarto*, from the Greek word λευκότης, whiteness, because of the white thighs of the ladies of that place. And forasmuch as, at this imposition of a new name, all the people that were there swore every one by the Sancts of his parish, the Parisians, which are patched up of all nations, and all pieces of countries, are by nature both good jurors, and good jurists, and somewhat overweening; whereupon Joanninus de Barrauco, *libro de copiositate reverentiarum*, thinks that they are called Parisians, from the Greek word παρρησία, which signifies boldness and liberty in speech.

This done, he considered the great bells, which were in the said towers, and made them sound very harmoniously. Which whilst he was doing, it came into his mind, that they would serve very well for tingling Tantans, and ringing Campanels, to hang about his mare's neck, when she should be sent back to his father, as he intended to do, loaded with Brie cheese, and fresh herring. And indeed he forthwith carried them to his lodging. In the meanwhile there came a master beggar of the friars of St. Anthony, to demand in his canting way the usual benevolence of some hoggish stuff, who, that he might be heard afar off, and to make the bacon he was in quest of shake in the very chimnies, made account to filch them away privily. Nevertheless, he left them behind very honestly, not for that they were too hot, but that they were somewhat too heavy for his carriage. This was not he of Bourg, for he was too good a friend of mine.

All the city was risen up in sedition, they being, as you know, upon any slight occasion, so ready to uproars and insurrections, that foreign nations wonder at the patience of the kings of France, who do not by good justice restrain them from such tumultuous courses, seeing the manifold inconveniences which thence arise from day to day. Would to God, I knew the shop wherein are forged these divisions and factious combinations, that I might bring them to light in the confraternities of my parish! Believe for a truth, that the place wherein the people gathered together, were thus sulphured, hopurymated, moiled, and be-flooded, was called

Nesle,¹ where then was, but now is no more, the Oracle of Leucetia. There was the case proposed, and the inconvenience showed of the transporting of the bells. After they had well ergoted pro and con, they concluded in baralipton, that they should send the oldest and most sufficient of the faculty² unto Gargantua, to signify unto him the great and horrible prejudice they sustain by the want of those bells. And notwithstanding the good reasons given in by some of the university, why this charge was fitter for an orator than a sophister,³ there was chosen for this purpose our Master Janotus de Bragmardo.

CHAPTER X

HOW JANOTUS DE BRAGMARDO WAS SENT TO GARGANTUA, TO RECOVER THE GREAT BELLS

MASTER JANOTUS, with his hair cut round like a dish à la Cæsarine, in his most antic accoutrement liriptionated with a graduate's hood, and, having sufficiently antidoted his stomach with oven marmalades, that is, bread and holy water of the cellar, transported himself to the lodging of Gargantua, driving before him three red-muzzled beadles, and dragging after him five or six artless

¹ The Hotel de Nesle in Paris; in the earlier editions, however, the reading was *Sorbonne*.

² Originally, faculty of theology.

³ Originally, theologian.

masters,¹ all thoroughly bedraggled with the mire of the streets. At their entry Ponocrates met them, who was afraid, seeing them so disguised, and thought they had been some maskers out of their wits, which moved him to inquire of one of the said artless masters of the company, what this mummerly meant? It was answered him, that they desired to have their bells restored to them. As soon as Ponocrates heard that, he ran in all haste to carry the news unto Gargantua, that he might be ready to answer them, and speedily resolve what was to be done. Gargantua being advertised hereof, called apart his schoolmaster Ponocrates, Philotimus steward of his house, Gymnastes his esquire, and Eudemmon, and very summarily conferred with them, both of what he should do, and what answer he should give. They were all of opinion that they should bring them unto the goblet-office, which is the buttery, and there make them drink like roysters,² and line their jackets soundly. And that this cougher might not be puft up with vain-glory, by thinking the bells were restored at his request, they sent, whilst he was chopining and plying the pot, for the mayor of the city, the rector of the faculty, and the vicar of the church, unto whom they resolved to deliver the bells, before the sophister had propounded his commission. After that, in their hearing, he should pronounce his gallant oration, which was

¹ *Maistres inerts*, instead of *Maistres es arts* (art-less masters, not Masters of Arts).

² In the earlier editions, *théologalement*, like theologians. The phrase, "and line their jackets soundly," has no equivalent in any French edition, being gratuitously added by our worthy translator.

done; and they being come, the sophister was brought in full hall, and began as followeth, in coughing.

CHAPTER XI

THE ORATION OF MASTER JANOTUS DE BRAGMARDO, FOR THE RECOVERY OF THE BELLS

HEM, hem, gud-day, sirs, gud-day. Et vobis, my masters. It were but reason that you should restore to us our bells; for we have great need of them. Hem, hem, aihfuhash. We have often-times heretofore refused good money for them of those of London in Cahors, yea and those of Bourdeaux in Brie, who would have bought them for the substantific quality of the elementary complexion, which is intronificated in the terrestreity of their quidditative nature, to extraneize the blasting mists, and whirlwinds upon our vines, indeed not ours, but these round about us. For if we lose the piot and liquour of the grape, we lose all, both sense and law. If you restore them unto us at my request, I shall gain by it six basketfuls of sausages, and a fine pair of breeches, which will do my legs a great deal of good, or else they will not keep their promise to me. Ho by gob, Domine, a pair of breeches is good, et vir sapiens non abhorrebit eam. Ha, ha, a pair of breeches is not so easily got; I have experience of it myself. Consider, Domine, I have been these eighteen days in matagrabolising this brave speech. Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris,

Cæsari, et quæ sunt Dei, Deo. Ibi jacet lepus. By my faith, Domine, if you will sup with me in cameris, by cox body, charitatis, nos faciemus bonum cherubin. Ego occidi unum porcum, et ego habet bonum vino: but of good wine we cannot make bad Latin. Well, de parte Dei date nobis bellas nostras. Hold, I give you in the name of the faculty a Sermones de Utino, that utinam you will give us our bells. Vultis etiam pardonos? Per diem vos habebitis, et nihil payabitis. O Sir, Domine, bellagivaminor¹ nobis; verily, est bonum urbis. They are useful to everybody. If they fit your mare well, so do they do our faculty; quæ comparata est jumentis insipientibus, et similis facta est eis, Psalmo nescio quo. Yet did I quote it in my note-book, et est unum bonum Achilles, a good defending argument.² Hem, hem, hem, haikhash! For I prove unto you, that you should give me them. Ego sic argumentor. Omnis bella bellabilis in bellerio bellando, bellans bellativo, bellare facit, bellabiliter bellantes. Parisius habet bellas. Ergo gluc, Ha, ha, ha. This is spoken to some purpose. It is in tertio primæ, in Darii, or elsewhere. By my soul, I have seen the time that I could play the devil in arguing, but now I am much failed, and henceforward want nothing but a cup of good wine, a good bed, my back to the fire, my belly to the table,

¹ The English-Latin of Urquhart exactly reproduces the French-Latin of the original, which is *clochadonnaminor nobis* (*cloches*, bells; *donner*, give). So below, where the original has *omnis clocha clochabilis*, etc.

² *A good defending argument* [that is, invincible, like Achilles]. The explanation is added by Urquhart.

and a good deep dish. Hei, Domine, I beseech you, in nomine Patris, Filii, et Spiritûs Sancti, Amen, to restore unto us our bells: and God keep you from evil, and our Lady from health,¹ qui vivit et regnat per omnia secula seculorum, Amen. Hem, hashchehhawksash, qzrchremhemhash.²

"Verum enim vero, quandoquidem, dubio procul. Edepol, quoniam, ita certe, meus deus fidius; a town without bells is like a blind man without a staff, an ass without a crupper, and a cow without cymbals. Therefore be assured, until you have restored them unto us, we will never leave crying after you, like a blind man that hath lost his staff, braying like an ass without a crupper, and making a noise like a cow without cymbals. A certain Latinisator, dwelling near the hospital, said once, producing the authority of one Taponnus—I lie, it was one Pontanus the secular poet—who wished those bells had been made of feathers, and the clapper of a foxtail, to the end that they might have begot a chronicle in the bowels of his brain,³ when he was about the composing of his carminiformal lines. But nac petetin petetac, tic, torche lorgne, or⁴ rot kipipur kipipot put pantse malf, he was declared an

¹ *God keep you from evil and our Lady from health.*—This old dotard would have said, God, and our Lady of health, keep you from evil! Rabelais ridicules the vicious and careless ways of speaking used by the old French, and too many of the moderns, too, especially among the vulgar. (*Ozell.*)

² In the original, *Hen, hasch, grenhenhasch.* Urquhart's embroidery thereon is interesting and characteristic.

³ *To the end that,* etc.—Urquhart has mistaken the meaning; it is: "*because they begot a chronic pain in the bowels of his brain.*"

⁴ *Or,* etc., added by Urquhart,

heretic. We make them as of wax.¹ And no more saith the deponent. Valet et plaudite. Calepinus recensui.”

CHAPTER XII

HOW THE SOPHISTER CARRIED AWAY HIS CLOTH,
AND HOW HE HAD A SUIT IN LAW AGAINST
THE OTHER MASTERS¹

THE sophister had no sooner ended, but Ponocrates and Eudemon burst out into a laughing so heartily, that they had almost split with it, and given up the ghost, in rendering their souls to God: even just as Crassus did, seeing a lubberly ass eat thistles; and as Philemon, who, for seeing an ass eat those figs which were provided for his own dinner, died with force of laughing. Together with them Master Janotus fell a-laughing too as fast as he could, in which mood of laughing they continued so long, that their eyes did water by the vehement concussion of the substance of the brain, by which these lachrymal humidities, being prest out, glided through the optic nerves, and so to the full represented Democritus Heraclitising, and Heraclitus Democritising.

When they had done laughing, Gargantua con-

¹ *We make them as of wax* may refer to the burning of heretics, or to the ease with which people are convicted of heresy. But Rabelais could argue that it refers simply to *bells*.

¹ Originally, Sorbonnists.

sulted with the prime of his retinue, what should be done. There Ponocrates was of opinion, that they should make this fair orator drink again; and seeing he had showed them more pastime, and made them laugh more than a natural fool could have done, that they should give him ten baskets full of sausages, mentioned in his pleasant speech, with a pair of hose, three hundred great billets of logwood, five and twenty hogsheads of wine, a good large down bed, and a deep capacious dish, which he said were necessary for his old age. All this was done as they did appoint. . . . The wood was carried by the porters, the masters of arts carried the sausages and the dishes, and Master Janotus himself would carry the cloth. One of the said masters, called Jousse Bandouille, showed him that it was not seemly nor decent for one of his condition to do so, and that therefore he should deliver it to one of them. "Ha," said Janotus, "Baudet, Baudet," or "Blockhead, Blockhead, thou dost not conclude in modo et figura. For lo, to this end serve the Suppositions, and Parva Logicalia. Pannus, pro quo supponit?" "Confusè," said Bandouille, "et distributivè." "I do not ask thee," said Janotus, "blockhead, quomodo supponit, but pro quo? It is, blockhead, pro tibiis meis, and therefore I will carry it, Egomet, sicut suppositum portat appositum." So did he carry it away very close and covertly, as Patelin, the buffoon, did his cloth. The best was, that when this cougher, in a full act or assembly held at the Mathurins, had with great confidence required his breeches and sausages, and that they were flatly denied him, because he had them of Gargantua, according to the informations

thereupon made, he showed them that this was gratis, and out of his liberality, by which they were not in any sort quit of their promises. Notwithstanding this, it was answered him, that he should be content with reason, without expectation of any other bribe there. "Reason?" said Janotus. "We use none of it here. Unlucky traitors, you are not worth the hanging. The earth beareth not more arrant villains than you are. I know it well enough; halt not before the lame. I have practised wickedness with you. By God's rattle I will inform the king of the enormous abuses that are forged here and carried underhand by you, and let me be a leper, if he do not burn you alive like sodomites, traitors, heretics, and seducers, enemies to God and virtue."

Upon these words they framed articles against him: he on the other side warned them to appear. In sum, the process was retained by the Court, and is there as yet. Hereupon the magisters¹ made a vow, never to decrott themselves in rubbing off the dirt of either their shoes or clothes: Master Janotus with his adherents vowed never to blow or snuff their noses, until judgment were given by a definitive sentence.

By these vows do they continue unto this time both dirty and snotty; for the court hath not garbled, sifted, and fully looked into all the pieces as yet. The judgment or decree shall be given out and pronounced at the next Greek Calends, that is, never. As you know that they do more than nature, and contrary to their own articles. The articles of Paris maintain, that to God alone belongs

¹ Originally, *les Sorbonicaux*.

infinity, and nature produceth nothing that is immortal; for she putteth an end and period to all things by her engendered, according to the saying, *Omnia orta cadunt*, etc. But these thick-mist swallows make the suits in law depending before them both infinite and immortal. In doing whereof, they have given occasion to, and verified the saying of Chilo the Lacedæmonian, consecrated to the Oracle at Delphos, that misery is the inseparable companion of law-debates; and that pleaders are miserable; for sooner shall they attain to the end of their lives, than to the final decision of their pretended rights.

CHAPTER XIII

THE STUDY OF GARGANTUA, ACCORDING TO THE
DISCIPLINE OF HIS SCHOOLMASTERS THE
SOPHISTERS¹

THE first days being thus spent, and the bells put up again in their own place, the citizens of Paris, in acknowledgment of this courtesy, offered to maintain and feed his mare as long as he pleased, which Gargantua took in good part, and they sent her to graze in the forest of Biere. I think she is not there now. This done, he with all his heart submitted his study to the discretion of Ponocrates; who for the beginning appointed that he should do as he was accustomed, to the end he might under-

¹ In the first three editions, *de ses professeurs sorbonagres*.

stand by what means, in so long time, his old masters had made him so sottish and ignorant. He disposed therefore of his time in such fashion, that ordinarily he did awake between eight and nine o'clock, whether it was day or not, for so had his ancient governors ordained, alleging that which David saith, *Vanum*¹ *est vobis ante lucem surgere*. Then did he tumble and toss, wag his legs, and wallow in the bed some time, the better to stir up and rouse his vital spirits, and apparelled himself according to the season: but willingly he would wear a great long gown of thick frieze, furred with fox skins. Afterwards he combed his head with an Almain comb,² which is the four fingers and the thumb. For his preceptor said, that to comb himself other ways, to wash and make himself neat, was to lose time in this world. Then he spued, belched, cracked, yawned, spitted, coughed, yexed, sneezed, and snotted himself like an arch-deacon, and to suppress the dew and bad air, went to breakfast, having some good fried tripes, fair rashers on the coals, excellent gammons of bacon, store of fine minced meat, and a great deal of sippet brewis, made up of the

¹ *Vanum, etc.*—Psalm cxxviii., v. 2. It is in vain for you to rise up early.

² An *Almain* or *German* comb does not here reflect on that nation as slovens, for nothing is more cleanly than they are, whether in thoroughly combing their heads, or frequently washing their hands and faces; but what gave occasion to this sort of proverbial expression was this: of all the civilised nations of Europe, being perhaps the last that came into the wear of periwigs, the French, who are seldom seen without a comb in one hand, were apt to laugh when they saw a German ever and anon all the day long using both his to keep the hair on his forehead parted in two divisions, as he had adjusted it with his comb in the morning. (*Ozell.*)

fat of the beef-pot, laid upon bread, cheese, and chopped parsley strewed together.¹ Ponocrates showed him, that he ought not eat so soon after rising out of his bed, unless he had performed some exercise beforehand. Gargantua answered, "What! have not I sufficiently well exercised myself? I have wallowed and rolled myself six or seven turns in my bed, before I rose. Is not that enough? Pope Alexander did so, by the advice of a Jew his physician, and lived till his dying day in despite of his enemies. My first masters have used me to it, saying that to breakfast made a good memory, and therefore they drank first. I am very well after it, and dine but the better. And Master Tubal, who was the first licentiate at Paris, told me, that it was not enough to run a pace, but to set forth betimes: so doth not the total welfare of our humanity depend upon perpetual drinking in a ribble rabble, like ducks, but on drinking early in the morning; *unde versus*,

"To rise betimes is no good hour,
To drink betimes is better sure."

After that he had thoroughly broke his fast, he went to church, and they carried to him in a great basket a huge impantoufled or thick-covered breviary, weighing, what in grease, clasps, parchment, and cover, little more or less than eleven hundred and six pounds. There he heard six and twenty or thirty masses. This while, to the same place came his

¹ The last two lines are an explanation, added gratuitously by the translator, of *soupes de prime*, "sippet brewis."

orison-mutterer impaletocked, or lapped up about the chin, like a tufted whoop, and his breath antidoted with the store of the vine-tree-sirup. With him he mumbled all his kiriels, and dunsical breborions, which he so curiously thumbed and fingered, that there fell not so much as one grain to the ground. As he went from the church, they brought him, upon a dray drawn with oxen, a confused heap of pater-nosters and aves of Sanct Claude, every one of them being of the bigness of a hat-block; and thus walking through the cloisters, galleries, or garden, he said more in turning them over, than sixteen hermits would have done. Then did he study some paltry half hour with his eyes fixed upon his book; but as the comic saith, his mind was in the kitchen. And because he was naturally phlegmatic, he began his meal with some dozens of gammons, dried neat's tongues, hard roes of mullet, called botargos, andouilles, or sausages, and such other forerunners of wine. In the meanwhile, four of his folks did cast into his mouth one after another continually mustard by whole shovels full. Immediately after that, he drank a horrible draught of white-wine for the ease of his kidneys. When that was done, he ate according to the season meat agreeable to his appetite, and then left off eating when his belly began to strout, and was like to crack for fulness. As for his drinking, he had in that neither end nor rule. For he was wont to say, that the limits and bounds of drinking were, when the cork of the shoes of him that drinketh swelleth up half a foot high.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW GARGANTUA WAS INSTRUCTED BY PONOCRATES, AND IN SUCH SORT DISCIPLINATED, THAT HE LOST NOT ONE HOUR OF THE DAY

WHEN Ponocrates knew Gargantua's vicious manner of living, he resolved to bring him up in another kind; but for a while he bore with him, considering that nature cannot endure a sudden change, without great violence. Therefore to begin his work the better, he requested a learned physician of that time, called Master Theodorus, seriously to perpend, if it were possible, how to bring Gargantua unto a better course. The said physician purged him canonically with Anticyrian hellebore, by which medicine he cleansed all the alteration and perverse habitude of his brain. By this means also Ponocrates made him forget all that he had learned under his ancient preceptors, as Timotheus did to his disciples, who had been instructed under other musicians. To do this the better, they brought him into the company of learned men, which were there, in whose imitation he had a great desire and affection to study otherwise, and to improve his parts. Afterwards he put himself into such a road and way of studying that he lost not any one hour in the day, but employed all his time in learning and honest knowledge. Gargantua awaked, then, about four o'clock in the morning. Whilst they were in rubbing of him, there was read unto him some chapter of the Holy Scripture aloud and clearly, with a pronounciation fit for the matter, and hereunto was

appointed a young page born in Basché, named Anagnostes. According to the purpose and argument of that lesson, he oftentimes gave himself to worship, adore, pray, and send up his supplications to that good God, whose word did show his majesty and marvellous judgment. Then went he into the secret places to obey a call of his natural-digestions. There his master repeated what had been read, expounding unto him the most obscure and difficult points. In returning, they considered the face of the sky, if it was such as they had observed it the night before, and into what signs the sun was entering, as also the moon for that day. This done, he was apparelled, combed, curled, trimmed, and perfumed, during which time they repeated to him the lessons of the day before. He himself said them by heart, and upon them would ground some practical cases concerning the estate of man, which he would prosecute sometimes two or three hours, but ordinarily they ceased as soon as he was fully clothed. Then for three good hours he had a lecture read unto him. This done, they went forth, still conferring of the substance of the lecture, either unto a field near the university called the Brack, or unto the meadows where they played at the ball, the long-tennis, and at the piletrigone,¹ most gallantly exercising their bodies, as formerly they had done their minds. All their play was but in liberty, for they left off when they pleased, and that was commonly when they did sweat over all their body, or were otherwise weary. Then were they very well

¹ *Piletrigone*, which is a play wherein we throw a triangular piece of iron at a ring, to pass it. (*Urquhart.*)

wiped and rubbed, shifted their shirts, and walking soberly, went to see if dinner was ready. Whilst they stayed for that, they did clearly and eloquently pronounce some sentences that they had retained of the lecture. In the meantime Master Appetite came, and then very orderly sat they down at table. At the beginning of the meal, there was read some pleasant history of the warlike actions of former times, until he had taken a glass of wine. Then, if they thought good, they continued reading, or began to discourse merrily together; speaking first of the virtue, propriety, efficacy, and nature of all that was served in at the table; of bread, of wine, of water, of salt, of fleshs, fishes, fruits, herbs, roots, and of their dressing. By means whereof, he learned in a little time all the passages competent for this, that were to be found in Pliny, Athenæus, Dioscorides, Julius Pollux, Galen, Porphyrius, Opiian, Polybius, Heliodore, Aristotle, Cælian, and others. Whilst they talked of these things, many times, to be the more certain, they caused the very books to be brought to the table, and so well and perfectly did he in his memory retain the things above said, that in that time there was not a physician that knew half so much as he did. Afterwards they conferred of the lessons read in the morning, and ending their repast with some conserve or marmalade of quinces, he picked his teeth with mastic tooth-pickers, washed his hands and eyes with fair fresh water, and gave thanks unto God in some fine canticks, made in praise of the divine bounty and munificence. This done, they brought in cards, not to play, but to learn a thousand pretty tricks and

new inventions, which were all grounded upon arithmetic. By this means he fell in love with that numerical science, and every day after dinner and supper he passed his time in it as pleasantly as he was wont to do at cards and dice; so that at last he understood so well both the theory and practical part thereof, that Tunstal the Englishman,¹ who had written very largely of that purpose, confessed that verily in comparison of him he had no skill at all. And not only in that, but in the other mathematical sciences, as geometry, astronomy, music, etc. For in waiting on the concoction, and attending the digestion of his food, they made a thousand pretty instruments and geometrical figures, and did in some measure practise the astronomical canons.

After this they recreated themselves with singing musically, in four or five parts, or upon a set theme or ground at random, as it best pleased them. In matter of musical instruments, he learned to play upon the lute, the virginals, the harp, the Almain flute with nine holes, the viol, and the sackbut. This hour thus spent, and digestion finished, he did purge his body of natural excrements, then betook himself to his principal study for three hours together, or more, as well to repeat his matutinal lectures, as to proceed in the book wherein he was, as also to write handsomely, to draw and form the antique and Roman letters. This being done, they went out of their house, and with them a young gentleman of Touraine, named the Esquire Gymnast, who taught him the art of riding. Changing

¹ *Tunstal the Englishman*.—Cuthbert Tonstal, Bishop of Durham, author of *De arte supputandi*, 1522.

then his clothes, he rode a Naples courser, a Dutch roussin, a Spanish gennet, a barbed or trapped steed, then a light fleet horse, unto whom he gave a hundred carieres, made him go the high saults, bounding in the air, free a ditch with a skip, leap over a stile or pale, turn short in a ring both to the right and left hand. There he broke not his lance; for it is the greatest foolery in the world to say, I have broken ten lances at tilts or in fight. A carpenter can do even as much. But it is a glorious and praiseworthy action, with one lance to break and overthrow ten enemies. Therefore with a sharp, stiff, strong, and well-steeled lance, would he usually force up a door, pierce a harness, beat down a tree, carry away the ring, lift up a cuirassier saddle, with the mail-coat and gauntlet. All this he did in complete arms from head to foot. As for the prancing flourishes, and smacking popisms, for the better cherishing of the horse, commonly used in riding, none did them better than he. The voltiger of Ferrara was but as an ape compared to him. He was singularly skilful in leaping nimbly from one horse to another without putting foot to ground, and these horses were called desultories. He could likewise from either side, with a lance in his hand, leap on horseback without stirrups, and rule the horse at his pleasure without a bridle, for such things are useful in military engagements. Another day he exercised the battle-axe, which he so dexterously wielded, both in the nimble, strong, and smooth management of that weapon, and that in all the feats practiceable by it, that he passed knight of arms in the field, and at all essays.

Then tossed he the pike, played with the two-handed sword, with the backsword, with the Spanish tuck, the dagger, poniard, armed, unarmed, with a buckler, with a cloak, with a target. Then would he hunt the hart, the roebuck, the bear, the fallow deer, the wild boar, the hare, the pheasant, the partridge, and the bustard. He played at the balloon, and made it bound in the air, both with fist and foot. He wrestled, ran, jumped, not at three steps and a leap, called the hops, nor at clochepied, called the hare's leap, nor yet at the Almain's; for, said Gymnast, these jumps are for the wars altogether unprofitable, and of no use; but at one leap he would skip over a ditch, spring over a hedge, mount six paces upon a wall, ramp and grapple after this fashion up against a window of the full height of a lance. He did swim in deep waters on his belly, on his back, sideways, with all his body, with his feet only, with one hand in the air, wherein he held a book, crossing thus the breadth of the river of Seine, without wetting, and dragging along his cloak with his teeth, as did Julius Cæsar; then with the help of one hand he entered forcibly into a boat, from whence he cast himself again headlong into the water, sounded the depths, hollowed the rocks, and plunged into the pits and gulfs. Then turned he the boat about, governed it, led it swiftly or slowly with the stream and against the stream, stopped it in his course, guided it with one hand, and with the other laid hard about him with a huge great oar, hoisted the sail, hied up along the mast by the shrouds, ran upon the edge of the decks, set the compass in order, tackled the

bowlines, and steered the helm. Coming out of the water, he ran furiously up against a hill, and with the same alacrity and swiftness ran down again. He climbed up at trees like a cat, leaped from the one to the other like a squirrel. He did pull down the great boughs and branches, like another Milo; then with two sharp well-steeled daggers, and two tried bodkins, would he run up by the wall to the very top of a house like a rat; then suddenly came down from the top to the bottom, with such an even composition of members, that by the fall he would catch no harm.

He did cast the dart, throw the bar, put the stone, practise the javelin, the boar spear or partisan, and the halbert. He broke the strongest bows in drawing, bended against his breast the greatest crossbows of steel, took his aim by the eye with the hand-gun, and shot well, traversed and planted the cannon, shot at butt-marks, at the papgay from below upwards, or to a height, from above downwards, or to a descent; then before him, sidewise, and behind him, like the Parthians. They tied a cable-rope to the top of a high tower, by one end whereof hanging near the ground he wrought himself with his hands to the very top; then upon the same tract came down so sturdily and firm that you could not on a plain meadow have run with more assurance. They set up a great pole fixed upon two trees. There would he hang by his hands, and with them alone, his feet touching at nothing, would go back and fore along the aforesaid rope with so great swiftness, that hardly could one overtake him with running; and then, to exercise his breast and lungs,

he would shout like all the devils in hell. I heard him once call Eudemon from St. Victor's gate to Montmartre. Stentor never had such a voice at the siege of Troy. Then for the strengthening of his nerves or sinews, they made him two great sows of lead,¹ each of them weighing eight thousand and seven hundred quintals, which they called *Alteres*.² Those he took up from the ground, in each hand one, then lifted them up over his head, and held them so without stirring three quarters of an hour and more, which was an inimitable force. He fought at barriers with the stoutest and most vigorous champions; and when it came to the cope, he stood so sturdily on his feet, that he abandoned himself unto the strongest, in case they could remove him from his place, as Milo was wont to do of old. In whose imitation likewise he held a pomegranate in his hand, to give it unto him that could take it from him. The time being thus bestowed, and himself rubbed, cleansed, wiped, and refreshed with other clothes, he returned fair and softly; and passing through certain meadows, or other grassy places, beheld the trees and plants, comparing them with what is written of them in the books of the ancients,

¹ *Sows of Lead*.—So we English call 'em. The French call 'em *salmons* (not *sows*) of lead, because of their resembling that fish both in shape and size. The reader will forgive the digression I'm going to make. In Derbyshire there is a living worth £500 or £600 a year in tithe pigs. It is Worksworth. (*Pigs of lead*).—(Ozell.)

² *Alteres*.—A poise of iron, stone, but chiefly lead, which tumblers, and dancers on ropes, hold in their hands for a counterpoise, also a piece of lead, etc., to lift up with both hands for exercise. In Latin, or rather Greek, Halter, eris, ἀλτήρ, ἀπὸ τοῦ ἄλλεσθαι, a saliendo.—(Ozell.)

such as Theophrast, Dioscorides, Marinus, Pliny, Nicander, Macer, and Galen, and carried home to the house great handfuls of them, whereof a young page called Rizotomos had charge; together with little mattocks, pickaxes, grubbing hooks, cabbies, pruning knives, and other instruments requisite for herborising. Being come to their lodging, whilst supper was making ready, they repeated certain passages of that which hath been read, and sat down at table. Here remark, that his dinner was sober and thrifty, for he did then eat only to prevent the gnawings of his stomach, but his supper was copious and large; for he took then as much as was fit to maintain and nourish him; which indeed is the true diet prescribed by the art of good and sound physic, although a rabble of loggerheaded physicians, nuzzled in the brabbling shop of sophisters,¹ counsel the contrary. During that repast was continued the lesson read at dinner as long as they thought good: the rest was spent in good discourse, learned and profitable. After that they had given thanks, he set himself to sing vocally, and play upon harmonious instruments, or otherwise passed his time at some pretty sports, made with cards or dice, or in practising the feats of legerdemain, with cups and balls. There they staid some nights in frolicking thus, and making themselves merry till it was time to go to bed; and on other nights they would go make visits unto learned men, or to such as had been travellers in strange and remote coun-

¹ In other editions, *Arabs*, referring to the school of Avicenna. "The art of good and sound physic" is, according to Rabelais, that of the school of Galen.

tries. When it was full night before they retired themselves, they went unto the most open place of the house to see the face of the sky, and there beheld the comets, if any were, as likewise the figures, situations, aspects, oppositions and conjunctions of the both fixed stars and planets.

Then with his master did he briefly recapitulate, after the manner of the Pythagoreans, that which he had read, seen, learned, done and understood in the whole course of that day.

Then prayed they unto God the Creator, in falling down before him, and strengthening their faith towards him, and glorifying him for his boundless bounty; and, giving thanks unto him for the time that was past, they recommended themselves to his divine clemency for the future. Which being done, they went to bed, and betook themselves to their repose and rest.

CHAPTER XV

HOW GARGANTUA SPENT HIS TIME IN RAINY WEATHER

IF it happened that the weather were anything cloudy, foul, and rainy, all the forenoon was employed, as before specified, according to custom, with this difference only, that they had a good clear fire lighted, to correct the distempers of the air. But after dinner, instead of their wonted exertations, they did abide within, and, by way of

Apothérapie,¹ did recreate themselves in bottling² up of hay, in cleaving and sawing of wood, and in threshing sheaves of corn at the barn. Then they studied the art of painting or carving; or brought into use the antique play of tables,³ as Leonicus hath written of it, and as our good friend Lascaris playeth at it. In playing they examined the passages of ancient authors, wherein the said play is mentioned, or any metaphor drawn from it. They went likewise to see the drawing of metals, or the casting of great ordnance: how the lapidaries did work, as also the goldsmiths and cutters of precious stones. Nor did they omit to visit the alchemists, money-coiners, upholsterers, weavers, velvet-workers, watchmakers, looking-glass-framers, printers, organists, and other such kind of artificers, and, everywhere giving them somewhat to drink, did learn and consider the industry and invention of the trades. They went also to hear the public lectures, the solemn commencements, the repetitions, the acclamations, the pleadings of the gentle lawyers, and sermons of Evangelical preachers. He went through the halls and places appointed for fencing, and there played against the masters themselves at all weapons, and showed them by experience, that he knew as much in it as, yea more than, they. And, instead

¹ That is, a making the body healthful by exercise.—(*Urquhart.*)

² Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act IV., Sc. 1:

Titania.—Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bottom.—Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay; good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

³ In the French, not *tables* but *tales*; bone-dice (Lat. *itali*, Gr. *ἀσπράγαλοι*).

of herborising, they visited the shops of druggists, herbalists and apothecaries, and diligently considered the fruits, roots, leaves, gums, seeds, the grease and ointments of some foreign parts, as also how they did adulterate them. He went to see the jugglers, tumblers, mountebanks, and quacksalvers, and considered their cunning, their shifts, their summer-saults, and smooth tongue, especially of those of Chauny in Picardy, who are naturally great praters, and brave givers of fibs, in matter of green apes.¹

At their return they did eat more soberly at supper than at other times, and meats more dessicative and extenuating; to the end that the intemperate moisture of the air, communicated to the body by a necessary confinity, might by this means be corrected, and that they might not receive any prejudice for want of their ordinary bodily exercise.

Thus was Gargantua governed, and kept on in this course of education, from day to day profiting, as you may understand such a young man of his age may, of a pregnant judgment, with good discipline well continued. Which, although at the beginning it seemed difficult, became a little after so sweet, so easy, and so delightful, that it seemed rather the recreation of a king than the study of a scholar. Nevertheless Ponocrates, to divert him from this vehement intension of the spirits, thought fit, once in a month, upon some fair and clear day to go out of the city betimes in the morning, either towards Gentilly, or Boulogne, or to Montrouge, or Charanton-bridge, or to Vanves, or St. Clou, and

¹ *Singes verts*, fantastic lies.

there spend all the day long in making the greatest cheer that could be devised, sporting, making merry, drinking healths, playing, singing, dancing, tumbling in some fair meadow, unnestling of sparrows, taking of quails, and fishing for frogs and crabs. But althought that day was past without books or lecture, yet was it not spent without profit; for in the said meadows they usually repeated certain pleasant verses of Virgil's agriculture, of Hesiod, and of Politian's husbandry; would set a-broach some witty Latin epigrams, then immediately turned them into roundelays and songs for dancing in the French language. In their feasting, they would sometimes separate the water from the wine that was therewith mixed, as Cato teacheth, *De Re Rustica*, and Pliny, with an ivy cup; would wash the wine in a basin full of water, then take it out again with a funnel as pure as ever. They made the water go from one glass to another, and contrived a thousand little automatory engines, that is to say, moving of themselves.

CHAPTER XVI

HOW THERE WAS A GREAT STRIFE AND DEBATE
RAISED BETWIXT THE CAKE-BAKERS OF LERNÉ,
AND THOSE OF GARGANTUA'S COUNTRY,
WHEREUPON WERE WAGED GREAT WARS

AT that time, which was the season of vintage, in the beginning of harvest, when the country shepherds were set to keep the vines, and hinder the

starlings from eating up the grapes, as some cake-bakers of Lerné happened to pass along in the broad highway, driving into the city ten or twelve horses loaded with cakes, the said shepherds courteously entreated them to give them some for their money, as the price then ruled in the market. The bun-sellers or cake-makers were in nothing inclinable to their request; but (which was worse) did injure them most outrageously, calling them prattling gabblers, licorous gluttons, freckled bittors, mangy rascals, drunken roysters, sly knaves, drowsy loiterers, slapsauce fellows, slabber-degullion druggels,¹ lubbardly louts,² cozening foxes, ruffian rogues, paltry customers, sycophant-varlets, drawlatch hoy-dons, flouting milksops, jeering companions, staring clowns, forlorn snakes, ninny lobcocks, scurvy sneaks-bies, fondling fops, base loons, saucy coxcombs, idle lusk, scoffing braggards, noddie meacocks, blockish grutnols, doddipol joltheads, jobbernot goosecaps, foolish loggerheads, flutch calflollies, grouthead gnat-snappers, lob-dotterels, gaping changelings, codshead loobies, woodcock slangams, minnie-hammer flycatchers, noddiepeak simpletons, and other such like defamatory epithets; saying

¹ In French, *bustarin*, "pot-bellied fellow," or "drunkard." Cotgrave gives for it "A great lubber, thicke druggell; cowardly luske, dastardly slaberdegullion." This is a fair example (though a somewhat extreme case) of the way in which Urquhart, in this choice list of epithets and elsewhere, makes the most of the excellent material furnished him by Rabelais and Cotgrave. The last half-dozen or more epithets are added gratuitously by Urquhart, out of the overflowing riches of his own vocabulary.

² In French, *talvassiers*, which properly means "braggarts," but also "coarse fellows." Cotgrave gives for it: "A long lout or lubber, fond luske or slimme, foolish or unfashioned loggerhead."

further that it was not for them to eat of these dainty cakes, but might very well content themselves with the coarse unraunged bread, or to eat of the great brown household loaf. To which provoking words, one amongst them, called Forgier, an honest fellow of his person, and a notable sprigal, made answer very calmly thus. "How long is it since you have got horns, that you are become so proud? Indeed, formerly you were wont to give us some freely, and will you not now let us have any for our money? This is not the part of good neighbours, neither do we serve you thus, when you come hither to buy our good corn, whereof you make your cakes and buns. Besides that, we would have given you to the bargain some of our grapes, but, by his zounds, you may chance to repent it, and possibly have need of us at another time, when we shall use you after the like manner, and therefore remember it." Then Marquet, a prime man in the confraternity of the cake-bakers, said unto him, "Yea, sir, thou art pretty well crest-risen this morn- ing, thou didst eat yesternight too much millet and bolymong. Come hither, sirrah, come hither, I will give thee some cakes." Whereupon Forgier, dreading no harm, in all simplicity went towards him, and drew a sixpence out of his leather satchel, thinking that Marquet would have sold him some of his cakes. But instead of cakes, he gave him with his whip such a rude lash overthwart the legs, that the marks of the whipcord knots were apparent in them, then would have fled away; but Forgier cried out as loud as he could, "O murder, murder, help, help, help!" and in the meantime threw a great cudgel after him, which

he carried under his arm, wherewith he hit him in the coronal joint of his head, upon the crotaphic artery of the right side thereof, so forcibly, that Marquet fell down from his mare, more like a dead than living man. Meanwhile the farmers and country swains that were watching their walnuts near to that place, came running with their great poles and long staves, and laid such load on these cake-bakers, as if they had been to thrash upon green rye. The other shepherds and shepherdesses, hearing the lamentable shout of Forgier, came with their slings and slackies following them, and throwing great stones at them, as thick as if it had been hail. At last they overtook them, and took from them about four or five dozen of their cakes. Nevertheless they paid for them the ordinary price, and gave them over and above one hundred eggs, and three baskets full of mulberries. Then did the cake-bakers help to get up to his mare, Marquet, who was most shrewdly wounded, and forthwith returned to Lerné, changing the resolution they had to go to Pareille, threatening very sharp and boisterously the cowherds, shepherds, and farmers of Seville and Sinays. This done, the shepherds and shepherdesses made merry with these cakes and fine grapes, and sported themselves together at the sound of the pretty small pipe, scoffing and laughing at those vainglorious cake-bakers, who had that day met with a mischief for want of crossing themselves with a good hand in the morning. Nor did they forget to apply to Forgier's leg some fair great red medicinal grapes, and so handsomely dressed it and bound it up, that he was quickly cured.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW THE INHABITANTS OF LERNÉ, BY THE COMMANDMENT OF Picrochole, THEIR KING, ASSAULTED THE SHEPHERDS OF GARGANTUA UNEXPECTEDLY AND ON A SUDDEN

THE cake-bakers, being returned to Lerné, went presently, before they did either eat or drink, to the capitol, and there before their king, called Picrochole, the third of that name, made their complaint, showing their panniers broken, their caps all crumpled, their coats torn, their cakes taken away, but, above all, Marquet most enormously wounded, saying, that all that mischief was done by the shepherds and herdsmen of Grangousier, near the broad highway beyond Seville. Picrochole incontinent grew angry and furious; and, without asking any further what, how, why or wherefore, commanded the ban and arriere-ban to be sounded throughout all his country, that all his vassals of what condition soever should, upon pain of the halter, come in the best arms they could, unto the great place before the castle, at the hour of noon, and the better to strengthen his design, he caused the drum to be beat about the town. Himself, whilst his dinner was making ready, went to see his artillery mounted upon the carriage, to display his colours, and set up the great royal standard, and loaded wains with store of ammunition both for the field and the belly, arms and victuals. At dinner he despatched his commissions, and by his express edict my Lord Shagrag was appointed to command the vanguard,

wherein were numbered sixteen thousand and fourteen harquebussiers or firelocks, together with thirty thousand and eleven volunteer adventurers. The great Torquedillon, master of the horse, had the charge of the ordnance, wherein were reckoned nine hundred and fourteen brazen pieces, in cannons, double cannons, basilisks, serpentines, culverins, bombards or murtherers, falcons, bases or passevolans, spiroles, and other sorts of great guns. The rearguard was committed to the Duke of Scrape-good. In the main battle was the King, and the princes of his kingdom. Thus being hastily furnished, before they would set forward, they sent three hundred light horsemen under the conduct of Captain Swillwind, to discover the country, clear the avenues, and see whether there was any ambush laid for them. But, after they had made diligent search, they found all the land round about in peace and quiet, without any meeting or convention at all; which Picrochole understanding commanded that every one should march speedily under his colours. Then immediately in all disorder, without keeping either rank or file, they took the fields one amongst another, wasting, spoiling, destroying, and making havoc of all wherever they went; not sparing poor nor rich, privileged nor unprivileged places, church nor laity, drove away oxen and cows, bulls, calfs, heifers, wethers, ewes, lambs, goats, kids, hens, capons, chickens, geese, ganders, goslings, hogs, swine, pigs, and such like; beating down the walnuts, plucking the grapes, tearing the hedges, shaking the fruit-trees, and committing such incomparable abuses, that the like abomination was never heard

of. Nevertheless, they met with none to resist them, for every one submitted to their mercy, beseeching them, that they might be dealt with courteously, in regard that they had always carried themselves as became good and loving neighbours; and that they had never been guilty of any wrong or outrage done unto them, to be thus suddenly surprised, troubled and disquieted, and that if they would not desist, God would punish them very shortly. To which expostulations and remonstrances no other answer was made, but that they would teach them to eat cakes.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW A MONK OF SEVILLÉ SAVED THE CLOSE OF
THE ABBEY FROM BEING RANSACKED BY
THE ENEMY

SO much they did, and so far they went pillaging and stealing, that at last they came to Seville, where they robbed both men and women, and took all they could catch: nothing was either too hot or too heavy for them. Although the plague was there in the most part of all the houses, they nevertheless entered everywhere, then plundered and carried away all that was within, and yet for all this not one of them took any hurt, which is a most wonderful case. For the curates, vicars, preachers, physicians, chirurgeons, and apothecaries,

who went to visit, to dress, to cure, to heal, to preach unto, and admonish those that were sick, were all dead of the infection; and these devilish robbers and murderers caught never any harm at all. Whence comes this to pass, my masters? I beseech you think upon it. The town being thus pillaged, they went unto the abbey with a horrible noise and tumult, but they found it shut and made fast against them. Whereupon the body of the army marched forward towards a pass or ford called the Gué de Vede, except seven companies of foot, and two hundred lancers, who, staying there, broke down the walls of the close, to waste, spoil, and make havoc of all the vines and vintage within that place. The monks (poor devils) knew not in that extremity to which of all their sancts they should vow themselves. Nevertheless, at all adventures, they rang the bells *ad capitulum capitulantes*. There it was decreed, that they should make a fair procession, stuffed with good lectures, prayers, and litanies *contra hostium insidias*, and jolly responses *pro pace*.

There was then in the abbey a claustral monk, called Friar John of the funnels and gobbets, in French, *des Entoumeures*,¹ young, gallant, frisk,

¹ I should rather translate it Friar John of the Chopping-knives, that being the true meaning of *entomeures*, as the anonymous Dutch scholiast rightly says on the words *entomeur*, and *entomer*: instead of the modern French word *entamer*, which signifies to have the first cut of a loaf or a joint of meat, or anything else, from the Greek *ἐντομή*, *ἐντέμνειν*, to cut, slice, sliver; all very agreeable and suitable virtues to Friar John des Entomeures, who loved to be perpetually running his nose into every kitchen, and playing at snicker-snee with any edible that came in his way; as the author describes him in chap. x. and xi. of lib. 4, and lib. 1, chap. xxvii.

(Note of *Peter le Motteux*, who is probably right in his interpre-

lusty, nimble, quick, active, bold, adventurous, resolute, tall, lean, wide-mouthed, long-nosed, a fair despatcher of morning prayers, unbridler of masses, and runner over of vigils; and, to conclude summarily in a word, a right monk, if ever there was any, since the monking world monked a monkery: for the rest, a clerk even to the teeth in matter of breviary. This monk, hearing the noise that the enemy made within the inclosure of the vineyard, went out to see what they were doing; and perceiving that they were cutting and gathering the grapes, whereon was grounded the foundation of all their next year's wine, returned unto the quire of the church where the other monks were, all amazed and astonished like so many bell-melters. Whom when he heard sing, im, im, pe, ne, ne, ne, nene, tum, ne num, num, ini, i mi, co, o, no, o, o, neno, ne, no, no, no, rum, nenum, num: "It is well sung," said he. "By the virtue of God, why do not you sing, 'Panniers farewell, vintage is done?' The devil snatch me, if they be not already within the middle of our close, and cut so well both vines and grapes that, by God's body, there will not be found for these four years to come so much as a gleaning in it. By the belly of Sanct James, what shall we poor devils drink the while? Lord God! *da mihi potum.*" Then said the prior of the convent;—"What should this drunken fellow do here? let him be carried to prison for troubling the divine service." "Nay,"

tation. Urquhart evidently gets his translation from Cotgrave (1611), who, under *entommeure*, refers both to *entoumeure* and to *entonnoir*. Under *entonnoir* he gives "a funnell or tunning-dish," and under *entoumeure*, "A gobbet, a great bit, or cut of meat.")

said the monk, "the wine service, let us behave ourselves so that it be not troubled; for you, yourself, my lord prior, love to drink of the best, and so doth every honest man. Never yet did a man of worth dislike good wine, it is a monastical apophthegm. But these responses that you chant here, by G—, are not in season. Wherefore is it, that our devotions were instituted to be short in the time of harvest and vintage, and long in the advent and all the winter? The late friar, Macé Pelosse, of good memory, a true zealous man (or else I give myself to the devil), of our religion, told me, and I remember it well, how the reason was, that in this season we might press and make the wine, and in winter whiff it up. Hark you, my masters, you that love the wine, Cop's body, follow me; for Sanct Anthony burn me as freely as a faggot, if they get leave to taste one drop of the liquor, that will not now come and fight for relief of the vine. Hog's belly, the goods of the church! Ha, no, no. What the devil, Sanct Thomas of England was well content to die for them; if I died in the same cause, should not I be a sanct likewise? Yes. Yet shall not I die there for all this, for it is I that must do it to others and send them a packing."

As he spake this, he threw off his great monk's habit, and laid hold upon the staff of the cross, which was made of the heart of a sorb-apple tree, it being of the length of a lance, round, of a full gripe, and a little powdered with lilies called flower de luce, the workmanship whereof was almost all defaced and worn out. Thus went he out in a fair long-skirted jacket, putting his frock scarfwise

athwart his breast, and in this equipage, with his staff, shaft, or truncheon of the cross, laid on so lustily, brisk, and fiercely upon his enemies, who without any order, or ensign, or trumpet, or drum, were busied in gathering the grapes of the vineyard. For the cornets, guidons, and ensign-bearers had laid down their standards, banners, and colours by the wallsides: the drummers had knocked out the heads of their drums on one end, to fill them with grapes: the trumpeters were loaded with great bundles of bunches, and huge knots of clusters: in sum, every one of them was out of array, and all in disorder. He hurried, therefore, upon them so rudely, without crying *gare* or *beware*, that he overthrew them like hogs, tumbled them over like swine, striking athwart and alongst, and by one means or other laid so about him, after the old fashion of fencing, that to some he beat out their brains, to others he crushed their arms, battered their legs, and bethwacked their sides till their ribs cracked with it. To others again he unjointed the spondyles or knuckles of the neck, disfigured their chaps, gashed their faces, made their cheeks hang flapping on their chin, and so swung and belammed them, that they fell down before him like hay before a mower. To some others he spoiled the frame of their kidneys, marred their backs, broke their thigh-bones, pashed in their noses, poached out their eyes, cleft their mandibules, tore their jaws, dashed in their teeth into their throat, shook asunder their omoplates or shoulder blades, sphacelated their shins, mortified their shanks, inflamed their ankles, heaved-off-of-the-hinges their ishies, their sciatica

or hip-gout, dislocated the joints of their knees, squattered into pieces the boughts or pestles of their thighs, and so thumped, mauled, and belaboured them everywhere, that never was corn so thick and threefold thrashed upon by ploughmen's flails, as were the pitifully disjoined members of their mangled bodies, under the merciless baton of the cross.¹ If any offered to hide himself amongst the thickest of the vines, he laid him squat as a flounder, bruised the ridge of his back, and dashed his reins like a dog. If any thought by flight to escape, he made his head to fly in pieces by the lambdoidal commissure, which is a seam in the hinder part of the skull. If any one did scramble up into a tree, thinking there to be safe, he rent up his perinee and impaled him in at the fundament. If any of his old acquaintance happened to cry out, "Ha, Friar John, my friend, Friar John, quarter, quarter, I yield myself to you, to you I render myself!" "So thou shalt," said he, "and must, whether thou wouldst or no, and withal render and yield up thy soul to all the devils in hell," then suddenly gave them *dronos*, that is, so many knocks, thumps, raps, dints, thwacks, and bangs, as sufficed to warn Pluto of their coming, and despatch them a going.² If any was so rash and full of temerity as to resist him to his face, then was it he did show the strength of his muscles, for without more ado he did transpierce him, by running him in at the breast, through the mediastine and the heart. Others, again, he so

¹ The last seven lines are gratuitously added by the translator in his own overflowing enjoyment of the scene.

² The explanation of *dronos* is added by Urquhart.

quashed and bebumped, that, with a sound bounce under the hollow of their short ribs, he overturned their stomachs so that they died immediately. To some, with a smart souse on the epigaster, he would make their midriff swag, then, redoubling the blow, gave them such a home-push on the navel, that he made their puddings to gush out. To others through their ballocks he pierced their bum-gut, and left not bowel, tripe, nor entrail in their body, that had not felt the impetuosity, fierceness, and fury of his violence. Believe, that it was the most horrible spectacle that ever one was. Some cried unto Sanct Barbe, others to St. George. "O the holy Lady Nytouch," said one, "the good Sanctess!" "O our Lady of Succours," said another, "help, help!" Others cried, "Our Lady of Cunaut," "of Loretto," "of Good Tidings," "on the other side of the water St. Mary Over." Some vowed a pilgrimage to St. James, and others to the holy handkerchief at Chamberry, which three months after that burnt so well in the fire, that they could not get one thread of it saved. Others sent up their vows to St. Cadouin, others to St. John d'Angly, and to St. Eutropius of Xaintes. Others again invoked St. Mesmes of Chinon, St. Martin of Candes, St. Clouaud of Sinays, the holy relics of Laurezay, with a thousand other jolly little sancts and santrels. Some died without speaking, others spoke without dying; some died in speaking, others spoke in dying. Others shouted as loud as they could, "Confession, Confession! *Confiteor! Miserere! In manus!*" So great was the cry of the wounded, that the Prior of the Abbey with all his monks came forth, who, when

they saw these poor wretches so slain amongst the vines, and wounded to death, confessed some of them. But whilst the priests were busied in confessing them, the little Monkies ran all to the place where Friar John was, and asked him, wherein he would be pleased to require their assistance! To which he answered, that they should cut the throats of those he had thrown down upon the ground. They presently, leaving their outer habits and cowls upon the rails, began to throttle and make an end of those whom he had already crushed. Can you tell with what instruments they did it? With fair gullies, which are little haulch-backed demi-knives, the iron tool whereof is two inches long, and the wooden handle one inch thick, and three inches in length, wherewith the little boys in our country cut ripe walnuts in two, while they are yet in the shell, and pick out the kernel, and they found them very fit for the expediting of that wezand-slitting exploit. In the meantime Friar John, with his formidable baton of the cross, got to the breach which the enemies had made, and there stood to snatch up those that endeavoured to escape. Some of the monkitos carried the standards, banners, ensigns, guidons, and colours into their cells and chambers, to make garters of them. But when those that had been shriven would have gone out at the gap of the said breach, the sturdy monk quashed and felled them down with blows, saying, "These men have had confession and are penitent souls, they have got their absolution and gained the pardons: they go into paradise as straight as a sickle, or as the way is to Faye" (like Crooked-lane at Eastcheap). Thus

by his prowess and valour were discomfited all those of the army that entered into the close of the abbey unto the number of thirteen thousand six hundred twenty and two, besides the women and little children, which is always to be understood. Never did Maugis the Hermit bear himself more valiantly with his bourdon or pilgrim's staff against the Saracens, of whom is written in the Acts of the four sons of Haymon, than did this monk against his enemies with the staff of the cross.

CHAPTER XIX

HOW Picrochole Stormed and Took by Assault
The Rock Clermond, and of Grangousier's
Unwillingness and Aversion from the
Undertaking of War

WHILST the monk did thus skirmish, as we have said, against those which were entered within the close, Picrochole in great haste passed the ford of Véde,—a very especial pass,—with all his soldiery, and set upon the rock Clermond, where there was made him no resistance at all: and, because it was already night, he resolved to quarter himself and his army in that town, and to refresh himself of his pugnitive choler. In the morning he stormed and took the bulwarks and castle, which afterwards he fortified with rampiers, and furnished with all ammunition requisite, intending to make

his retreat there, if he should happen to be otherwise worsted; for it was a strong place, both by art and nature, in regard of the stance and situation of it.

But let us leave them there, and return to our good Gargantua, who is at Paris very assiduous and earnest at the study of good letters, and athletical exertations, and to the good old man Grangousier his father, who after supper warmeth his ballocks by a good, clear, great fire, and, waiting upon the broiling of some chestnuts, is very serious in drawing scratches on the hearth, with a stick burnt at the one end, wherewith they did stir up the fire, telling to his wife and the rest of the family pleasant old stories and tales of former times.

Whilst he was thus employed, one of the shepherds which did keep the vines, named Pillot, came towards him, and to the full related the enormous abuses which were committed, and the excessive spoil that was made by Picrochole, King of Lerne, upon his lands and territories, and how he had pillaged, wasted, and ransacked all the country, except the inclosure at Seville, which Friar John des Entoumeures, to his great honour, had preserved; and that at the same present time the said king was in the rock Clermond, and there, with great industry and circumspection, was strengthening himself and his whole army. "Halas! Halas! Alas!" said Grangousier, "what is this, good people? Do I dream, or is it true that they tell me? Picrochole, my ancient friend of old time, of my own kindred and alliance, comes he to invade me? What moves him? What provokes him? What sets him on?"

What drives him to it? Who hath given him this counsel? Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! my God, my Saviour, help me, inspire me, and advise me what I shall do! I protest, I swear before thee, so be thou favourable to me, if ever I did him or his subjects any damage or displeasure, or committed any the least robbery in his country; but, on the contrary, I have succoured and supplied him with men, money, friendship, and counsel, upon any occasion, wherein I could be steadable for the improvement of his good. That he hath therefore at this nick of time so outraged and wronged me, it cannot be but by the malevolent and wicked spirit. Good God, thou knowest my courage, for nothing can be hidden from thee! If perhaps he be grown mad, and that thou hast sent him hither to me for the better recovery and re-establishment of his brain, grant me power and wisdom to bring him to the yoke of thy holy will by good discipline. Ho, ho, ho, ho! my good people, my friends, and my faithful servants, must I hinder you from helping me? Alas, my old age required henceforward nothing else but rest, and all the days of my life I have laboured for nothing so much as peace; but now I must, I see it well, load with arms my poor, weary, and feeble shoulders, and take in my trembling hand the lance and horseman's mace, to succour and protect my honest subjects. Reason will have it so; for by their labour am I entertained, and with their sweat am I nourished, I, my children and my family. This notwithstanding, I will not undertake war, until I have first tried all the ways and means of peace: that I resolve upon."

Then assembled he his council, and proposed the matter as it was indeed. Whereupon it was concluded, that they should send some discreet man unto Picrochole, to know wherefore he had thus suddenly broken the peace, and invaded those lands unto which he had no right nor title. Furthermore, that they should send for Gargantua, and those under his command, for the preservation of the country, and defence thereof now at need. All this pleased Grangousier very well, and he commanded that so it should be done. Presently therefore he sent the Basque his lackey, to fetch Gargantua with all diligence, and wrote to him as followeth.

CHAPTER XX

THE TENOR OF THE LETTER WHICH GRANGOUSIER WROTE TO HIS SON GARGANTUA

THE fervency of thy studies did require, that I should not in a long time recall thee from that philosophical rest thou now enjoyest, if the confidence reposed in our friends and ancient confederates had not at this present disappointed the assurance of my old age. But seeing such is my fatal destiny, that I should be now disquieted by those in whom I trusted most, I am forced to call thee back to help the people and goods, which by the right of nature belong unto thee. For even as arms are weak abroad, if there be not counsel at home, so is that study vain, and counsel unprofitable, which in a

due and convenient time is not by virtue executed and put in effect. My deliberation is not to provoke, but to appease—not to assault, but to defend—not to conquer, but to preserve my faithful subjects and hereditary dominions, into which Picrochole is entered in a hostile manner without any ground or cause, and from day to day pursueth his furious enterprise with that height of insolence that is intolerable to free-born spirits. I have endeavoured to moderate his tyrannical choler, offering him all that which I thought might give him satisfaction; and oftentimes have I sent lovingly unto him, to understand wherein, by whom, and how he found himself to be wronged. But of him could I obtain no other answer, but a mere defiance, and that in my lands he did pretend only to the right of a civil correspondency and good behaviour,¹ whereby I knew that the eternal God hath left him to the dispose of his own free will and sensual appetite—which cannot choose but be wicked, if by divine grace it be not continually guided—and to contain him within his duty, and to bring him to know himself, hath sent him hither to me by a grievous token. Therefore, my beloved son, as soon as thou canst, upon sight of these letters, repair hither with all diligence, to succour not me so much, which nevertheless by natural piety thou oughtest to do, as thine own people, which by reason thou mayest save and preserve. The exploit shall be done with as little effusion of blood as may be. And, if possible, by means far more expedient, such as military policy,

¹ A mistaken translation. The real meaning is: "The rights of his own good pleasure."

devices and stratagems of war, we shall save all the souls, and send them home as merry as crickets unto their own houses. My dearest son, the peace of Jesus Christ our Redeemer be with thee. Salute from me Ponocrates, Gymnast, and Eudemon.

The twentieth of September.

Thy Father Grangousier.

CHAPTER XXI

HOW GARGANTUA LEFT THE CITY OF PARIS TO
SUCCOUR HIS COUNTRY ; HOW THE MONK WAS
SENT FOR AND MADE WELCOME ; AND WHY
MONKS ARE THE OUTCASTS OF THE WORLD

GARGANTUA, as soon as he had read his father's letters, [set out] upon his great mare. Ponocrates, Gymnast, and Eudemon, the better to enable them to go along with him, took post-horses; the rest of his train came after him by even journeys, at a slower pace, bringing with them all his books and philosophical instruments. . . . So they came very shortly to Grangousier's castle, who waited for them with great longing. At their coming [there was such hugging and embracing], never was seen a more joyful company. . . . When Gargantua was set down at table, after all of them had somewhat stayed their stomachs by a snatch or two of the first bits eaten heartily, Grangousier began to relate the source and cause of the war, raised

between him and Picrochole; and came to tell, how Friar John of the Funnels had triumphed at the defence of the close of the abbey, and extolled him for his valour above Camillus, Scipio, Pompey, Cæsar, and Themistocles. Then Gargantua desired that he might be presently sent for, to the end that with him they might consult of what was to be done. Whereupon, by a joint consent, his steward went for him, and brought him along merrily, with his staff of the cross, upon Grangousier's mule. When he was come, a thousand huggings, a thousand embracements, a thousand good days were given. "Ha, Friar John, my friend, Friar John, my brave cousin, Friar John from the devil! Let me clip thee, my heart, about the neck; to me an armsful. I must gripe thee, my ballock, till thy back crack withi t." And Friar John, the gladdest man in the world, never was man made welcomer, never was any more courteously and graciously received than Friar John. . . . "By the faith of a Christian," said Eudemon, "I do wonderfully dote, and enter in a great ecstasy, when I consider the honesty and good fellowship of this monk; for he makes us here all merry. How is it, then, that they exclude the monks from all good companies, calling them feast-troublers, marrers of mirth, and disturbers of all civil conversation, as the bees drive away the drones from their hives? *Ignavum fucos pecus*, said Maro, *à præsepibus arcent*." "Hereunto," answered Gargantua, "there is nothing so true, as that the frock and cowl draw unto itself the opprobries, injuries, and maledictions of the world. If you conceive how an ape in a family is always mocked, and

provokingly incensed, you shall easily apprehend how monks are shunned of all men, both young and old. The ape keeps not the house as a dog doth; he draws not in the plough as the ox; he yields neither milk nor wool as the sheep; he carrieth no burthen as a horse doth. That which he doth, is only to spoil, and defile all, which is the cause wherefore he hath of all men mocks, frumperies and bastonadoes.

“After the same manner a monk (I mean those lither, idle, lazy monks) doth not labour and work as do the peasant and artificer; doth not ward and defend the country, as doth the man of war; cureth not the sick and diseased, as the physician doth; doth neither preach nor teach, as do the Evangelical doctors and school-masters; doth not import commodities and things necessary for the commonwealth, as the merchant doth. Therefore is it, that by and of all men they are hooted at, hated and abhorred.” “Yea, but,” said Grangousier, “they pray to God for us.” “Nothing less,” answered Gargantua. “True it is, that with a tingle tangle jangling of bells they trouble and disquiet all their neighbours about them.” “Right,” said the monk; “a mass, a matin, a vesper well rung are half said.” “They mumble out great store of legends and psalms,” [said Gargantua in continuing his discourse,] “by them not at all understood: they say many paternosters, interlarded with Ave-Maries, without thinking upon, or apprehending the meaning of what it is they say, which truly I call mocking of God, and not prayers. But so help them God, as they pray for us, and not for being afraid to lose

their victuals, their manchets, and good fat pottage. All true Christians, of all estates and conditions, in all places, and at all times, send up their prayers to God, and the Mediator prayeth and intercedeth for them, and God is gracious to them. Now such a one is our good Friar John, therefore every man desireth to have him in his company. He is no bigot or hypocrite, he is not torn and divided betwixt reality and appearance, no wretch of a rugged and peevish disposition, but honest, jovial, resolute, and a good fellow. He travels, he labours, he defends the oppressed, comforts the afflicted, helps the needy, and keeps the close of the abbey."

"Nay," said the monk, "I do a great deal more than that; for, whilst we are in despatching our matins and anniversaries in the quire, I make withal some cross-bow strings, polish glass-bottles and bolts; I twist lines and weave purse-nets, wherein to catch coneys. I am never idle. But now, hither come, some drink, some drink here!"

CHAPTER XXII

HOW GARGANTUA SET UPON PICROCHOLE WITHIN
THE ROCK CLERMOND, AND UTTERLY DEFEATED
THE ARMY OF THE SAID PICROCHOLE

GARGANTUA had the charge of the whole army, and his father Grangousier stayed in his castle, who, encouraging them with good words,

promised great rewards unto those that should do any notable service. Having thus set forward, as soon as they had gained the pass at the ford of Vede, with boats and bridges speedily made, they passed over in a trice. Then considering the situation of the town, which was on a high and advantageous place, Gargantua thought fit to call his council and pass that night in deliberation upon what was to be done. But Gymnast said unto him, "My sovereign lord, such is the nature and complexion of the Frenches, that they are worth nothing but at the first push. Then are they more fierce than devils. But if they linger a little, and be wearied with delays, they 'll prove more faint and remiss than women. My opinion is, therefore, that now presently after your men have taken breath, and some small refection, you give order for a resolute assault, and that we storm them instantly."

His advice was found very good, and for effectuating thereof he brought forth his army into the plain field, and placed the reserves on the skirt or rising of a little hill. The monk took along with him six companies of foot, and two hundred horsemen well armed, and with great diligence crossed the marsh, and valiantly got upon the top of the green hillock even unto the high-way which leads to Loudun. Whilst the assault was thus begun, Picrochole's men could not tell what was best, to issue out and receive the assailants, or keep within the town and not to stir. Himself in the meantime, without deliberation, sallied forth in a rage with the cavalry of his guard, who were forthwith received and royally entertained with great cannon-shot, that fell upon

them like hail from the high grounds, on which the artillery was planted. For which purpose the Gargantuists betook themselves unto the valleys, to give the ordnance leave to play and range with the larger scope.

Those of the town defended themselves as well as they could, but their shot passed over without doing any hurt at all. Some of Picrochole's men, that had escaped our artillery, set most fiercely upon our soldiers, but prevailed little; for they were all let in betwixt the files, and there knocked down to the ground, which their fellow-soldiers seeing, they would have retreated, but the monk having seized upon the pass, by which they were to return, they ran away and fled in all the disorder and confusion that could be imagined.

Some would have pursued after them, and followed the chase, but the monk withheld them, apprehending that in their pursuit the pursuers might lose their ranks, and so give occasion to the besieged to sally out of the town upon them. Then staying there some space, and none coming against him, he sent the Duke Phrontist, to advise Gargantua to advance towards the hill upon the left hand, to hinder Picrochole's retreat at that gate; which Gargantua did with all expedition, and sent thither four brigades under the conduct of Sebast, which had no sooner reached the top of the hill, but they met Picrochole in the teeth, and those that were with him scattered.

Then charged they upon them stoutly, yet were they much endamaged by those that were upon the walls, who galled them with all manner of shot, both from the great ordnance, small guns, and bows.

Which Gargantua perceiving, he went with a strong party to their relief, and with his artillery began to thunder so terribly upon that canton of the wall, and so long, that all the strength within the town, to maintain and fill up the breach, was drawn thither. The monk, seeing that quarter which he kept besieged void of men and competent guards, and in a manner altogether naked and abandoned, did most magnanimously on a sudden lead up his men towards the fort, and never left it till he had got up upon it, knowing, that such as come to the reserve in a conflict bring with them always more fear and terror, than those that deal about them with their hands in the fight.

Nevertheless he gave no alarm till all his soldiers had got within the wall, except the two hundred horsemen, whom he left without to secure his entry. Then did he give a most horrible shout, so did all these who were with him, and immediately thereafter, without resistance, putting to the edge of the sword the guard that was at that gate, they opened it to the horsemen, with whom most furiously they altogether ran towards the east gate, where all the hurly-burly was, and coming close upon them in the rear, overthrew all their forces.

The besieged, seeing that the Gargantuists had won the town upon them, and that they were like to be secure in no corner of it, submitted themselves unto the mercy of the monk, and asked for quarter, which the monk very nobly granted to them, yet made them lay down their arms; then, shutting them up within churches, gave order to seize upon all the staves of the crosses, and placed men at the

doors to keep them from coming forth. Then, opening the east gate, he issued out to succour and assist Gargantua. But Picrochole, thinking it had been some relief coming to him from the town, adventured more forwardly than before, and was upon the giving of a most desperate home charge, when Gargantua cried out, "Ha! Friar John, my friend! Friar John! you are come in a good hour." Which unexpected accident so affrighted Picrochole and his men, that, giving all for lost, they betook themselves to their heels, and fled on all hands. Gargantua chased them till they came near to Vaugaudry, killing and slaying all the way, and then sounded the retreat.

CHAPTER XXIII

HOW PICROCHOLE IN HIS FLIGHT FELL INTO
GREAT MISFORTUNES, AND WHAT GAR-
GANTUA DID AFTER THE BATTLE

PICROCHOLE, thus in despair, fled towards the Bouchard Island, and in the way to Riviere his horse stumbled and fell down, whereat he on a sudden was so incensed, that he with his sword without more ado killed him in his choler; then, not finding any that would remount him, he was about to have taken an ass at the mill that was thereby; but the miller's men did so baste his bones, and so soundly bethwack him, that they made him

both black and blue with strokes; then, stripping him of all his clothes, gave him a scurvy old canvas jacket wherewith to cover his nakedness. Thus went along this poor choleric wretch, who passing the water at Port-Huaux, and relating his misadventurous disasters, was foretold by an old Lourpidon hag,¹ that his kingdom should be restored to him at the coming of the Cocklicranes,² which she called Coquecigrues. What is become of him since we cannot certainly tell, yet was I told that he is now a porter³ at Lyons, as testy and pettish in humour as ever he was before, and would be always, with great lamentation, inquiring at all strangers of the coming of the Cocklicranes, expecting assuredly, according to the old woman's prophecy, that at their coming he shall be re-established in his kingdom.

The first thing Gargantua did after his return into the town was to call the muster-roll of his men, which when he had done he found that there were very few either killed or wounded, only some few foot of Captain Tolmere's company, and Ponorates, who was shot with a musket-ball through the doublet. Then he caused them all at and in their several posts and divisions to take a little refreshment, which was very plenteously provided for them in the best drink and victuals that could be had for money, and gave order to the treasurers and commissaries of the army, to pay for and defray that

¹ *Lourpidon*.—"The name of an old witch or hag in Amadis; hence, any such decrepitate and divelish creature." *Cotgrave*, 1611.

² Cocklicrane (*coquecigrue*) is a sixteenth century snark or boojum.

³ *Gaigne-denier*.—"A Porter, or a day Labourer; who, in old time, tooke for his dayes worke but a Denier (but then it was of silver, and worth vid sterl.)." *Cotgrave*, 1611.

repast, and that there should be no outrage at all, nor abuse committed in the town, seeing it was his own. And furthermore commanded, that immediately after the soldiers had done with eating and drinking for that time sufficiently, and to their own heart's desire, a gathering should be beaten, for bringing them altogether, to be drawn upon the piazza before the castle, there to receive six month's pay completely. All which was done. After this, by his direction, were brought before him in the said place all those that remained of Picrochole's party, unto whom, in the presence of the princes, nobles, and officers of his court and army, he spoke as followeth.

CHAPTER XXIV

GARGANTUA'S SPEECH TO THE VANQUISHED

“OUR forefathers and ancestors of all times have been of this nature and disposition, that, upon the winning of a battle, they have chosen rather, for a sign and memorial of their triumphs and victories, to erect trophies and monuments in the hearts of the vanquished by clemency, than by architecture in the lands which they had conquered. For they did hold in greater estimation the lively remembrance of men, purchased by liberality, than the dumb inscription of arches, pillars, and pyramids, subject to the injury of storms and tempests,

and to the envy of every one. You may very well remember of the courtesy, which by them was used towards the Bretons, in the battle of St. Aubin of Cormier, and at the demolishing of Partenay. You have heard, and hearing admire, their gentle comportment towards those at the barriers of Spaniola,¹ who had plundered, wasted, and ransacked the maritime borders of Olone and Thalmondois. All this hemisphere of the world was filled with the praises and congratulations which yourselves and your fathers made, when Alpharbal, King of Canarre, not satisfied with his own fortunes, did most furiously invade the land of Onyx, and with cruel piracies molest all the Armorick Islands, and confine regions of Britany. Yet was he in a set naval fight justly taken and vanquished by my father, whom God preserve and protect. But what? Whereas other kings and emperors, yea those who entitle themselves Catholics, would have dealt roughly with him, kept him a close prisoner, and put him to an extreme high ransom,² he entreated him very courteously, lodged him kindly with himself in his own palace, and out of his incredible mildness and gentle disposition sent him back with a safe conduct, laden with gifts, laden with favours, laden with all offices of friendship. What fell out upon it? Being returned into his country he called a par-

¹ *Those at the barriers of Spaniola.*—A mis-translation; it should read: "the barbarians of Spagnola" (*i. e.*, Spain). The allusion to the recent wars between France and Spain is evident.

² Alluding to the action of Charles V. after the capture of Francis I. at the battle of Pavia, 1525. The following description of Grangousier's magnanimity is meant as a direct contrast to the conduct of Charles V. and the Spaniards at that time.

liament, where all the princes and states of his kingdom being assembled, he showed them the humanity which he had found in us, and therefore wished them to take such course by way of compensation therein, as that the whole world might be edified by the example, as well of their honest graciousness to us, as of our gracious honesty towards them. The result hereof was, that it was voted and decreed by an unanimous consent, that they should offer up entirely their lands, dominions, and kingdoms, to be disposed of by us according to our pleasure.

“Alpharbal in his own person presently returned with nine thousand and thirty-eight great ships of burden, bringing with him the treasures, not only of his house and royal lineage, but almost of all the country besides. For he embarking himself to set sail with a west-north-east wind, every one in heaps did cast into the ship gold, silver, rings, jewels, spices, drugs, and aromatical perfumes, parrots, pelicans, monkeys, civet-cats, black-spotted weasels, porcupines, etc. He was accounted no good mother’s son, that did not cast in all the rare and precious things he had.

“Being safely arrived, he came to my said father, and would have kissed his feet. That action was found too submissively low, and therefore was not permitted, but in exchange he was most cordially embraced. He offered his presents; they were not received, because they were too excessive: he yielded himself voluntarily a servant and vassal, and was content his whole posterity should be liable to the same bondage; this was not accepted of, because it seemed not equitable: he surrendered, by

virtue of the decree of his great parliamentary council, his whole countries and kingdoms to him, offering the deed and conveyance, signed, sealed, and ratified by those that were concerned in it; this was altogether refused, and the parchments cast into the fire. In end, this free good will and simple meaning of the Canarriens wrought such tenderness in my father's heart, that he could not abstain from shedding tears, and wept most profusely; then, by choice words very congruously adapted, strove in what he could to diminish the estimation of the good offices which he had done them, saying, that any courtesy he had conferred upon them was not worth a rush, and what favour soever he had showed them, he was bound to do it. But so much the more did Alpharbal augment the repute thereof. What was the issue? Whereas for his ransom in the greatest extremity of rigour, and most tyrannical dealing, could not have been exacted above twenty times a hundred thousand crowns, and his eldest sons detained as hostages, till that sum had been paid,¹ they made themselves perpetual tributaries, and obliged to give us every year two millions of gold at four and twenty carats fine. The first year we received the whole sum of two millions; the second year of their own accord they paid freely to us three and twenty hundred thousand crowns; the third year, six and twenty hundred thousand; the fourth year, three millions, and do so increase it always out of their own good will, that we shall be

¹ This was the exact sum (two million crowns) demanded for the ransom of Francis I.; and his two eldest sons were held as hostages until it was paid.

constrained to forbid them to bring us any more. This is the nature of gratitude and true thankfulness. For time, which gnaws and diminisheth all things else, augments and increaseth benefits; because a noble action of liberality, done to a man of reason, doth grow continually, by his generous thinking of it, and remembering it.

“Being unwilling therefore any way to degenerate from the hereditary mildness and clemency of my parents, I do now forgive you, deliver you from all fines and imprisonments, fully release you, set you at liberty, and every way make you as frank and free as ever you were before. Moreover, at your going out of the gate, you shall have every one of you three months’ pay to bring you home into your houses and families, and shall have a safe convoy of six hundred cuirassiers and eight thousand foot under the conduct of Alexander, esquire of my body, that the clubmen of the country may not do you any injury. God be with you! I am sorry from my heart that Picrochole is not here; for I would have given him to understand, that this war was undertaken against my will, and without any hope to increase either my goods or renown. But seeing he is lost, and that no man can tell where, nor how he went away, it is my will that his kingdom remain entire to his son; who, because he is too young, he not being yet full five years old, shall be brought up and instructed by the ancient princes, and learned men of the kingdom. And because a realm, thus desolate, may easily come to ruin, if the covetousness and avarice of those, who by their places are obliged to administer justice in it, be not

curbed and restrained, I ordain and will have it so, that Ponocrates be overseer and superintendent above all his governors, with whatever power and authority is requisite thereto, and that he be continually with the child, until he find him able and capable to rule and govern by himself.

“Now I must tell you, that you are to understand how a too feeble and dissolute facility in pardoning evil-doers giveth them occasion to commit wickedness afterwards more readily, upon this pernicious confidence of receiving favour. I consider, that Moses, the meekest man that was in his time upon the earth, did severely punish the mutinous and seditious people of Israel. I consider likewise, that Julius Cæsar, who was so gracious an emperor, that Cicero said of him, that his fortune had nothing more excellent than that he could, and his virtue nothing better than that he would, always save and pardon every man; he, notwithstanding all this, did in certain places most rigorously punish the authors of rebellion. After the example of these good men, it is my will and pleasure, that you deliver over unto me, before you depart hence, first, that fine fellow Marquet, who was the prime cause, origin, and ground-work of this war, by his vain presumption and overweening: secondly, his fellow cake-bakers, who were neglective in checking and reprehending his idle hair-brained humour in the instant time: and lastly, all the counsellors, captains, officers, and domestics of Picrochole, who have been incendiaries or fomenters of the war, by provoking, praising, or counselling him to come out of his limits thus to trouble us.”

CHAPTER XXV

HOW THE VICTORIOUS GARGANTUISTS WERE
RECOMPENSED AFTER THE BATTLE

WHEN Gargantua had finished his speech, the seditious men whom he required were delivered up unto him, except Swashbuckler, Durtaille, and Smalltrash, who ran away six hours before the battle—one of them as far as to Lainiel-neck at one course, another to the valley of Vire, and the third even unto Logroine, without looking back, or taking breath by the way—and two of the cake-bakers who were slain in the fight. Gargantua did them no other hurt, but that he appointed them to pull at the presses of his printing-house, which he had newly set up. Then those who died there he caused to be honourably buried in Black-soille valley, and Burnhag-field, and gave order that the wounded should be dressed and had care of in his great hospital or Nosocomie. After this, considering the great prejudice done to the town and its inhabitants, he reimbursed their charges, and repaired all the losses that by their confession upon oath could appear they had sustained; and, for their better defence and security in times coming against all sudden uproars and invasions, commanded a strong citadel to be built there with a competent garrison to maintain it. At his departure he did very graciously thank all the soldiers of the brigades that had been at this overthrow, and sent them back to their winter-quarters in their several stations and garrisons; the

decumane legion only excepted, whom in the field on that day he saw do some great exploit, and their captains also, whom he brought along with himself unto Grangousier.

At the sight and coming of them, the good man was so joyful, that it is not possible fully to describe it. He made them a feast the most magnificent, plentiful, and delicious that ever was seen since the time of the King Assuerus. At the taking up of the table he distributed amongst them his whole cupboard of plate, which weighed eight hundred thousand and fourteen besants of gold, in great antique vessels, huge pots, large basins, big tassess, cups, goblets, candlesticks, comfit-boxes, and other such plate, all of pure massy gold besides the precious stones, enamelling, and workmanship, which by all men's estimation was more worth than the matter of the gold. Then unto every one of them out of his coffers caused he to be given the sum of twelve hundred thousand crowns ready money. And, further, he gave to each of them for ever and in perpetuity, unless he should happen to decease without heirs, such castles and neighbouring lands of his as were most commodious for them. To Ponocrates he gave the rock Clermond; to Gymnast, the Coudray; to Eudemon, Monpensier; Rivau, to Tolmere; to Ithibolle, Montsaureau; to Acamus, Cande; Varennes, to Chironacte; Gravot, to Sebaste; Quinquenais, to Alexander; Ligre, to Sophrone; and so of his other places.

CHAPTER XXVI

HOW GARGANTUA CAUSED TO BE BUILT FOR THE
MONK THE ABBEY OF THELEME

THERE was left only the monk to provide for, whom Gargantua would have made Abbot of Seville, but he refused it. He would have given him the Abbey of Bourgueil, or of Sanct Florent, which was better, or both, if it pleased him; but the monk gave him a very peremptory answer, that he would never take upon him the charge nor government of monks. "For how shall I be able," said he, "to rule over others, that have not full power and command of myself? If you think I have done you, or may hereafter do you any acceptable service, give me leave to found an abbey after my own mind and fancy." The motion pleased Gargantua very well, who thereupon offered him all the country of Theleme by the river of Loire, till within two leagues of the great forest of Port Huaut.

The monk then requested Gargantua to institute his religious order contrary to all others. "First then," said Gargantua, "you must not build a wall about your convent, for all other abbeys are strongly walled and mured about." "See," said the monk, "and not without cause, (seeing wall and mure signify but one and the same thing;) where there is *mur* before and *mur* behind, there is store of murmur, envy, and mutual conspiracy." Moreover, seeing there are certain convents in the world, whereof the custom is, if any woman come in, I mean chaste and honest women, they immediately

sweep the ground which they have trod upon; therefore was it ordained, that if any man or woman, entered into religious orders, should by chance come within this new abbey, all the rooms should be thoroughly washed and cleansed through which they had passed. And because in all other monasteries and nunneries all is compassed, limited, and regulated by hours, it was decreed that in this new structure there should be neither clock nor dial, but that according to the opportunities, and incident occasions, all their hours should be disposed of; "for," said Gargantua, "the greatest loss of time that I know, is to count the hours.¹ What good comes of it? Nor can there be any greater dotage in the world than for one to guide and direct his courses by the sound of a bell, and not by his own judgment and discretion."

Item, Because at that time they put no women into nunneries, but such as were either purblind, blinkards, lame, crooked, ill-favoured, mis-shapen, fools, senseless, spoiled, or corrupt; nor encloistered any men, but those that were either sickly, subject to defluxions, ill-bred louts, simple sots, or peevish trouble-houses ("But to the purpose," said the monk. "A woman that is neither fair nor good, to what use serves she?"² "To make a nun of," said

¹ *To count the hours.*—Pantagruel lays down the same principle, l. 4, ch. 64, and proves it by several very pleasant arguments. I know a tradesman in London, a great economist, that curses the clocks, for making his apprentices lose so much time in counting the hours. (*Ozell.*)

² There is here a pun in the French, so that the sentence may mean also, "To what use serves *cloth*?" This explains the monk's answer.

Gargantua. "Yea," said the monk, "and to make shirts and smocks"), therefore was it ordained, that into this religious order should be admitted no women that were not fair, well-featured, and of a sweet disposition; nor men that were not comely, personable, and well-conditioned.

Item, Because in the convents of women, men come not but underhand, privily, and by stealth; it was therefore enacted, that in this house there shall be no women in case there be not men, nor men in case there be not women.

Item, Because both men and women, that are received into religious orders, after the expiring of their noviciat or probation-year were constrained and forced perpetually to stay there all the days of their life; it was therefore ordered, that all whatever, men or women, admitted within this abbey, should have full leave to depart with peace and contentment, whensoever it should seem good to them so to do.

Item, For that the religious men and women did ordinarily make three vows, to wit, those of chastity, poverty, and obedience; it was therefore constituted and appointed, that in this convent they might be honourably married, that they might be rich, and live at liberty. In regard of the legitimate time of the persons to be initiated, and years under and above which they were not capable of reception, the women were to be admitted from ten till fifteen, and the men from twelve till eighteen.

CHAPTER XXVII

HOW THE ABBEY OF THE THELEMITES WAS BUILT
AND ENDOWED

FOR the fabric and furniture of the abbey, Gargantua caused to be delivered out in ready money seven and twenty hundred thousand, eight hundred and one and thirty of those golden rams of Berry,¹ which have a sheep stamped on the one side, and a flowered cross on the other; and for every year until the whole work were completed, he allotted threescore nine thousand crowns of the sun, and as many of the seven stars, to be charged all upon the receipt of the custom.² For the foundation and maintenance thereof for ever, he settled a perpetual fee-farm-rent of three and twenty hundred, threescore and nine thousand, five hundred and fourteen rose nobles, exempted from all homage, fealty, service, or burden whatsoever, and payable every year at the gate of the abbey; and of this, by letters patent passed a very good grant. The architecture was in a figure hexagonal, and in such a fashion that in every one of the six corners there

¹ *Golden rams, etc.*—Rabelais says, *Moutons à la grande laine*, “long-wool sheep”; a gold coin so called because of a lamb engraved on it, with these words round it, “Agnus Dei qui tollis,” etc. They afterwards coined demi-moutons, which, being no more than half the value of the other, were for that reason called “Moutons à la petite laine,” short-wool sheep. (*Ozell*, after *Duchat*.)

² *Sur la recepte de la Dive, i. e.*, not of the customs, but of the river Dive in Poitou, which produces, says Duchat, chiefly “vapours or fogs—effects very liquid but not over clear.”

was built a great round tower of threescore foot in diameter, and were all of a like form and bigness. Upon the north side ran along the river of Loire, on the bank whereof was situated the tower called Arctic. Going towards the east, there was another called Calaer,—the next following Anatole,—the next Mesembrine,—the next Hesperia, and the last Criere. Every tower was distant from other the space of three hundred and twelve paces. The whole edifice was everywhere six stories high, reckoning the cellars underground for one. The second was arched after the fashion of a basket handle, the rest were ceiled with pure wainscot, flourished with Flanders fret-work, in the form of the foot of a lamp, and covered above with fine slates, with an indorsement of lead, carrying the antique figures of little puppets, and animals of all sorts, notably well suited to one another, and gilt, together with the gutters, which jetting without the walls from betwixt the cross-bars in a diagonal figure, painted with gold and azure, reached to the very ground, where they ended into great conduit-pipes, which carried all away unto the river from under the house.

This same building was a hundred times more sumptuous and magnificent than ever was Bonnavet, Chambourg, or Chantilly; for there were in it nine thousand three hundred and two and thirty chambers, every one whereof had a withdrawing room, a handsome closet, a wardrobe, an oratory, and neat passage, leading into a great and spacious hall. Between every tower, in the midst of the said body of building, there was a pair of winding, such as we

now call lantern stairs, whereof the steps were part of porphyry, which is a dark red marble, spotted with white,¹ part of Numidian stone, which is a kind of yellowishly-streaked marble upon various colours,¹ and part of serpentine marble, with light spots on a dark green ground,¹ each of those steps being two and twenty foot in length, and three fingers thick, and the just number of twelve betwixt every rest, or, as we now term it, landing-place. In every resting place were two fair antique arches where the light came in: and by those they went into a cabinet, made even with, and of the breadth of the said winding, [which] re-ascending above the roofs of the house ended conically in a pavilion. By that vize or winding, they entered on every side into a great hall, and from the halls into the chambers. From the Arctic tower unto the Criere, were the fair great libraries in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, Italian, and Spanish, respectively distributed in their several cantons, according to the diversity of these languages. In the midst there was a wonderful scaliér or winding-stair, the entry whereof was without the house, in a vault or arch, six fathom broad. It was made in such symmetry and largeness, that six men at arms with their lances in their rests might together in a breast ride all up to the very top of all the palace. From the tower Anatole to the Mesembrine were fair spacious galleries, all coloured over and painted with the ancient prowesses, histories, and descriptions of the world. In the midst thereof there was likewise such another

¹ The explanations are added by Urquhart, who takes them from Cotgrave.

ascent and gate, as we said there was on the river-side. Upon that gate was written in great antique letters that which followeth.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE INSCRIPTION SET UPON THE GREAT GATE OF THELEME

HERE enter not vile bigots, hypocrites,
Externally devoted apes, base snites,
Puft-up, wry-necked beasts, worse than the Huns,
Or Ostrogots, fore-runners of baboons:¹
Curst snakes, dissembled varlets, seeming sancts,
Slipshod caffards, beggars pretending wants,
Fat chuffcats, smell-feast knockers, doltish gulls,
Out-strouting cluster-fists, contentious bulls,
Fomenters of divisions and debates,
Elsewhere, not here, make sale of your deceits.

 Your filthy trumperies
 Stuffed with pernicious lies
 (Not worth a bubble),
 Would only trouble
 Our earthly paradise,
 Your filthy trumperies.

¹ There is a pun here in the original which cannot be translated, the word for "baboons" being *magots*.

Here enter not attorneys, barristers,
Nor bridle-champing law-practitioners;
Clerks, commissaries, scribes, nor pharisees,
Wilful disturbers of the people's ease:
Judges, destroyers, with an unjust breath,
Of honest men, like dogs ev'n unto death.
Your salary is at the gibbet-foot:
Go [bray] there! for we do not here fly out
On those excessive courses, which may draw
A waiting on your courts by suits in law.

Law-suits, debates, and wrangling
Hence are exil'd, and jangling.

Here we are very
Frolic and merry,
And free from all entangling,
Law-suits, debates, and wrangling.

Here enter not base pinching usurers,
Pelf-lickers, everlasting gatherers,
Gold-graspers, coin-grippers, gulpers of mists,
Niggish deformed sots, who, though your chests
Vast sums of money should to you afford,
Would ne'ertheless add more unto that hoard,
And yet not be content,—you clunchfist dastards,
Insatiable fiends, and Pluto's bastards,
Greedy devourers, chichy sneakbill rogues,
Hell-mastiffs gnaw your bones, you rav'nous dogs
You beastly-looking fellows,
Reason doth plainly tell us,
That we should not
To you allot
Room here, but at the gallows,
You beastly-looking fellows.

Here enter not fond makers of demurs
In love adventures, peevish jealous curs,
Sad pensive dotards, raisers of garboyles,
Hags, goblins, ghosts, firebrands of household broils,
Nor drunkards, liars, cowards, cheaters, clowns,
Thieves, cannibals, faces o'ercast with frowns,
Nor lazy slugs, envious, covetous,
Nor blockish, cruel, nor too credulous,—
Here mangy, pocky folks shall have no place,
No ugly lusks, nor persons of disgrace.

Grace, honour, praise, delight,
Here sojourn day and night.

Sound bodies lin'd
With a good mind,
Do here pursue with might
Grace, honour, praise, delight.

Here enter you, and welcome from our hearts,
All noble sparks, endow'd with gallant parts.
This is the glorious place which bravely shall
Afford wherewith to entertain you all.
Were you a thousand, here you shall not want
For any thing: for what you 'll ask we 'll grant.
Stay here you, lively, jovial, handsome, brisk,
Gay, witty, frolic, cheerful, merry, frisk,
Spruce, jocund, courteous, furtherers of trades,
And in a word, all worthy, gentle blades.

Blades of heroic breasts
Shall taste here of the feasts,
Both privily
And civilly,
Of the celestial guests,
Blades of heroic breasts,

Here enter you, pure, honest, faithful, true,
Expounders of the Scriptures old and new.
Whose glosses do not blind our reason, but
Make it to see the clearer, and who shut
Its passages from hatred, avarice,
Pride, factions, cov'nants, and all sort of vice.
Come, settle here a charitable faith,
Which neighbourly affection nourisheth.
And whose light chaseth all corrupters hence,
Of the blest word, from the aforesaid sense.

The Holy Sacred Word,
May it always afford
T' us all in common,
Both man and woman,
A spiritual shield and sword,
The Holy Sacred Word.

Here enter you all ladies of high birth,
Delicious, stately, charming, full of mirth,
Ingenious, lovely, miniard, proper, fair,
Magnetic, graceful, splendid, pleasant, rare,
Obliging, sprightly, virtuous, young, solacious,
Kind, neat, quick, feat, bright, compt, ripe, choice,
dear, precious,

Alluring, courtly, comely, fine, complete,
Wise, personable, ravishing and sweet,
Come joys enjoy. The Lord celestial
Hath given enough, wherewith to please us all.

Gold give us, God forgive us,
And from all woes relieve us;
That we the treasure
May reap of pleasure,
And shun whate'er is grievous,
Gold give us, God forgive us.

CHAPTER XXIX

WHAT MANNER OF DWELLING THE THELEMITES
HAD

IN the middle of the lower court there was a stately fountain of fair alabaster. Upon the top thereof stood the three Graces, with their cornucopias, or horns of abundance, and did jert out the water at their breasts, mouth, ears, eyes, and other open passages of the body. The inside of the buildings in this lower court stood upon great pillars of Cassydony stone and Porphyry marble, made archwise after a goodly antique fashion. Within those were spacious galleries, long and large, adorned with curious pictures, the horns of bucks and unicorns; with rhinoceroses, water-horses, called hippopotames; the teeth and tusks of elephants, and other things well worth the beholding. The lodging of the ladies, for so we may call those gallant women, took up all from the tower Arctic unto the gate Mesembrine. The men possessed the rest. Before the said lodging of the ladies, that they might have their recreation, between the two first towers, on the outside, were placed the tilt-yard, the barriers or lists for tournaments, the hippodrome or riding court, the theatre or public play-house, and natatory or place to swim in, with most admirable baths in three stages, situated above one another, well furnished with all necessary accommodation, and store of myrtle-water. By the river-side was the fair garden of pleasure, and in the midst of that the glorious labyrinth. Between the two other towers were the

courts for the tennis and the baloon. Towards the tower Criere stood the orchard full of all fruit trees, set and ranged in a quincuncial order. At the end of that was the great park, abounding with all sort of venison. Betwixt the third couple of towers were the butts and marks for shooting with a snap-work gun, an ordinary bow for common archery, or with a cross-bow. The office-houses were without the tower Hesperie, of one story high. The stables were beyond the offices, and before them stood the falconry, managed by ostrich-keepers and falconers, very expert in the art, and it was yearly supplied and furnished by the Candians, Venetians, Sarmates, now called Moscoviters, with all sorts of most excellent hawks, eagles, gerfalcons, goshawks, sacres, lanners, falcons, sparhawks, marlins, and other kinds of them, so gentle and perfectly well-manned, that, flying of themselves sometimes from the castle for their own disport, they would not fail to catch whatever they encountered. The yenery, where the beagles and hounds were kept, was a little farther off, drawing towards the park.

All the halls, chambers, and closets or cabinets were richly hung with tapestry, and hangings of divers sorts, according to the variety of the seasons of the year. All the pavements and floors were covered with green cloth. The beds were all embroidered. In every back-chamber or withdrawing room there was a looking-glass of pure crystal set in a frame of fine gold, garnished all about with pearls, and was of such greatness, that it would represent to the full the whole lineaments and proportion of the person that stood before it. At the going out

of the halls, which belong to the ladies' lodgings, were the perfumers and trimmers, through whose hands the gallants past when they were to visit the ladies. Those sweet artificers did every morning furnish the ladies' chambers with the spirit of roses, orange-flower-water, and angelica; and to each of them gave a little precious casket vapouring forth the most odoriferous exhalations of the choicest aromatical scents.

CHAPTER XXX

HOW THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDER OF THELEME WERE APPARELLED

THE ladies at the foundation of this order were apparelled after their own pleasure and liking. But, since that of their own accord and free will they have reformed themselves, their accoutrement is in manner as followeth. They wore stockings of scarlet crimson, or ingrained purple dye, which reached just three inches above the knee, having a list beautified with exquisite embroideries, and rare incisions of the cutter's art. Their garters were of the colour of their bracelets, and circled the knee a little both over and under. Their shoes, pumps, and slippers were either of red, violet, or crimson velvet, pinked and jagged like lobster wadles.

Next to their smock they put on the pretty kirtle or vasquin of pure silk camlet: above that went the

taffaty or tabby vardingale, of white, red, tawny, grey, or of any other colour. Above this taffaty petticoat they had another of cloth of tissue, or brocade, embroidered with fine gold, and interlaced with needlework, or as they thought good, and according to the temperature and disposition of the weather, had their upper coats of satin, damask, or velvet, and those either orange, tawny, green, ash-coloured, blue, yellow, bright red, crimson, or white, and so forth; or had them of cloth of gold, cloth of silver, or some other choice stuff, enriched with purl, or embroidered according to the dignity of the festival days and times wherein they wore them.

Their gowns, being still correspondent to the season, were either of cloth of gold frizzled with a silver-raised work; of red satin, covered with gold purl; of tabby, or taffaty, white, blue, black, tawny, etc., of silk serge, silk camlet, velvet, cloth of silver, silver tissue, cloth of gold, gold wire, figured velvet, or figured satin, tinselled and overcast with golden threads, in divers variously purfled draughts.

In the summer, some days, instead of gowns, they wore light handsome mantles, made either of the stuff of the aforesaid attire, or like Moresco rugs, of violet velvet frizzled, with a raised work of gold upon silver purl, or with a knotted cord-work of gold embroidery, everywhere garnished with little Indian pearls. They always carried a fair panache, or plume of feathers, of the colour of their muff, bravely adorned and tricked out with glistening spangles of gold. In the winter time they had their taffaty gowns of all colours, as above named, and those lined with the rich furrings of hind-wolves, or

speckled linxes, black spotted weasels, martlet skins of Calabria, sables, and other costly furs of an inestimable value. Their beads, rings, bracelets, collars, carcanets, and neck-chains were all of precious stones, such as carbuncles, rubies, baleus, diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, turquoises, garnets, agates, beryles, and excellent margarites. Their head-dressing also varied with the season of the year, according to which they decked themselves. In winter it was of the French fashion; in the spring, of the Spanish; in summer, of the fashion of Tuscany, except only upon the holy days and Sundays, at which times they were accoutred in the French mode, because they accounted it more honourable and better befitting the garb of a matronal pudicity.

The men were apparelled after their fashion. Their stockings were of tamine or of cloth-serge, of white, black, scarlet, or some other ingrained colour. Their breeches were of velvet, of the same colour with their stockings, or very near, embroidered and cut according to their fancy. Their doublet was of cloth of gold, of cloth of silver, of velvet, satin, damask, taffaties, etc., of the same colours, cut, embroidered, and suitably trimmed up in perfection. The points were of silk of the same colours, the tags were of gold well enamelled. Their coats and jerkins were of cloth of gold, cloth of silver, gold tissue or velvet embroidered, as they thought fit. Their gowns were every whit as costly as those of the ladies. Their girdles were of silk, of the colour of their doublets. Every one had a gallant sword by his side, the hilt and handle whereof were gilt, and the scabbard of velvet, of the colour of his breeches,

with a chape of gold, and pure goldsmith's work. The dagger was of the same. Their caps or bonnets were of black velvet, adorned with jewels and buttons of gold. Upon that they wore a white plume, most prettily and minion-like parted by so many rows of gold spangles, at the end whereof hung dangling in a more sparkling resplendency fair rubies, emeralds, diamonds, etc. ; but there was such a sympathy betwixt the gallants and the ladies, that every day they were apparelled in the same livery. And that they might not miss, there were certain gentlemen appointed to tell the youths every morning what vestments the ladies would on that day wear ; for all was done according to the pleasure of the ladies.

In these so handsome clothes, and habiliments so rich, think not that either one or other of either sex did waste any time at all ; for the masters of the wardrobes had all their raiments and apparel so ready for every morning, and the chamber-ladies were so well skilled, that in a trice they would be dressed, and completely in their clothes from head to foot. And, to have those accoutrements with the more conveniency, there was about the wood of Theleme, a row of houses of the extent of half a league, very neat and cleanly, wherein dwelt the goldsmiths, lapidaries, jewellers, embroiderers, tailors, gold-drawers, velvet-weavers, tapestry-makers, and upholsterers, who wrought there every one in his own trade, and all for the aforesaid jolly friars and nuns of the new stamp. They were furnished with matter and stuff from the hands of the Lord Nausiclete, who every year brought them seven

ships from the Perlas and Cannibal-Islands, laden with ingots of gold, with raw silk, with pearls and precious stones. And if any margarites, called unions, began to grow old, and lose somewhat of their natural whiteness and lustre, those with their art they did renew, by tendering them to eat to some pretty cocks, as they use to give casting unto hawks.

CHAPTER XXXI

HOW THE THELEMITES WERE GOVERNED, AND OF THEIR MANNER OF LIVING

ALL their life was spent not in laws, statutes, or rules, but according to their own free will and pleasure. They rose out of their beds when they thought good: they did eat, drink, labour, sleep, when they had a mind to it, and were disposed for it. None did awake them, none did offer to constrain them to eat, drink, nor to do any other thing; for so had Gargantua established it. In all their rule, and strictest tie of their order, there was but this one clause to be observed,

DO WHAT THOU WILT

Because men that are free, well-born, well-bred, and conversant in honest companies, have naturally an instinct and spur that prompteth them unto virtuous actions, and withdraws them from vice, which is called honour. Those same men, when by base

subjection and constraint they are brought under and kept down, turn aside from that noble disposition, by which they formerly were inclined to virtue, to shake off and break that bond of servitude, wherein they are so tyrannously enslaved; for it is agreeable with the nature of man to long after things forbidden, and to desire what is denied us.

By this liberty they entered into a very laudable emulation, to do all of them what they saw did please one. If any of the gallants or ladies should say, "Let us drink," they would all drink. If any one of them said, "Let us play," they all played. If one said, "Let us go a-walking into the fields," they went all. If it were to go a hawking, or a hunting, the ladies mounted upon dainty well-paced nags, seated in a stately palfrey saddle, carried on their lovely fists,¹ miniardly begloved every one of them, either a sparhawk, or a laneret, or a merlin, and the young gallants carried the other kinds of hawks.

So nobly were they taught, that there was neither he nor she amongst them, but could read, write, sing, play upon several musical instruments, speak five or six several languages, and compose in them all very quaintly, both in verse and prose. Never were seen so valiant knights, so noble and worthy, so dextrous and skilful both on foot and a horseback, more brisk and lively, more nimble and quick, or better handling all manner of weapons, than were

¹ *Their lovely fists*.—Rabelais says, only fists, without any epithet; *sur le poing*. The ladies' lovely fists puts me in mind of the Addressers from ——— in Queen Anne's time, "Madam, we kiss your great hand." (*Ozell*.)

there. Never were seen ladies so proper and handsome, so miniard and dainty, less froward, or more ready with their hand, and with their needle, in every honest and free action belonging to that sex, than were there. For this reason, when the time came, that any man of the said abbey, either at the request of his parents, or for some other cause, had a mind to go out of it, he carried along with him one of the ladies, namely her whom he had before that chosen for his mistress, and they were married together. And if they had formerly in Theleme lived in good devotion and amity, they did continue therein and increase it to a greater height in their state of matrimony: and did entertain that mutual love till the very last day of their life, in no less vigour and fervency, than at the very day of their wedding.

THE SECOND BOOK OF
RABELAIS

TREATING OF THE
HEROICK DEEDS AND SAYINGS OF THE GOOD

PANTAGRUEL

MR. HUGH SALEL

TO

RABELAIS

If profit mix'd with pleasure may suffice
T' extoll an author's worth above the skies,
Thou certainly for both must praised be :
I know it ; for thy judgment hath in the
Contexture of this book set down such high
Contentments, mingled with utility,
That (as I think) I see Democritus
Laughing at men as things ridiculous.

Insist in thy design ; for though we prove
Ungrate on earth, thy merit is above.

LONG LIVE ALL GOOD PANTAGRUELISTS

THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE

TO

THE SECOND BOOK

MOST illustrious and thrice valorous champions, gentlemen, and others, who willingly apply your minds to the entertainment of pretty conceits, and honest harmless knacks of wit; you have not long ago seen, read, and understood the great and inestimable Chronicle of the huge and mighty giant Gargantua, and, like upright faithfullists, have firmly believed all to be true that is contained in them, and have very often passed your time with them amongst honourable ladies and gentlewomen, telling them fair long stories, when you were out of all other talk, for which you are worthy of great praise and sempiternal memory. And I do heartily wish that every man would lay aside his own business, meddle no more with his profession nor trade, and throw all affairs concerning himself behind his back, to attend this wholly, without distracting or troubling his mind with anything else, until he have learned them without book; that if by chance the art of printing should cease, or in case that in time to come all books should perish, every man might truly teach them unto his children, and deliver them over to his successors and survivors from hand to

hand, as a religious cabala; for there is in it more profit than a rabble of great pocky loggerheads are able to discern, who surely understand far less in these little merriments, than the fool Raclet¹ did in the Institutions of Justinian.

I have known great and mighty lords, and of those not a few, who, going a deer-hunting, or a hawking after wild ducks, when the chase had not encountered with the blinks that were cast in her way to retard her course, or that the hawk did but plain and smoothly fly without moving her wings, perceiving the prey, by force of flight, to have gained bounds of her, have been much chafed and vexed, as you understand well enough; but the comfort unto which they had refuge, and that they might not take cold, was to relate the inestimable deeds of the said Gargantua. There are others in the world,—these are no flimflam stories, nor tales of a tub,—who, being much troubled with the toothache, after they had spent their goods upon physicians, without receiving at all any ease of their pain, have found no more ready remedy than to put the said Chronicles betwixt two pieces of linen cloth made somewhat hot, and so apply them to the place that smarteth, synapising them with a little powder of projection, otherwise called doribus.

But what shall I say of those poor men that are plagued with the pox and the gout? O how often have we seen them, even immediately after they were anointed and thoroughly greased, till their faces did glister like the key-hole of a powdering tub, their teeth dance like the jacks of a pair of

¹ *Raclet*.—Professor of law at Dole. (*Duchat*.)

little organs or virginals when they are played upon, and that they foamed from their very throats like a boar, which the mongrel mastiff-hounds have driven in, and overthrown amongst the toils—what did they then? All their consolation was to have some page of the said jolly book read unto them. And we have seen those who have given themselves to a hundred puncheons of old devils, in case that they did not feel a manifest ease and assuagement of pain at the hearing of the said book read, even when they were kept in a purgatory of torment; no more nor less than women in travail use to find their sorrow abated when the life of St. Margarine is read unto them. Is this nothing? Find me a book in any language, in any faculty or science whatsoever, that hath such virtues, properties, and prerogatives, and I will be content to pay you a quart of tripes.

No, my masters, no, it is peerless, incomparable, and not to be matched; and this I am resolved for ever to maintain even unto the fire *exclusivè*. And those that will pertinaciously hold the contrary opinion, let them be accounted abusers, predestinators, impostors,¹ and seducers of the people. It is very true, that there are found in some gallant and stately books, worthy of high estimation, certain occult and hid properties; in the number of which are reckoned Whippot,² Orlando Furioso, Robert the Devil, Fierabras, William without Fear,

¹ *Predestinators, impostors*.—These two words first appear in the fourth edition (1542). They almost certainly allude to Calvin.

² *Fesse-pinte*, a character in the popular folk-tales. The others are well-known characters in mediæval romances; *Matabrune* appears in the story of the Knight of the Swan.

Huon of Bourdeaux, Monteville, and Matabrune: but they are not comparable to that which we speak of, and the world hath well known by infallible experience the great emolument and utility which it hath received by this Gargantuine Chronicle; for the printers have sold more of them in two months' time, than there will be bought of Bibles in nine years.

I therefore, your humble slave, being very willing to increase your solace and recreation yet a little more, do offer you for a present another book of the same stamp, only that it is a little more reasonable and worthy of credit than the other was. For think not, unless you wilfully err against your knowledge, that I speak of it as the Jews do of the Law. I was not born under such a planet, neither did it ever befall me to lie, or affirm a thing for true that was not. I speak of it like a lusty frolic Onocrotarie,¹ I should say Crotenotarie² of the martyrised lovers, and Croquenotarie of love. *Quod vidimus testamur.*³ It is of the horrible and dreadful feats and prowesses of Pantagruel, whose menial servant I have been ever since I was a page, till this hour, that by his leave I am permitted to visit my country,⁴ and to know if any of my kindred there be alive.

¹ *Onocrotarie*.—Onocrotal is a bird not much unlike a Swan, which sings like an Ass's braying. (*Urquhart*.)

² *Crotenotarie*.—Crotenotaire or notaire crotté, croquenotaire or notaire croqué, are but allusions in derision of Protonotaire, which signifieth a prenotarie. (*Urquhart*.)

³ *Quod vidimus testamur*.—"We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen."—*John* iii., 11.

⁴ *Pays de vache*, "my native country."

And therefore, to make an end of this Prologue, even as I give myself to an hundred thousand panniers full of fair devils, body and soul, tripes and guts, in case that I lie so much as one single word in this whole history; after the like manner, St. Anthony's fire burn you, Mahoom's disease whirl you, the squinance with a stitch in your side, and the wolf in your stomach truss you, the bloody flux seize upon you, the cursed sharp inflammations of wild fire, as slender and thin as cows' hair strengthened with quicksilver, enter into your fundament, and like those of Sodom and Gomorrha, may you fall into sulphur, fire, and bottomless pits, in case you do not firmly believe all that I shall relate unto you in this present Chronicle.

CHAPTER I

OF THE ORIGINAL AND ANTIQUITY OF THE GREAT PANTAGRUEL

IT will not be an idle nor unprofitable thing, seeing we are at leisure, to put you in mind of the fountain and original source whence is derived unto us the good Pantagruel. For I see that all good historiographers have thus handled their chronicles, not only the Arabians, Barbarians, and Latins, but also the gentle Greeks, who were eternal drinkers.¹ You must therefore remark, that at the beginning of the world—I speak of a long time, it is above forty quarantains, or forty times forty nights, according to the supputation of the ancient Druids—a little after that Abel was killed by his brother Cain, the earth, imbrued with the blood of the just, was one year so exceeding fertile in all those fruits which it usually produces to us, and especially in medlars, that ever since, throughout all ages, it hath been called the year of the great medlars; for three of them did fill a bushel. In it the Calends were found by the Grecian Almanacks. There was that year nothing of the month of March

¹ Here the original edition reads : Not only the Greeks, the Arabs, and the Gentiles, but also the authors of the Holy Scripture, for example, Monseigneur Saint Luke, and Saint Matthew.

in the time of Lent, and the middle of August was in May. In the month of October, as I take it, or at least September, that I may not err, for I will carefully take heed of that, was the week so famous in the Annals, which they call the week of the three Thursdays; for it had three of them by means of their irregular leap-years, called Bissextiles, occasioned by the sun's having tripped and stumbled a little towards the left hand, like a debtor afraid of serjeants, coming right upon him to arrest him; and the moon varied from her course above five fathom, and there was manifestly seen the motion of trepidation in the firmament of the fixed stars, called Aplanes, so that the middle Pleiade, leaving her fellows, declined towards the equinoctial, and the star named Spica left the constellation of the Virgin to withdraw herself towards the Balance, known by the name of Libra; which are cases very terrible, and matters so hard and difficult, that astrologians cannot set their teeth in them; and indeed their teeth had been pretty long if they could have reached thither.

However, account you it for a truth, that everybody then did most heartily eat of those medlars, for they were fair to the eye, and in taste delicious. But even as Noah, that holy man, to whom we are so much beholding, bound, and obliged, for that he planted to us the vine, from whence we have that nectarian, delicious, precious, heavenly, joyful, and deific liquor, which they call piot or tiplage, was deceived in the drinking of it, for he was ignorant of the great virtue and power thereof; so likewise the men and women of that time did delight much

in the eating of that fair great fruit, but divers and very different accidents did ensue thereupon; for there fell upon them all in their bodies a most terrible swelling, but not upon all in the same place, for some were swollen in the belly, and their belly strouted out big like a great tun; of whom it is written *Ventrem omnipotentem*; who were all very honest men, and merry blades. And of this race came St. Fatgulch and Shrove-Tuesday. Others did swell at the shoulders, who in that place were so crump and knobby, that they were therefore called Montifers, which is as much to say as Hill-carriers, of whom you see some yet in the world, of divers sexes and degrees. Of this race came Æsop, some of whose excellent words and deeds you have in writing. . . . Others grew in the legs, and to see them you would have said they had been cranes, or the reddish long-billed, stork-like, scrank-legged sea-fowls, called flamans,¹ or else men walking upon stilts or scatches. The little grammar schoolboys, known by the name of Grimos, called those leg-grown slangams Jambus [iambics,] in allusion to the French word *jambe*, which signifieth a leg.² In others, their nose did grow so that it seemed to be the beak of a limbeck, in every part thereof most variously diapered with the twinkling sparkles of

¹ *Cranes* . . . *flamans*.—In the French we have for all this simply *grues*, ou *flammans* ("flamingoes"). This offers another interesting instance of Urquhart's use of Cotgrave, who, under *flammans*, gives "A certaine reddish, long-bild, and long-legd, Sea-fowle; of the bigness of a Stork, or somewhat bigger, and indifferent good meat."

² In the French this sentence is simply: *Et les petits grimaulx les appellent en grammaire Iambus*.

crimson-blisters budding forth, and purpled with pimples all enamelled with thick-set wheals of a sanguine colour, bordered with gules: and such have you seen the canon or prebend Panzoult, and Woodenfoot the physician of Angiers. Of which race there were few that liked the ptisane, but all of them were perfect lovers of the pure septembrall juice. Naso and Ovid had their extraction from thence, and all those of whom it is written *Ne reminiscaris*. Others grew in ears, which they had so big, that out of one would have been stuff enough got to make a doublet, a pair of breeches, and a jacket, whilst with the other they might have covered themselves as with a Spanish cloak: and they say that in Bourbonnois this race remaineth yet. Others grew in length of body, and of those came the giants, and of them Pantagruel.

And the first was Chalbroth,

Who begat Sarabroth,

Who begat Faribroth,

Who begat Hurtali, that was a brave eater of pottage, and reigned in the time of the Flood;

Who begat Nembroth,

Who begat Atlas, that with his shoulders kept the sky from falling;

Who begat Goliah,

Who begat Erix,¹ that invented the hocus pocus plays of legerdemain;

Who begat Titius,

Who begat Eryon,

¹ *Erix*.—This giant, and all those that are hereafter named, have very curious, learned, and diverting accounts given of them by M. Duchat, but too long to be here inserted. (*Ozell*.)

Who begat Polyphemus,

Who begat Cacus, . . .

[etc., etc.]

Who begat Sisyphus,

Who begat the Titans, of whom Hercules was born; . . .

Who begat Fierabras, that was vanquished by Oliver, Peer of France, and Roland's comrade; . . .

Who begat Hapmouche, the first that ever invented the drying of neats' tongues in the chimney; for, before that, people salted them, as they do now gammons of bacon;

Who begat Bolivorax, . . .

Who begat Galehaut, the inventor of flagons; . . .

Who begat Bruyer, that was overcome by Ogier the Dane, Peer of France;

Who begat Mabrun,

Who begat Foutasnon,

Who begat Haquelebac,

Who begat Vitdegrain,

Who begat Grangousier,

Who begat Gargantua,

Who begat the noble Pantagruel my master.

I know that reading this passage, you will make a doubt within yourselves, and that grounded upon very good reason, which is this,—how is it possible that this relation can be true, seeing at the time of the Flood all the world was destroyed, except Noah, and seven persons more with him in the ark, into whose number Hurtali is not admitted? Doubtless the demand is well made, and very apparent, but the answer shall satisfy you, or my wit is not rightly

caulked. And, because I was not at that time to tell you anything of my own fancy, I will bring unto you the authority of the Massorets, good honest fellows, true ballockeering blades, and exact Hebraical bagpipers,¹ who affirm, that verily the said Hurtali was not within the ark of Noah, neither could he get in, for he was too big, but he sat astride upon it, with one leg on the one side, and another on the other, as little children use to do upon their wooden horses: or as the great Bull of Berne,² which was killed at Marignan, did ride for his hackney the great murdering piece called the Canon-pevier, a pretty beast of a fair and pleasant amble without all question.

In that posture he, after God, saved the said ark from danger, for with his legs he gave it the brangle that was needful, and with his foot turned it whither he pleased, as a ship answereth her rudder. Those that were within sent him up victuals in abundance by a chimney, as people very thankfully acknowledging the good that he did them. And sometimes they did talk together as Icaromenippus did to Jupiter, according to the report of Lucian. Have

¹ In the first edition, "Interpreters of the holy Hebraic writings."

² "It puts me in mind of the huge Bull of Berne, that was slain at Marignan, when the drunken Swiss were so mauled there: believe me, it had little less than four inches lard on its paunch." By this great Bull of Berne is meant Pontiner, a famous gigantic fat captain of the Swiss, who being killed at the battle of Marignan, some of the Germans who sided with the French, to show they were fully revenged on the Swiss, who had been too hard for them in several other engagements, ran the points of their pikes and lances in that monstrous officer's fat paunch, as Paulus Jovius observes in the account he gives of that battle. (Note of *Motteux*, on chap. xli. of Book IV.)

you understood all this well? Drink then one good draught without water, for if you believe it not—"No truly do I not," quoth she.

CHAPTER II

OF THE NATIVITY OF THE MOST DREAD AND REDOUBTED PANTAGRUEL

GARGANTUA at the age of four hundred four-score forty and four years begat his son Pantagruel, upon his wife named Badebec, daughter to the King of the Amaurots in Utopia, who died in childbirth; for he was so wonderfully great and lumpish, that he could not possibly come forth into the light of the world without thus suffocating his mother. But that we may fully understand the cause and reason of the name of Pantagruel, which at his baptism was given him, you are to remark, that in that year there was so great drought over all the country of Afric, that there passed thirty and six months, three weeks, four days, thirteen hours, and a little more, without rain, but with a heat so vehement, that the whole earth was parched and withered by it. Neither was it more scorched and dried up with heat in the days of Eliah than it was at that time; for there was not a tree to be seen that had either leaf or bloom upon it. The grass was without verdure or greenness, the rivers were drained, the fountains dried up, the poor fishes, abandoned and forsaken by their proper element, wandering and crying upon the ground most horribly. The

birds did fall down from the air for want of moisture and dew wherewith to refresh them. The wolves, foxes, harts, wild-boars, fallow-deer, hares, coneys, weasels, brocks, badgers, and other such beasts were found dead in the fields with their mouths open.

In respect of men, there was the pity, you should have seen them lay out their tongues like hares that have been run six hours. Many did throw themselves into the wells. Others entered within a cow's belly to be in the shade; those Homer calls Alibants.

All the country was idle, and could do no virtue. It was a most lamentable case to have seen the labour of mortals in defending themselves from the vehemency of this horrific drought; for they had work enough to do to save the holy water in the churches from being wasted; but there was such order taken by the counsel of my Lords the Cardinals, and of our holy Father, that none did dare take above one lick. Yet, when any one came into the church, you should have seen above twenty poor thirsty fellows hang upon him that was the distributor of the water, and that with a wide open throat, gaping for some little drop, like the rich glutton in Luke, that might fall by, lest anything should be lost. O how happy was he in that year, who had a cool cellar under ground, well plenished with fresh wine!

The philosopher reports in moving the question—Wherefore it is that the sea-water is salt?—that at the time when Phœbus gave the government of his resplendent chariot to his son Phæton, the said Phæton, unskilful in the art, and not knowing how to keep the ecliptic line betwixt the two tropics of

the latitude of the sun's course, strayed out of his way, and came so near the earth that he dried up all the countries that were under it, burning a great part of the heavens, which the philosophers call the *via lactea*, and the huff-snuffs, St. James his way; although the most coped, lofty, and high-crested poets affirm that to be the place where Juno's milk fell, when she gave suck to Hercules. The earth at that time was so excessively heated, that it fell into an enormous sweat, yea, such a one as made it sweat out the sea, which is therefore salt, because all sweat is salt: and this you cannot but confess to be true, if you will taste of your own, or of those that have the pox, when they are put into sweating, it is all one to me.

Just such another case fell out this same year: for on a certain Friday, when the whole people were bent upon their devotions, and had made goodly processions, with store of litanies, and fair preachings, and beseechings of God Almighty to look down with His eye of mercy upon their miserable and disconsolate condition, there was even then visibly seen issue out of the ground great drops of water, such as fall from a puff-bagged man in a top sweat, and the poor hoydens began to rejoice, as if it had been a thing very profitable unto them; for some said that there was not one drop of moisture in the air, whence they might have any rain, and that the earth did supply the default of that. Other learned men said, that it was a shower of the Antipodes, as Seneca saith in his fourth book, *Quæstionum naturalium*, speaking of the source and spring of Nilus. But they were deceived; for, the

procession being ended, when every one went about to gather of this dew, and to drink of it with full bowls, they found that it was nothing but pickle, and the very brine of salt, more brackish in taste than the saltiest water of the sea. And because in that very day Pantagruel was born, his father gave him that name; for *Panta* in Greek is as much to say as "all," and *Gruel*, in the Hagarene language, doth signify "thirsty"; inferring thereby, that at his birth the whole world was a-dry and thirsty, as likewise foreseeing that he would be some day supreme lord and sovereign of the thirsty Ethrapples, which was shown to him at that very same hour by a more evident sign. For when his mother Badebec was in the bringing of him forth, and that the midwives did wait to receive him, there came first out of her belly threescore and eight tregeneers, that is, salt-sellers, every one of them leading in a halter, a mule heavy laden with salt; after whom issued forth nine dromedaries, with great loads of gammons of bacon and dried neats' tongues on their backs. Then followed seven camels loaded with links and chitterlings, hogs' puddings and sausages. After them came out five great wains, full of leeks, garlick, onions, and chibots, drawn with five-and-thirty strong cart-horses, which was six for every one besides the thiller. At the sight hereof the said midwives were much amazed; yet some of them said: "Lo, here is good provision, and indeed, we need it; for we drink but lazily, as if our tongues walked on crutches, and not lustily like Lansman Dutches. Truly this is a good sign, there is nothing here but what is fit for us, these are the spurs of wine that set it

agoing." As they were tattling thus together after their own manner of chat, behold, out comes Pantagrue! all hairy like a bear, whereupon one of them, inspired with a prophetic spirit, said: "This will be a terrible fellow, he is born with all his hair, he is undoubtedly to do wonderful things, and if he live he shall have age."

CHAPTER III

OF THE GRIEF WHEREWITH GARGANTUA WAS
MOVED AT THE DECEASE OF HIS
WIFE BADEBEC

WHEN Pantagrue! was born, there was none more astonished and perplexed than was his father Gargantua; for, of the one side, seeing his wife Badebec dead, and on the other side his son Pantagrue! born, so fair and so great, he knew not what to say, nor what to do. And the doubt that troubled his brain was to know whether he should cry for the death of his wife, or laugh for the joy of his son. He was *hinc inde* choked with sophistical arguments, for he framed them very well *in modo et figura*, but he could not resolve them, remaining pestered and entangled by this means, like a mouse catch't in a trap, or kite snared in a gin. "Shall I weep?" said he. "Yes, for why? My so good wife is dead, who was the most this, the most that, that ever was in the world. Never shall I see her, never shall I recover such another, it is unto me an inestimable loss! O my good God, what had I done

that Thou shouldest thus punish me? Why didst Thou not take me away before her? seeing for me to live without her is but to languish. Ah! Badebec, Badebec, my minion, my dear heart, my sugar, my sweeting, my honey, my little coney! Ah, poor Pantagruel, thou hast lost thy good mother, thy sweet nurse, thy well-beloved lady! O false death, how injurious and spiteful hast thou been to me! How malicious and outrageous have I found thee in taking her from me, my well-beloved wife, to whom immortality did of right belong!”

With these words he did cry like a cow; but on a sudden fell a-laughing like a calf, when Pantagruel came into his mind. “Ha! my little son!” said he, “my childilolly, fedlifondy, dandlichucky, my ballocky, my pretty rogue! O how jolly thou art, and how much am I bound to my gracious God, that hath been pleased to bestow on me a son so fair, so spritful, so lively, so smiling, so pleasant, and so gentle! Ho! ho! ho! ho! how glad I am! Let us drink, ho! and put away melancholy! Bring of the best, rinse the glasses, lay the cloth, drive out these dogs, blow this fire, light candles, shut that door there, cut this bread in sippets for brewis, send away these poor folks in giving them what they ask, hold my gown—I will strip myself into my doublet (*én cuerpo*), to make the gossips merry, and keep them company.”

As he spake this, he heard the litanies and the mementos of the priests that carried his wife to be buried, upon which he left the good purpose he was in, and was suddenly ravished another way, saying: “Lord God! must I again contrist myself? This

grieves me. I am no longer young, I grow old, the weather is dangerous; I may perhaps take an ague, then shall I be foiled, if not quite undone. By the faith of a gentleman! it were better to cry less, and drink more. My wife is dead, well, by G— (*da jurandi*) I shall not raise her again by my crying; she is well, she is in Paradise, at least, if she be no higher; she prayeth to God for us, she is happy, she is above the sense of our miseries, nor can our calamities reach her. What though she be dead, must not we also die? The same debt which she hath paid hangs over our heads; nature will require it of us, and we must all of us some day taste of the same sauce. Let her pass then, and the Lord preserve the survivors! for I must now cast about how to get another wife. But I will tell you what you shall do," said he to the midwives; in France called wise women (where be they? good folks, I cannot see them). "Go you to my wife's interment, and I will the while rock my son; for I find myself somewhat altered and distempered, and should otherways be in danger of falling sick; but drink one draught first, you will be the better for it, believe me upon mine honour." They at his request went to her burial and funeral obsequies. In the meanwhile, poor Gargantua, staying at home, and willing to have somewhat in remembrance of her to be engraven upon her tomb, made this epitaph, in the manner as followeth:

Dead is the noble Badebec,
Who had a face like a rebec;¹

¹ *A face like a rebec.*—A grotesque figure, or monstrous chimerical face, cut out in the upper part of a rebec, which is a three-stringed

A Spanish body, and a belly
Of Switzerland ¹; she died, I tell ye,
In childbirth. Pray to God, that her
He pardon wherein she did err.
Here lies her body, which did live
Free from all vice, as I believe;
And did decease at my bedside,
The year and day in which she died.

CHAPTER IV

OF THE INFANCY OF PANTAGRUEL

I FIND by the ancient historiographers and poets that divers have been born in this world after very strange manners, which would be too long to repeat: read therefore the seventh chapter of Pliny, if you have so much leisure. Yet have you never heard of any so wonderful as that of Pantagruel; for it is a very difficult matter to believe, how in little time he grew in both body and strength. That which Hercules did was nothing, when in his cradle he slew two serpents, for those serpents were but little and weak, but Pantagruel, being yet in the cradle, did far more admirable things, and more to be amazed at. I pass by here the relation of how at every one of his meals he supped up the milk of

fiddle. Thence *visage de rebec*, a dry, meagre, ugly face, like a mask, such as they frighten children with. (Ozell.)

¹ *A Spanish body, and a belly of Switzerland.*—Very lank upwards, but very tun-like below. (Ozell.)

four thousand and six hundred cows, and how, to make him a skillet to boil his milk in, there were set a work all the braziers of Saumaure in Anjou, of Villedieu in Normandy, and of Bramont in Lorraine. And they served in this whitepot-meat to him in a huge great bell, which is yet to be seen in the city of Bourges in Berry, near the palace; but his teeth were already so well grown, and so strengthened with vigour, that of the said bell he bit off a great morsel, as very plainly doth appear till this hour.

One day in the morning, when they would have made him suck one of his cows,—for he never had any other nurse, as the history tells us,—he got one of his arms loose from the swaddling-bands, wherewith he was kept fast in the cradle, laid hold on the said cow under the left fore ham, and grasping her to him, ate up her udder and half of her paunch, with the liver and the kidneys, and had devoured all up, if she had not cried out most horribly, as if the wolves had held her by the legs, at which noise company came in, and took away the said cow from Pantagruel. Yet could they not so well do it, but that the quarter whereby he caught her was left in his hand, of which quarter he gulped up the flesh in a trice, even with as much ease as you would eat a sausage, and that so greedily with desire of more, that, when they would have taken away the bone from him, he swallowed it down whole, as a cormorant would do a little fish; and afterwards began fumblingly to say, “Good, good, good”—for he could not yet speak plain—giving them to understand thereby that he had found it very good, and that he did lack but so much more. Which when

they saw that attended him, they bound him with great cable ropes, like those that are made at Tain, for the carriage of salt to Lyons: or such as those are whereby the great French ship rides at anchor in the road of Newhaven in Normandy. But on a certain time, a great bear, which his father had bred, got loose, came towards him, began to lick his face, for his nurses had not thoroughly wiped his chaps, at which unexpected approach being on a sudden offended, he as lightly rid himself of those great cables as Samson did of the hawser ropes wherewith the Philistines had tied him, and, by your leave, takes me up my lord the bear, and tears him to you in pieces like a pullet, which served him for a gorgeful, or good warm bit for that meal.

Whereupon Gargantua, fearing lest the child should hurt himself, caused four great chains of iron to be made to bind him, and so many strong wooden arches unto his cradle, most firmly stocked and morticed in huge frames. Of those chains you have one at Rochelle, which they draw up at night betwixt the two great towers of the haven. Another is at Lyons,—a third at Angiers,—and the fourth was carried away by the devils to bind Lucifer, who broke his chains in those days, by reason of a cholic that did extraordinarily torment him, taken with eating a serjeant's soul fried for his breakfast. And therefore you may believe that which Nicholas de Lyra saith upon that place of the Psalter, where it is written, *Et Og regem Basan*, that the said Og, being yet little, was so strong and robustious, that they were fain to bind him with chains of iron in his cradle. Thus continued Pantagrue for a while very

calm and quiet, for he was not able so easily to break those chains, especially having no room in the cradle to give a swing with his arms.

But see what happened once upon a great holiday that his father Gargantua made a sumptuous banquet to all the princes of his court. I am apt to believe that the menial officers of the house were so imbusied in waiting each on his proper service at the feast, that nobody took care of poor Pantagruel, who was left *à reculorum*, behind-hand, all alone and as forsaken.

What did he? Hark what he did, good people. He strove and essayed to break the chains of the cradle with his arms, but could not, for they were too strong for him. Then did he keep with his feet such a stamping stir, and so long, that at last he beat out the lower end of his cradle, which notwithstanding was made of a great post five foot in square; and as soon as he had gotten out his feet, he slid down as well as he could till he had got his soles to the ground, and then with a mighty force he rose up, carrying his cradle upon his back, bound to him like a tortoise that crawls up against a wall; and, to have seen him you would have thought it had been a great carrick of five hundred ton upon one end.

In this manner he entered into the great hall where they were banqueting, and that very boldly, which did much affright the company; yet, because his arms were tied in, he could not reach anything to eat, but with great pain stooped now and then a little, to take with the whole flat of his tongue some lick, good bit, or morsel. Which when

his father saw, he knew well enough that they had left him without giving him anything to eat, and therefore commanded that he should be loosed from the said chains, by the counsel of the princes and lords there present. Besides that, also, the physicians of Gargantua said that, if they did thus keep him in the cradle, he would be all his lifetime subject to the stone. When he was unchained, they made him to sit down, where, after he had fed very well, he took his cradle, and broke it into more than five hundred thousand pieces with one blow of his fist, that he struck in the midst of it, swearing that he would never come into it again.

CHAPTER V

OF THE ACTS OF THE NOBLE PANTAGRUEL IN HIS
YOUTHFUL AGE; AND HOW HE VISITED THE
DIVERS UNIVERSITIES OF FRANCE

THUS grew Pantagruel from day to day, and to every one's eye waxed more and more in all his dimensions, which made his father to rejoice by a natural affection. Therefore caused he to be made for him, whilst he was yet little, a pretty cross-bow, wherewith to shoot at small birds, which now they call the great cross-bow at Chantelle. Then he sent him to the school to learn, and to spend his youth in virtue. In the prosecution of which design he came first to Poictiers, where, as he studied and profited very much, he saw that the scholars were

oftentimes at leisure, and knew not how to bestow their time, which moved him to take such compassion on them, that one day he took from a long ledge of rocks, called there Passelourdin, a huge great stone, of about twelve fathom square, and fourteen handfuls thick, and with great ease set it upon four pillars in the midst of a field to no other end but that the said scholars, when they had nothing else to do, might pass their time in getting up on that stone, and feast it with store of gammons, pasties, and flagons, and carve their names upon it with a knife; in token of which deed till this hour the stone is called the lifted stone. And in remembrance hereof there is none entered into the register and matricular book of the said university, or accounted capable of taking any degree therein, till he have first drunk in the Caballine fountain of Croustelles, passed at Passelourdin,¹ and got up upon the lifted stone.

Afterwards, reading the delectable Chronicles of his Ancestors, he found that Geoffrey of Lusinian, called Geoffrey with the Great Tooth, grandfather to the cousin in law of the eldest sister of the aunt of the son in law of the uncle of the good daughter of his stepmother, was interred at Maillezais; therefore one day he took campos (which is a little vacation from study to play awhile), that he might give him a visit as unto an honest man. And going

¹ *Passelourdin*.—In *English*, the *Booby pass*. So they call a great rock, not far from Poitiers, where there is a very narrow hole on the edge of a precipice. Through this hole the newcomers of that university are made to pass by the other scholars, in order to season them. The same is done at Mantua, by making them pass under the arch of St. Longinus. (*Ozell*.)

from Poitiers with some of his companions, they passed by the Guge [Legugé] visiting the noble Abbot Ardillon: then by Lusignan, by Sansay, by Celles, by Colonges, by Fontenay the Conte, saluting the learned Tiraqueau, and from thence arrived at Maillezais, where he went to see the sepulchre of the said Geoffrey with the Great Tooth; which made him somewhat afraid, looking upon the picture, whose lively draughts did set him forth in the representation of a man in an extreme fury, drawing his great Malchus faulchion half-way out of his scabbard. When the reason hereof was demanded, the canons of the said place told him, that there was no other cause of it but that *Pictoribus atque poetis, etc.*, that is to say, that painters and poets have liberty to paint and devise what they list after their own fancy. But he was not satisfied with their answer, and said, "He is not thus painted without a cause, and I suspect that at his death there was some wrong done him, whereof he requireth his kindred to take revenge. I will enquire further into it, and then do what shall be reasonable." Then he returned not to Poitiers, but would take a view of the other Universities of France. Therefore, going to Rochelle, he took shipping and arrived at Bordeaux, where he found no great exercise, only now and then he would see some mariners and lightermen a wrestling on the quay or strand by the river side. From thence he came to Thoulouse, where he learned to dance very well, and to play with the two-handed sword, as the fashion of the scholars of the said university is to bestir themselves in games, whereof they may have their hands full: but he stayed not

long there, when he saw that they did cause burn their regents alive, like red herrings, saying, "Now God forbid that I should die this death! for I am by nature sufficiently dry already, without heating myself any further."

He went then to Montpellier, where he met with the good [wines] of Mirevaux, and good jovial company withal, and thought to have set himself to the study of physic; but he considered that that calling was too troublesome and melancholic, and that physicians did smell of glisters like old devils. Therefore he resolved he would study the laws; but seeing that there were but three scald, and one bald-pated legist in that place, he departed from thence, and in his way made the Bridge of Guard, and the Amphitheatre of Nismes, in less than three hours, which nevertheless seems to be a more divine than human work. After that he came to Avignon, where he was not above three days before he fell in love. Which his tutor and pedagogue Epistemon perceiving, he drew him out of that place, and brought him to Valence in the Dauphiny, where he saw no great matter of recreation, only that the lubbards of the town did beat the scholars, which so incensed him with anger that when, upon a certain very fair Sunday, the people being at their public dancing in the streets, and one of the scholars offering to put himself into the ring to partake of that sport, the aforesaid lubbardly fellows would not permit him the admittance into their society, he, taking the scholar's part, so belaboured them with blows, and laid such load upon them, that he drove them all before him, even to the brink of the river

Rhone, and would have there drowned them, but that they did squat to the ground and there lay, close a full half league under the river. The hole is to be seen there yet.

After that he departed from thence, and in three strides and one leap came to Angiers, where he found himself very well, and would have continued there some space, but that the plague drove them away. So from thence he came to Bourges, where he studied a good long time, and profited very much in the faculty of the laws, and would sometimes say, that the books of the civil law were like unto a wonderfully precious, royal, and triumphant cloth of gold, edged with dirt; for in the world are no goodlier books to be seen, more ornate, nor more eloquent than the texts of the Pandects, but the bordering of them, that is to say, the gloss of Accursius, is so scurvy, vile, base, and unsavoury, that it is nothing but filthiness and villainy.

Going from Bourges, he came to Orleans, where he found store of swaggering scholars that made him great entertainment at his coming, and with whom he learned to play at tennis so well, that he was a master at that game. For the students of the said place make a prime exercise of it. As for breaking his head with over-much study, he had an especial care not to do it in any case for fear of spoiling his eyes. Which he the rather observed, for that it was told him by one of his teachers, there called regents, that the pain of the eyes was the most hurtful thing of any to the sight. For this cause when he one day was made a licentiate, or graduate in law, one of the scholars of his acquaintance, who of learning

had not much more than his burden, though instead of that he could dance very well, and play at tennis, made the blazon and device of the licentiate in the said university, saying:

So you have in your hand a racket,
A tennis ball in your placket,
A Pandect law in your cap's tippet,
And that you have the skill to trip it
In a low dance, you will b' allowed
The grant of the licentiate's hood.

CHAPTER VI

HOW PANTAGRUEL MET WITH A LIMOUSIN WHO
TOO AFFECTEDLY DID COUNTERFEIT THE
FRENCH LANGUAGE

UPON a certain day, I know not when, Pantagruel walking after supper with some of his fellow-students without that gate of the city through which we enter on the road to Paris, encountered with a young spruce-like scholar that was coming upon the same very way, and, after they had saluted one another, asked him thus, "My friend, from whence comest thou now?" The scholar answered him, "From the alme, inclyte, and celebrate academy which is vocitated Lutetia." "What is the meaning of this?" said Pantagruel to one of his men. "It is," answered he, "from Paris." "Thou comest from Paris, then?" said Pantagruel; "and how do you spend your time there, you my masters the

students of Paris?" The scholar answered, "We transfretate the Sequane at the dilucul and crepuscul: we deambulate by the compites and quadrives of the urb; we despumate the Latial verbocination; and, like verisimilary amorabons, we captate the benevolence of the omnijugal, omniform, and omnigenal fœminine sex. Then we do cauponisate in the meritory tabernes of the Pine-apple, the Castle, the Magdalene, and the Mule, goodly vervecine spatules perforaminated with petrocile. And if by fortune there be rarity or penury of pecune in our marsupies, and that they be exhausted of ferruginean metal, for the shot we demit our codices, and op-pignerat our vestiments, whilst we prestolate the coming of the Tabellaries from the penates and patriotic lares." To which Pantagruel answered, "What devilish language is this? by the Lord! I think thou art some kind of heretic." "My lord, no," said the scholar; "for libentissimally, as soon as it illucesceth any minutule slice of the day, I demigrate into one of these so well architected minsters, and there, irrorating myself with fair lustral water, I mumble off little parcels of some missic precation of our sacrificuls, and, submurmuring my horary precules, I elevate and absterge my anime from its nocturnal inquisitions. I revere the olympicols. I latrially venere the supernal astripotent. I dilige and redame my proxims. I observe the decalogical precepts, and according to the facultatule of my vires, I do not discede from them one late unguicule. Nevertheless it is veriform, that because Mammona doth not supergurgitate anything in my loculs, that I am somewhat rare and lente to

supererogate the elemosynes to those egeants that hostially queritate their stipe."

"Prut, trut," said Pantagruel, "what doth this fool mean to say? I think he is upon the forging of some diabolical tongue, and that, enchanter-like, he would charm us." To whom one of his men said, "Without doubt, sir, this fellow would counterfeit the language of the Parisians, but he doth only flay the Latin, imagining by so doing that he doth highly Pindarize it in most eloquent terms, and strongly conceiteth himself to be therefore a great orator in the French, because he disdaineth the common manner of speaking." To which Pantagruel said, "Is it true?" The scholar answered, "My worshipful lord, my genie is not apt nate to that which this flagitious nebulon saith, to excoriate the cut[ic]le of our vernacular Gallic, but viceversally I gnave opere, and by veles and rames enite to lo-cupletate it with the Latinicome redundance." "By G—!" said Pantagruel, "I will teach you to speak. But first come hither, and tell me whence thou art?" To this the scholar answered, "The primeval origin of my aves and ataves was indigenary of the Lemovick regions, where requiesceth the corpor of the hagiostat St. Martial." "I understand thee very well," said Pantagruel. "When all comes to all, thou art a Limousin, and thou wilt here by thy affected speech counterfeit the Parisians. Well now, come hither, I must show thee a new trick, and handsomely give thee the combfeat." With this he took him by the throat, saying to him, "Thou flayest the Latin,—by St. John, I will make thee flay the fox, for I will now flay thee alive." Then

began the poor Limousin to cry, "Haw! gwid Maaster, Haw! Laord, my halp and St. Marshaw! Haw! I 'm worried! Haw! my thropple, the bean of my cragg is bruck! Haw! for Guad's seck! lawt my lean, Maaster; waw! waw! waw!" "Now," said Pantagruel, "thou speakest naturally," and so let him go, for the poor Limousin had totally betrayed and thoroughly soiled his breeches, which were not deep and large enough, but round strait cannioned gregs, having in the seat a piece like a keeling's tail, and therefore in French called *de chausses à queue de merlus*.¹ Then, said Pantagruel, "St. Alipantin! what civette! Fie! to the devil with this turnip-eater, how he stinks!" and so let him go. But this hug of Pantagruel's was such a terror to him all the days of his life, and took such deep impression in his fancy, that very often, distracted with sudden affrightments, he would startle and say that Pantagruel held him by the neck. Besides that it procured him a continual drought and desire to drink, so that after some few years he died of the death Roland, in plain English called thirst, a work of divine vengeance, showing us that which saith the philosopher, and Aulus Gellius, that it becometh us to speak according to the common language; and that we should, as said Octavian Augustus, strive to shun all strange and unknown terms with as much heedfulness and circumspection as pilots of ships use to avoid the rocks and banks in the sea.

¹ *Chausses à queue de merlus* : round breeches with strait cannions, having in the seat a peece like a fish's tayle; and worne by old men, schollers, and such like niggardlie, or needie persons. (*Cotgrave*.)

CHAPTER VII

HOW PANTAGRUEL CAME TO PARIS; AND HOW,
BEING AT PARIS, HE RECEIVED LETTERS FROM
HIS FATHER GARGANTUA; AND THE COPY OF
THEM

AFTER that Pantagruel had studied very well at Orleans, he resolved to see the great university at Paris. And at his entry every one came out to see him,—as you know well enough, that the people of Paris is sottish by nature, by B flat and B sharp,—and beheld him with great astonishment, mixed with no less fear that he would carry away the palace into some other country, *à remotis*, and far from them, as his father formerly had done the great peal of bells at Our Lady's Church, to tie about his mare's neck. . . . Pantagruel studied very hard, as you may well conceive, and profited accordingly; for he had an excellent understanding, and notable wit, together with a capacity in memory, equal to the measure of twelve oil budgets, or butts of olives. And, as he was there abiding one day, he received a letter from his father in manner as followeth:

Most dear Son, amongst the gifts, graces, and prerogatives with which the sovereign plasmator God Almighty hath endowed and adorned human nature at the beginning, that seems to me most singular and excellent, by which we may in a mortal estate attain to a kind of immortality, and in the course of this transitory life perpetuate our name and seed, which is done by a progeny issued from

us in the lawful bonds of matrimony. Whereby that in some measure is restored unto us, which was taken from us by the sin of our first parents, to whom it was said that, because they had not obeyed the commandment of God their Creator, they should die; and by death should be brought to nought that so stately frame and plasmature, wherein the man at first had been created.

But by this means of seminal propagation, there continueth in the children what was lost in the parents; and in the grandchildren that which perished in their fathers, and so successively until the day of the last judgment, when Jesus Christ shall have rendered up to God the Father His kingdom in a peaceable condition, out of all danger and contamination of sin:—for then shall cease all generations and corruptions, and the elements leave off their continual transmutations, seeing the so much desired peace shall be attained unto and enjoyed, and that all things shall be brought to their end and period. And, therefore, not without just and reasonable cause do I give thanks to God my Saviour and Preserver, for that He hath enabled me to see my bald old age reflourish in thy youth; for when, at His good pleasure, who rules and governs all things, my soul shall leave this mortal habitation, I shall not account myself wholly to die, but to pass from one place unto another, considering that, in and by that, I continue in my visible image living in the world, visiting and conversing with people of honour, and other my good friends, as I was wont to do. Which conversation of mine, although it was not without sin (because we are all of us trespassers,

and therefore ought continually to beseech His divine majesty to blot our transgressions out of His memory), yet was it by the help and grace of God, without all manner of reproach before men.

Wherefore, if those qualities of the mind but shine in thee, wherewith I am endowed, as in thee remaineth the perfect image of my body, thou wilt be esteemed by all men to be the perfect guardian and treasure of the immortality of our name. But, if otherwise, I shall truly take but small pleasure to see it, considering that the lesser part of me, which is the body, would abide in thee, and the best, to wit, that which is the soul, and by which our name continues blessed amongst men, would be degenerate and abastardised. This, I do not speak out of any distrust that I have of thy virtue, which I have heretofore already tried, but to encourage thee yet more earnestly to proceed from good to better; and that which I now write unto thee is not so much that thou shouldest live in this virtuous course, as that thou shouldest rejoice in so living and having lived, and cheer up thyself with the like resolution in time to come; to the prosecution and accomplishment of which enterprise and generous undertaking thou mayest easily remember how that I have spared nothing, but have so helped thee as if I had no other treasure in this world, but to see thee once in my life completely well-bred and accomplished, as well in virtue, honesty, and valour, as in all liberal knowledge and civility, and so to leave thee after my death as a mirror representing the person of me, thy father, and if not so excellent, and such indeed as I do wish thee, yet such in my desire.

But although my deceased father of happy memory, Grangousier, had bent his best endeavours to make me profit in all perfection and political knowledge, and that my labour and study was fully correspondent to, yea, went beyond his desire, nevertheless, as thou mayest well understand, the time then was not so proper and fit for learning as it is at present, neither had I plenty of such good masters as thou hast had. For that time was darksome, obscured with clouds of ignorance, and savouring a little of the infelicity and calamity of the Goths, who had, wherever they set footing, destroyed all good literature, which in my age hath by the divine goodness been restored unto its former light and dignity, and that with such amendment and increase of the knowledge, that now hardly should I be admitted unto the first form of the little grammar-school-boys—I say, I, who in my youthful days was, and that justly, reputed the most learned of that age. Which I do not speak in vain boasting, although I might lawfully do it in writing unto thee,—in verification whereof thou hast the authority of Marcus Tullius in his book of old age, and the sentence of Plutarch, in the book intituled, How a man may praise himself without envy,—but to give thee an emulous encouragement to strive yet further.

Now is it, that the minds of men are qualified with all manner of discipline, and the old sciences revived, which for many ages were extinct. Now it is, that the learned languages are to their pristine purity restored, viz., Greek, without which a man may be ashamed to account himself a scholar, Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldæan, and Latin. Printing likewise is

now in use, so elegant and so correct, that better cannot be imagined, although it was found out but in my time by divine inspiration, as by a diabolical suggestion on the other side, was the invention of ordnance.¹ All the world is full of knowing men, of most learned schoolmasters, and vast libraries; and it appears to me as a truth, that neither in Plato's time, nor Cicero's, nor Papinian's, there was ever such conveniency for studying, as we see at this day there is. Nor must any adventure henceforward to come in public, or present himself in company, that hath not been pretty well polished in the shop of Minerva. I see robbers, hangmen, freebooters, tapsters, ostlers, and such like, of the very rubbish of the people, more learned now than the doctors and preachers were in my time.

What shall I say? The very women and children have aspired to this praise and celestial manna of good learning. Yet so it is, that in the age I am now of, I have been constrained to learn the Greek tongue,—which I contemned not like Cato, but had not the leisure in my younger years to attend the study of it,—and take much delight in the reading of Plutarch's *Morals*, the pleasant *Dialogues* of Plato, the *Monuments* of Pausanias, and the *Antiquities* of Athenæus, in waiting on the hour wherein God my Creator shall call me, and command me to depart from this earth and transitory pilgrimage. Wherefore, my son, I admonish thee to employ thy youth to profit as well as thou canst, both in thy studies and in virtue. Thou art at Paris, where the

¹ Victor Hugo, in *Notre Dame de Paris*, has enlarged this one significant sentence into many chapters.

laudable examples of many brave men may stir up thy mind to gallant actions, and hast likewise for thy tutor and pedagogue the learned Epistemon, who, by his lively and vocal documents may instruct thee in the arts and sciences.

I intend, and will have it so, that thou learn the languages perfectly; first of all, the Greek, as Quintilian will have it; secondly, the Latin; and then the Hebrew, for the holy Scripture-sake; and then the Chaldee and Arabic likewise, and that thou frame thy style in Greek in imitation of Plato; and for the Latin, after Cicero. Let there be no history which thou shalt not have ready in thy memory;—unto the prosecuting of which design, books of cosmography will be very conducive, and help thee much. Of the liberal arts of geometry, arithmetic, and music, I gave thee some taste when thou wert yet little, and not above five or six years old. Proceed further in them, and learn the remainder if thou canst. As for astronomy, study all the rules thereof. Let pass, nevertheless, the divining and judicial astrology, and the art of Lullius, as being nothing else but plain abuses and vanities. As for the civil law, of that I would have thee to know the texts by heart, and then to confer them with philosophy.

Now, in matter of the knowledge of the works of nature, I would have thee to study that exactly; and that so there be no sea, river, nor fountain, of which thou dost not know the fishes; all the fowls of the air; all the several kinds of shrubs and trees, whether in forests or orchards; all the sorts of herbs and flowers that grow upon the ground; all the various metals that are hid within the bowels of the

earth; together with all the diversity of precious stones, that are to be seen in the orient and south parts of the world. Let nothing of all these be hidden from thee. Then fail not most carefully to peruse the books of the Greek, Arabian, and Latin physicians, not despising the Talmudists and Cabalists; and by frequent anatomies get thee the perfect knowledge of the other world, called the microcosm, which is man. And at some hours of the day apply thy mind to the study of the holy Scriptures; first in Greek, the New Testament, with the Epistles of the Apostles; and then the Old Testament in Hebrew. In brief, let me see thee an abyss and bottomless pit of knowledge: for from henceforward, as thou growest great and becomest a man, thou must part from this tranquillity and rest of study, thou must learn chivalry, warfare, and the exercises of the field, the better thereby to defend my house and our friends, and to succour and protect them at all their needs, against the invasion and assaults of evil-doers.

Furthermore, I will that very shortly thou try how much thou hast profited, which thou canst not better do than by maintaining publicly theses and conclusions in all arts, against all persons whatsoever, and by haunting the company of learned men, both at Paris and elsewhere. But because, as the wise man Solomon saith, "Wisdom entereth not into a malicious mind," and that knowledge [*science*] without conscience is but the ruin of the soul; it behoveth thee to serve, to love, to fear God, and on Him to cast all thy thoughts and all thy hope, and, by faith formed in charity, to cleave unto Him, so

that thou mayest never be separated from Him by thy sins. Suspect the abuses of the world. Set not thy heart upon vanity, for this life is transitory, but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever. Be serviceable to all thy neighbours, and love them as thyself. Reverence thy preceptors: shun the conversation of those whom thou desirest not to resemble; and receive not in vain the graces which God hath bestowed upon thee. And, when thou shalt see that thou hast attained to all the knowledge that is to be acquired in that part, return unto me, that I may see thee, and give thee my blessing before I die. My son, the peace and grace of our Lord be with thee, Amen.

From Utopia the 17 day of the month of March.

Thy father, Gargantua.

These letters being received and read, Pantagruel plucked up his heart, took a fresh courage to him, and was inflamed with a desire to profit in his studies more than ever, so that if you had seen him, how he took pains, and how he advanced in learning, you would have said that the vivacity of his spirit amidst the books was like a great fire amongst dry wood, so active it was, vigorous, and indefatigable.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW PANTAGRUEL FOUND PANURGE, WHOM HE
LOVED ALL HIS LIFE-TIME

ONE day as Pantagruel was taking a walk without the city, towards St. Anthony's abbey, discoursing and philosophating with his own servants, and some other scholars, [he] met with a young man of very comely stature, and surpassing handsome in all the lineaments of his body, but in several parts thereof most pitifully wounded; in such bad equipage in matter of his apparel, which was but tatters and rags, and every way so far out of order, that he seemed to have been a-fighting with mastiff-dogs, from whose fury he had made an escape, or, to say better, he looked, in the condition wherein he then was, like an apple-gatherer of the country of Perche.

As far off as Pantagruel saw him, he said to those that stood by, "Do you see that man there, who is a coming hither upon the road from Charenton-bridge? By my faith, he is only poor in fortune; for I may assure you, that by his physiognomy it appeareth, that nature hath extracted him from some rich and noble race, and that too much curiosity hath thrown him upon adventures, which possibly have reduced him to this indigence, want, and penury." Now as he was just amongst them, Pantagruel said unto him, "Let me entreat you, friend, that you may be pleased to stop here a little, and answer me to that which I shall ask you, and I am confident you will not think your time ill-bestowed; for I have an ex-

treme desire, according to my ability, to give you some supply in this distress, wherein I see you are; because I do very much commiserate your case, which truly moves me to great pity. Therefore, my friend, tell me, who you are? Whence you come? Whither you go? What you desire? And what your name is?" The companion answered him in the Dutch tongue, thus:

"Junker, Gott geb euch glück und heil zuvor. Lieber Junker, ich lasz euch wissen, das da ihr mich von fragt, ist ein arm und erbärmlich Ding, und wer viel darvon zu sagen, welches euch verdrüssig zu hören, und mir zu erzelen wer, wiewol die Poeten und Oratorn vorzeiten haben gesagt in ihren Sprüchen und Sentenzen, das die gedechtniss des elends und armuth vorlängst erlitten ist eine grosse Lust."

"My friend," said Pantagruel, "I have no skill in that gibberish of yours, therefore, if you would have us to understand you, speak to us in some other language." Then did the drole answer him thus:

"Albarildim gotfano dechmin brin alabo dordio falbroth ringuam albaras. Nin portzadikin almuca-tin milko prin alelmin en thoth dalheben ensouim: kuthin al dum alkatim nim broth dechoth porth min michais im endoth, pruch dalmaisoulum hol moth danfrihim lupaldas im voldemoth. Nin hur diavosth mnarbotim dalgousch palfrapin duch im scoth pruch galeth dal chinon, min foulchrich al conin brutathem doth dal prin." "Do you understand none of this?" said Pantagruel to the company. "I believe," said Epistemon, "that this is the language

of the Antipodes, and such a hard one, that the devil himself knows not what to make of it." "Then," said Pantagruel, "Gossip, I know not if the walls do comprehend the meaning of your words, but none of us here doth so much as understand one syllable of them." Then said my blade again :

"Signor mio, voi vedete per essemplio, che la cornamusa non suona mai, s'ella non ha il ventre pieno. Così io parimente non vi saprei contare le mie fortune, se prima il tribulato ventre non ha la solita refettione. Al quale è avviso che le mani et li denti habbiano perso il loro ordine naturale et del tutto annichilati." To which Epistemon answered, "As much of the one as of the other, and nothing of either." Then said Panurge :

"Lord, if you be so virtuous of intelligence, as you be naturally releaved to the body, you should have pity of me. For nature hath made us equal, but fortune hath some exalted, and others deprived ; nevertheless is virtue often deprived, and the virtuous men despised ; for before the last end none is good." "Yet less," said Pantagruel. Then said my jolly Panurge :

"Jona andie guaussa goussy etan beharda er remedio beharde versela ysser landa. Anbat es otoy

¹ *None is good.*—The following is the passage as it stands in the first edition. Urquhart seems to have rendered Rabelais's indifferent English into worse Scotch, and this, with probably the use of contractions in his MS., or "the oddness" of handwriting which he owns to, in his *Logopandecteison* (p. 419, Mait. Club Edit.), has led to a chaotic jumble, which it is nearly impossible to reduce to order. Instead of any attempt to do so, it is here given *verbatim*. "Lard gestholb besua virtuisbe intelligence : ass yi body scalbisbe natural

y es nausu ey nessassust gourray proposian ordine den. Non yssena bayta facheria egabe gen herassy badia sadassu noura assia. Aran hondavan gualde cydassu naydassuna. Estou oussyc eg vinan soury hien er darstura eguy harm. Genicoa plasar vadu."

"Are you there," said Eudemon, "Genicoa?" To this said Carpalim, "St. Trinian unstitch you, for I had almost understood it." Then answered Panurge:

"Prust frest frinst sorgdmand strochdi drhds pag brlelang Gravot Chavigny Pomardiere rusth pkal-dracg Devinierie pres Nays. Couille kalmuch monach drupp del meupplist rincq drlnd dodelb up drent loch minc stz rinq jald de vins ders cordelis bur jocst stzampenards."

"Do you speak Christian," said Epistemon, "or the buffoon language, otherwise called Patelinois?" "Nay, it is the puzlatory tongue," said another, "which some call Lanternois." Then said Panurge:

"Heere, ik en spreeke anders geen tael dan kersten taele: my dunkt noghtans, al en seg ik u niet een wordt, mynen noot verklaert genoegh wat ik begeere: geeft my uyt bermhertigheyt yets, waar van ik gevoet magh zyn." To which answered Pantagruel, "As much of that." Then said Panurge:

"Señor, de tanto hablar yo soy cansado, por que yo suplico a vuestra reverentia que mire a los preceptos evangelicos, para que ellos movan vuestra

reloth cholb suld osme pety have; for natur hass visse equally maide bot fortune sum exalti hesse andoyis deprevit: non yeless iviss mou virtiuss men decreviss for anen ye ladeniss non quid." Here is a morsel for critical ingenuity to fix its teeth in. (Note in the Maitland Club Edition of Urquhart's *Rabelais*, Edinboro, 1838.)

reverentia a lo que es deconscientia; y si ellos non basteren, para mover vuestra reverentia a piedad, yo suplico que mira a la piedad natural, la qual yo creo que le movera como es de razon: y con esso non digo mas."

[To which Pantagruel answered,] "Truly, my friend, I doubt not but you can speak divers languages; but tell us that which you would have us to do for you in some tongue which you conceive we may understand." Then said the companion:

"Min Herre, endog ieg med ingen tunge talede, ligesom bærn, cuskellige creatuure: Mine klædebon oc mit legoms magerhed uduiser alligeuel klarlig huad ting mig best behof gioris, som er sandelig mad oc dricke: Huorfor forbarme dig ofuer mig, oc befal at giue mig noguet, af huilcket ieg kand slyre min giændis mage, ligeruiis som mand *Cerbero* en suppe forsetter: Saa skalt du lefue længe oc lyck-salig."

"I think really," said Eusthenes, "that the Goths spoke thus of old, and that, if it pleased God, we would all of us speak so with our tails." Then again said Panurge:

"Adon, scalom lecha: im ischar harob hal hebdeca bimeherah thithen li kika lehem chanchat up laah al Adonai cho nen ral." To which answered Epistemon, "At this time have I understood him very well; for it is the Hebrew tongue most rhetorically pronounced." Then again said the gallant:

"Despota tinyn panagathe, dioti sy my ouk artodotis? horas gar limo analiscomenon eme athlion, ka en to metaxy me ouk eleis oudamos, zetis de par emou ha ou chre. Ke homos philologi pantes homo-

logousi tote logous te ke remata peritta hyparchin, opote pragma afto pasi delon esti. Entha gar anankei monon logi isin, hina pragmata (hon peri amphisbetoumen), me prosphoros epiphenete."

"What?" said Carpalim, Pantagruel's footman, "It is Greek, I have understood him. And how? hast thou dwelt any while in Greece?" Then said the drole again:

"Agonou dont oussys vous dedagnez algarou: nou den farou zamist vous mariston ulbrou, fousques, voubrol tant bredaguez moupreton den goulhoust, daguez daguez non cropys fost pardonnoflist nougrou. Agou paston tol nalprissys hourtou los echatonous, prou dhouquys brol pany gou den bascrou noudous caguons goulfren goul oustaroppassou."

"Methinks I understand him," said Pantagruel; for either it is the language of my country of Utopia, or sounds very like it. And, as he was about to have begun some purpose, the companion said:

"Jam toties vos per sacra, perque deos deasque omnes obtestatus sum, ut si qua vos pietas permovet, egestatem meam solaremini, nec hilum proficio clamans et ejulans. Sinite, quæso, sinite, viri impii, quo me fata vocant abire; nec ultra vanis vestris interpellationibus, obtundatis, memores veteris illius adagii, quo venter famelicus auriculis carere dicitur."

"Well, my friend," said Pantagruel, "but cannot you speak French?" "That I can do, sir, very well," said the companion, "God be thanked. It is my natural language and mother tongue; for I

was born and bred in my younger years in the garden of France, to wit, Touraine."

"Then," said Pantagruel, "tell us what is your name, and from whence you are come: for, by my faith, I have already stamped in my mind such a deep impression of love towards you, that, if you will condescend unto my will, you shall not depart out of my company, and you and I shall make up another couple of friends such as Æneas and Achates were." "Sir," said the companion, "my true and proper Christen name is Panurge, and now I come out of Turkey, to which country I was carried away prisoner at that time when they went to Metelin with a mischief. And willingly would I relate unto you my fortunes, which are more wonderful than those of Ulysses were; but, seeing that it pleaseth you to retain me with you, I most heartily accept of the offer, protesting never to leave you, should you go to all the devils in hell. We shall have therefore more leisure at another time, and a fitter opportunity wherein to report them; for at this present I am in a very urgent necessity to feed, my teeth are sharp, my belly empty, my throat dry, and my stomach fierce and burning, all is ready. If you will but set me to work, it will be as good as a balsamum for sore eyes to see me gulch and ravin it. For God's sake, give order for it." Then Pantagruel commanded that they should carry him home, and provide him good store of victuals; which being done, he ate very well that evening, and, capon-like, went early to bed, then slept until dinner-time the next day, so that he made but three steps and one leap from the bed to the board.

CHAPTER IX

OF THE QUALITIES AND CONDITIONS OF PANURGE;
OF HOW HE GAINED MONEY, AND
HOW HE SPENT IT

PANURGE was of a middle stature, not too high nor too low, and had somewhat an aquiline nose, made like the handle of a razor. He was at that time five and thirty years old, or thereabouts, fine to gild like a leaden dagger,—for he was a notable cheater and cony-catcher,—he was a very gallant and proper man of his person, only that he was a little lecherous, and naturally subject to a kind of disease which at that time they called lack of money,—it is an incomparable grief, yet, notwithstanding, he had threescore and three tricks to come by it at his need, of which the most honourable and most ordinary was in manner of thieving, secret purloining, and filching; for he was a wicked and lewd rogue, a cozener, drinker, royster, rover, and a very dissolute and debauched fellow, if there were any in Paris; otherwise, and in all matters else, the best and most virtuous man in the world; and he was still contriving some plot, and devising mischief against the serjeants and the watch.

At one time he assembled three or four especial good hacksters and roaring boys; made them in the evening drink like Templars, afterwards led them till they came under St. Genevieve, or about the college of Navarre, and, at the hour that the watch was coming up that way, which he knew by putting his sword upon the pavement, and his ear by it, and,

when he heard his sword shake, it was an infallible sign that the watch was near at that instant,—then he and his companions took a tumbrel or dung-cart, and gave it the brangle, hurling it with all their force down the hill, and so overthrew all the poor watchmen like pigs, and then ran away upon the other side; for in less than two days he knew all the streets, lanes, and turnings in Paris, as well as his *Deus det.*¹ . . .

One day I found Panurge very much out of countenance, melancholic, and silent, which made me suspect that he had no money, whereupon I said unto him, “Panurge, you are sick, as I do very well perceive by your physiognomy, and I know the disease. You have a flux in your purse; but take no care. I have yet seven pence half-penny, that never saw father or mother, which shall not be wanting, no more than the pox, in your necessity.” Whereunto he answered me, “Well, well, for money, one day I shall have but too much; for I have a philosopher’s stone, which attracts money out of men’s purses, as the adamant doth iron. But will you go with me to gain the pardons?” said he. “By my faith!” said I, “I am no great pardon-taker in this world—if I shall be any such in the other, I cannot tell; yet let us go, in God’s name! it is but one farthing more or less.” “But,” said he, “lend me then a farthing upon interest.” “No, no,” said I, “I will give it you freely and from my heart.” “*Grates vobis dominos,*” said he.

So we went along, beginning at St. Gervase, and

¹ Grace after meat.

I got the pardons at the first box only, for in those matters very little contenteth me. Then did I say my small suffrages, and the prayers of St. Brigid; but he gained them at all the boxes, and always gave money to every one of the pardoners. From thence we went to our Lady's church, to St. John's, to St. Anthony's, and so to the other churches, where there was a bank of pardons. For my part, I gained no more of them; but he at all the boxes kissed the relics, and gave at every one. To be brief, when we were returned, he brought me to drink at the castle tavern, and there showed me ten or twelve of his little bags full of money, at which I blest myself, and made the sign of the cross, saying, "Where have you recovered so much money in so little time?" Unto which he answered me, that he had taken it out of the basins of the pardons. "For in giving them the first farthing," said he, "I put it in with such sleight of hand, and so dexterously, that it appeared to be a three-pence; thus with one hand I took three-pence, nine-pence, or six-pence at the least, and with the other as much, and so through all the churches where we have been."

"Yea, but," said I, "you damn yourself like a snake, and are withal a thief and sacrilegious person." "True," said he, "in your opinion, but I am not of that mind; for the pardoners do give me it, when they say unto me, in presenting the relics to kiss, *Centuplum accipies*, that is, that for one penny I should take a hundred; for *accipies* is spoken according to the manner of the Hebrews, who use the future tense instead of the imperative, as you have

in the law, *Diliges Dominum*; that is, *Dilige*. Even so, when the pardon-bearer says to me, *Centuplum accipies*, his meaning is *Centuplum accipe*; and so doth Rabbi Kimy, and Rabbi Aben Ezra expound it, and all the Massorets, *et ibi Bartholus*. Moreover, Pope Sixtus gave me fifteen hundred francs of yearly pension, which in English money is a hundred and fifty pounds, upon his ecclesiastical revenues and treasure, for having cured him of a cankerous botch, which did so torment him, that he thought to have been a cripple by it all his life. Thus I do pay myself at my own hand, for otherwise I get nothing, upon the said ecclesiastical treasure. Ho, my friend," said he, "if thou didst know what advantage I made, and how well I feathered my nest, by the Pope's bull of the crusade, thou wouldest wonder exceedingly. It was worth to me above six thousand florins; in English coin six hundred pounds." "And what a devil is become of them?" said I; "for of that money thou hast not one half-penny." "They returned from whence they came," said he; "they did no more but change their master." . . . In brief, he had, as I said before, threescore and three ways to acquire money, but he had two hundred and fourteen to spend it, besides his drinking.

CHAPTER X

HOW PANTAGRUEL DEPARTED FROM PARIS, HEARING NEWS THAT THE DIPSODES HAD INVADDED THE LAND OF THE AMAUOTS

A LITTLE while after, Pantagruel heard news that his father Gargantua had been translated into the Land of the Fairies by Morgue, as heretofore were Ogier and Arthur; as also, that, the report of his translation being spread abroad, the Dipsodes had issued out beyond their borders, with inroads had wasted a great part of Utopia, and at that very time had besieged the great city of the Amauots. Whereupon departing from Paris, without bidding any man farewell, for the business required diligence, he came to Rouen. . . . Parting from Rouen, they arrived at Honfleur, where they took shipping, Pantagruel, Panurge, Epistemon, Eusthenes, and Carpalim. . . .

And, indeed, within an hour after that, the wind arose at the north-north-west, wherewith they hoisted sail, and put out, even into the main sea, so that within few days, passing by Porto Sancto, and by the Madeiras, they went ashore in the Canary Islands. Parting from thence, they passed by Capobianco, by Senegal, by Capoverde, by Gambia, by Sagres, by Meli, by the Cap di Buona Speranza, and set ashore again in the kingdom of Melinda. Parting from thence, they sailed away with a tramontan or northerly wind, passing by Meden, by Uti, by Uden, by Gelasim,¹ by the Isles of the Fairies, and amongst the kingdom of Achory, till at last they

¹ Nothing, Not-at-all, None, and Joke-Land.

arrived at the port of Utopia, distant from the city of the Amaurots three leagues and somewhat more.

When they were ashore, and pretty well refreshed, Pantagrue said, "Gentlemen, the city is not far from hence, therefore were it not amiss, before we set forward, to advise well what is to be done, that we be not like the Athenians, who never took counsel until after the fact. Are you resolved to live and die with me?" "Yes, sir," said they all, "and be as confident of us as of your own fingers." "Well," said he, "there is but one thing that keeps my mind in great doubt and suspense, which is this, that I know not in what order nor of what number the enemy is that layeth siege to the city; for, if I were certain of that, I should go forward, and set on with the better assurance. Let us, therefore, consult together and bethink ourselves by what means we may come to this intelligence." Whereunto they all said, "Let us go thither and see, and stay you here for us; for this very day, without further respite, do we make account to bring you a certain report thereof."

"Myself," said Panurge, "will undertake to enter into their camp, within the very midst of their guards, unespied by their watch, and merrily feast and lecher it at their cost, without being known of any, to see the artillery and the tents of all the captains, and thrust myself in with a grave and magnificent carriage, amongst all their troops and companies, without being discovered. The devil would not be able to peck me out with all his circumventions, for I am of the race of Zopyrus."¹

¹ *Zopyrus*.—A friend of Darius, King of Persia. According to the

“And I,” said Epistemon, “know all the plots and stratagems of the valiant captains and warlike champions of former ages, together with all the tricks and subtleties of the art of war. I will go, and, though I be detected and revealed, I will escape, by making them believe of you whatever I please, for I am of the race of Sinon.”

“I,” said Eusthenes, “will enter and set upon them in their trenches, in spite of their sentries, and all their guards; for I will tread upon their bellies, and break their legs and arms, yea, though they were every whit as strong as the devil himself, for I am of the race of Hercules.”

“And I,” said Carpalim, “will get in there, if the birds can enter, for I am so nimble of body, and light withal, that I shall have leaped over their trenches, and ran clean through all their camp, before that they perceive me: neither do I fear shot, nor arrow, nor horse, how swift soever, were he the Pegasus of Perseus, or Pacolet, being assured that I shall be able to make a safe and sound escape before them all, without any hurt. I will undertake to walk upon the ears of corn, or grass in the meadows, without making either of them do so much as bow under me, for I am of the race of Camilla the Amazon.”

story, he cut off his nose and ears, and went among the Babylonians, whom Darius was besieging, pretending to have been thus mutilated by Darius himself. He obtained possession of the Babylonian secrets, and made possible the capture of the city. (*Moland.*)

CHAPTER XI

HOW PANURGE, CARPALIM, EUSTHENES, AND EPIS-
TEMON, THE GENTLEMEN ATTENDANTS OF
PANTAGRUEL, VANQUISHED AND DISCOMFITED
SIX HUNDRED AND THREESCORE HORSEMEN
VERY CUNNINGLY

AS he was speaking this, they perceived six hundred and threescore light horsemen, gallantly mounted, who made an outrode thither, to see what ship it was that was newly arrived in the harbour, and came in a full gallop to take them if they had been able. Then said Pantagruel, "My lads, retire yourselves unto the ship, here are some of our enemies coming apace, but I will kill them here before you like beasts, although they were ten times so many; in the meantime, withdraw yourselves, and take your sport at it." Then answered Panurge, "No, Sir, there is no reason that you should do so, but, on the contrary, retire you unto the ship, both you and the rest, for I alone will here discomfit them; but we must not linger, come, set forward." Whereunto the others said, "It is well advised, Sir, withdraw yourself, and we will help Panurge here, so shall you know what we are able to do." Then said Pantagruel, "Well, I am content, but, if that you be too weak, I will not fail to come to your assistance."

With this Panurge took two great cables of the ship, and tied them to the kemstock or capstan which was on the deck towards the hatches, and fastened them in the ground, making a long cir-

cuit, the one further off, the other within that. Then said he to Epistemon, "Go aboard the ship, and when I give you a call, turn about the capstan upon the orlop diligently, drawing unto you the two cable-ropes;" and said to Eusthenes, and to Carpalim, "My bullies, stay you here, and offer yourselves freely to your enemies. Do as they bid you, and make as if you would yield unto them, but take heed you come not within the compass of the ropes—be sure to keep yourselves free of them." And presently he went aboard the ship, and took a bundle of straw, and a barrel of gunpowder, strowed it round about the compass of the cords, and stood by with a brand of fire, or match lighted in his hand.

Presently came the horsemen with great fury, and the foremost ran almost home to the ship, and, by reason of the slipperiness of the bank, they fell, they and their horses, to the number of four and forty; which the rest seeing, came on, thinking that resistance had been made them at their arrival. But Panurge said unto them, "My masters, I believe that you have hurt yourselves, I pray you pardon us, for it is not our fault, but the slipperiness of the sea-water, that is always flowing [unctuous]; we submit ourselves to your good pleasure." So said likewise his two other fellows, and Epistemon that was upon the deck.

In the meantime Panurge withdrew himself, and seeing that they were all within the compass of the cables, and that his two companions were retired, making room for all those horses which came in a crowd, thronging upon the neck of one another to see the ship, and such as were in it, cried out on a

sudden to Epistemon, "Draw, draw!" Then began Epistemon to wind about the capstan, by doing whereof the two cables so entangled and impestered the legs of the horses, that they were all of them thrown down to the ground easily, together with their riders. But they seeing that, drew their swords, and would have cut them; whereupon Panurge set fire to the train, and there burnt them up all like damned souls, both men and horses, not one escaping save one alone, who, being mounted on a fleet Turkey courser, by mere speed in flight got himself out of the circle of the ropes. But when Carpalim perceived him, he ran after him, with such nimbleness and celerity, that he overtook him in less than a hundred paces; then leaping close behind him upon the crupper of his horse, clasped him in his arms, and brought him back to the ship.

This exploit being ended, Pantagruel was very jovial, and wondrously commended the industry of these gentlemen, whom he called his fellow-soldiers, and made them refresh themselves, and feed well and merrily upon the sea-shore, and drink heartily with their bellies upon the ground,¹ and their prisoner with them, whom they admitted to that familiarity; only that the poor devil was somewhat afraid that Pantagruel would have eaten him up whole, which, considering the wideness of his mouth, and capacity of his throat, was no great matter for him to have done; for he could have done it as easily as you would eat a small comfit, he showing no more

¹ In the original, *ventre à terre*, which Urquhart has translated literally. The meaning is, "unrestrainedly, with might and main," as a horse galloping "belly to the ground."

in his throat than would a grain of millet-seed in the mouth of an ass.

CHAPTER XII

HOW PANTAGRUEL GOT THE VICTORY VERY STRANGELY OVER THE DIPSODES AND THE GIANTS

AFTER all this talk, Pantagruel took the prisoner to him, and sent him away, saying, "Go thou unto thy king in his camp, and tell him tidings of what thou hast seen, and let him resolve to feast me to-morrow about noon; for as soon as my galleys shall come, which will be to-morrow at furthest, I will prove unto him by eighteen hundred thousand fighting men, and seven thousand giants, all of them greater than I am, that he hath done foolishly and against reason, thus to invade my country." Wherein Pantagruel feigned that he had an army at sea. But the prisoner answered, that he would yield himself to be his slave, and that he was content never to return to his own people, but rather with Pantagruel to fight against them, and for God's sake besought him, that he might be permitted so to do. Whereunto Pantagruel would not give consent, but commanded him to depart thence speedily and be gone, as he had told him, and to that effect gave him a box full of euphorbium, together with some grains of the black cameleon thistle, steeped into aqua vitæ, and made up into the condiment of

a wet sucket, commanding him to carry it to his king, and say unto him, that, if he were able to eat one ounce of that without drinking after it, he might then be able to resist him, without any fear or apprehension of danger.

The prisoner then besought him with joined hands, that in the hour of the battle he would have compassion upon him. Whereat Pantagruel said unto him, "After that thou hast delivered all unto the king, put thy whole confidence in God, and He will not forsake thee; because, although for my part I be mighty, as thou mayest see, and have an infinite number of men in arms, I do nevertheless trust neither in my force nor in mine industry, but all my confidence is in God my Protector, who doth never forsake those that in Him do put their trust and confidence." This done, the prisoner requested him, that he would afford him some reasonable composition for his ransom. To which Pantagruel answered, that his end was not to rob nor ransom men, but to enrich them, and reduce them to total liberty. "Go thy way," said he, "in the peace of the living God! and never follow evil company, lest some mischief befall thee."

The prisoner being gone, Pantagruel said to his men, "Gentlemen, I have made this prisoner believe that we have an army at sea, as also, that we will not assault them till to-morrow at noon, to the end that they, doubting of the great arrival of our men, may spend this night in providing and strengthening themselves, but in the meantime my intention is, that we charge them about the hour of the first sleep."

Let us leave Pantagruel here with his apostles, and speak of King Anarchus and his army. When the prisoner was come, he went unto the king, and told him how there was a great giant come, called Pantagruel, who had overthrown, and made to be cruelly roasted, all the six hundred and nine and fifty horsemen, and he alone escaped to bring the news. Besides that, he was charged by the said giant to tell him, that the next day, about noon, he must make a dinner ready for him, for at that hour he was resolved to set upon him. Then did he give him that box wherein were those comfitures. But, as soon as he had swallowed down one spoonful of them, he was taken with such a heat in the throat, together with an ulceration in the flap of the top of the windpipe, that his tongue peeled with it, in such sort that, for all they could do unto him, he found no ease at all, but by drinking only without cessation; for as soon as ever he took the goblet from his head, his tongue was on a fire, and therefore they did nothing but still pour in wine into his throat with a funnel.

Which, when his captains, bashaws, and guard of his body did see, they tasted of the same drugs, to try whether they were so thirst-procuring and alterative or no. But it so befell them as it had done their king, and they plied the flagon so well, that the noise ran throughout all the camp, how the prisoner was returned,—that the next day they were to have an assault,—that the king and his captains did already prepare themselves for it, together with his guards, and that with carousing lustily, and quaffing as hard as they could. Every man,

therefore, in the army began to tipple, ply the pot, swill and guzzle it as fast as they could. In sum, they drunk so much, and so long, that they fell asleep like pigs, all out of order throughout the whole camp.

Let us now return to the good Pantagruel, and relate how he carried himself in this business. When he was come near to the enemy's camp, Pantagruel said to Carpalim, "Go into the city, scrambling like a cat up against the wall, as you can well do, and tell them, that now presently they come out, and charge their enemies as rudely as they can, and, having said so, come down, taking a lighted torch with you, wherewith you shall set on fire all the tents and pavilions in the camp, then cry as loud as you are able with your great voice, and then come away from thence." "Yea, but," said Carpalim, "were it not good to cloy all their ordnance?" "No, no," said Pantagruel, "only blow up all their powder."

Carpalim, obeying him, departed suddenly, and did as he was appointed by Pantagruel, and all the combatants came forth that were in the city, and, when he had set fire in the tents and pavilions, he passed so lightly through them, and so highly and profoundly did they snort and sleep, that they never perceived him. He came to the place where their artillery was, and set their munition on fire. But here was the danger. The fire was so sudden, that poor Carpalim had almost been burnt. And, had it not been for his wonderful agility, he had been fried like a roasting pig. But he departed away so speedily, that a bolt or arrow out of a crossbow

could not have had a swifter motion. When he was clear of their trenches, he shouted aloud, and cried out so dreadfully, and with such amazement to the hearers, that it seemed all the devils of hell had been let loose. At which noise the enemies awaked, but can you tell how? Even no less astonished than are monks at the ringing of the first peal to matins.

Oh! who were able now condignly to relate how Pantagruel did demean himself against the three hundred giants! Oh! my Muse, my Calliope, my Thalia, inspire me at this time, restore unto me my spirits; for this is the logical bridge of asses! Here is the pitfall, here is the difficulty, to have ability enough to express the horrible battle that was fought. Ah! would to God that I had now a bottle of the best wine that ever those drank, who shall read this so veridical history!

The giants carried away their King Anarchus upon their backs, as well as they could, out of the fort, as Æneas did to his father Anchises, in the time of the conflagration of Troy. When Panurge perceived them, he said to Pantagruel, "Sir, yonder are the giants coming forth against you, lay on them with your mast gallantly like an old fencer; for now is the time that you must show yourself a brave man and an honest. And for our part we will not fail you. I myself will kill to you a good many boldly enough; for why! David killed Goliah very easily, and then this great lecher Eusthenes, who is stronger than four oxen, will not spare himself. Be of good courage, therefore, and valiant, charge amongst them with point and edge, and by all manner of means." "Well," said Pantagruel, "of courage I have more—

than for fifty francs, but let us be wise, for Hercules first never undertook against two." "That is well scummered," said Panurge; "do you compare yourself with Hercules? You have, by G—, more strength in your teeth than ever Hercules had in all his body and soul. So much is a man worth as he esteems himself."

Whilst they spake those words, behold Loupgarou was come with all his giants, who, seeing Pantagruel in a manner alone, was carried away with temerity and presumption, for hopes that he had to kill the good man. Whereupon he said to his companions the giants, "You [clowns] of the low country, by Mahoom! if any of you undertake to fight against these men here, I will put you cruelly to death. It is my will, that you let me fight single. In the meantime you shall have good sport to look upon us."

Then all the other giants retired with their king to the place where the flagons stood, and Panurge and his comrades with them, who counterfeited those that have had the pox, for he writhed about his mouth, shrunk up his fingers, and with a harsh and hoarse voice said unto them, "I forsake 'od, fellow-soldiers, if I would have it to be believed that we make any war at all. Give us somewhat to eat with you, whiles our masters fight against one another." To this the king and giants jointly condescended, and accordingly made them to banquet with them. In the meantime, Panurge told them the follies of Turpin, the examples of St. Nicholas, and the Tale of a Tub.

Loupgarou then set forward towards Pantagruel,

with a mace all of steel, and that of the best sort, weighing nine thousand seven hundred quintals, and two quarterons, at the end whereof were thirteen pointed diamonds, the least whereof was as big as the greatest bell of our Lady's Church at Paris,—there might want perhaps the thickness of a nail, or at most, that I may not lie, of the back of those knives which they call cut-lugs or ear-cutters, but for a little off or on, more or less, it is no matter,—and it was enchanted in such sort, that it could never break; but, contrarily, all that it did touch did break immediately. Thus, then, as he approached with great fierceness and pride of heart, Pantagruel, casting up his eyes to heaven, recommended himself to God with all his soul, making such a vow as followeth:

“O Thou Lord God, who hast always been my Protector, and my Saviour! Thou seest the distress wherein I am at this time. Nothing brings me hither but a natural zeal, which Thou hast permitted unto mortals, to keep and defend themselves, their wives and children, country and family, in case Thy own proper cause were not in question, which is the faith; for in such a business Thou wilt have no coadjutors, only a catholic confession and service of Thy word, and hast forbidden us all arming and defence. For Thou art the Almighty, who in Thine own cause, and where Thine own business is taken [in hand], canst defend it far beyond all that we can conceive, Thou who hast thousand thousands of hundreds of millions of legions of angels, the least of which is able to kill all mortal men, and turn about the heavens and earth at his pleasure, as heretofore it

very plainly appeared in the army of Sennacherib. If it may please Thee, therefore, at this time to assist me, as my whole trust and confidence is in Thee alone, I vow unto Thee, that in all countries whatsoever, wherein I shall have any power or authority, whether in this of Utopia, or elsewhere, I will cause Thy holy gospel to be purely, simply, and entirely preached, so that the abuses of a rabble of hypocrites¹ and false prophets, who by human constitutions and depraved inventions have im-poisoned all the world, shall be quite exterminated from about me."

This vow was no sooner made, but there was heard a voice from heaven, saying, *Hoc fac et vinces*: that is to say, "Do this, and thou shalt overcome."

Then Pantagruel,² seeing that Loupgarou with his mouth wide open was drawing near to him, went against him boldly, and cried out as loud as he was able, "Thou diest, villain, thou diest!" purposing by his horrible cry to make him afraid, according to the discipline of the Lacedæmonians. Withal, he immediately cast at him out of his bark, which he wore at his girdle, eighteen cags and four bushels of salt, wherewith he filled both his mouth, throat, nose, and eyes. At this Loupgarou was so highly incensed, that, most fiercely setting upon him, he thought even then with a blow of his mace to have beat out his brains. But Pantagruel was very nim-

¹ In the French, *papelards*—"popelets."

² The following description of Pantagruel's battle with Loupgarou is a direct imitation of the fight between Sir Lionel and the Giant of the Golden Mane, in *Perceforest*. Rabelais here rivals Cervantes in his satire on the mediæval romances, seventy years before *Don Quixote*.

ble, and had always a quick foot, and a quick eye, and therefore with his left foot did he step back one pace, yet not so nimbly but that the blow, falling upon the bark, broke it in four thousand fourscore and six pieces, and threw all the rest of the salt about the ground.

Pantagruel, seeing that, most gallantly displayed the vigour of his arms, and according to the art of the axe, gave him with the great end of his mast a home-thrust a little above the breast; then, bringing along the blow to the left side, with a slash struck him between the neck and shoulders. After that, advancing his right foot, he gave him a push upon the couillons with the upper end of his said mast, wherewith breaking the scuttle, on the top thereof, he spilt three or four puncheons of wine that were left therein.

Upon that, Loupgarou thought that he had pierced his bladder. Pantagruel, being not content with this, would have doubled it by a side-blow; but Loupgarou, lifting up his mace, advanced one step upon him, and with all his force would have dashed it upon Pantagruel, wherein, to speak the truth, he so sprightly carried himself, that, if God had not succoured the good Pantagruel, he had been cloven from the top of his head to the bottom of his milt. But the blow glanced to the right side, by the brisk nimbleness of Pantagruel, and his mace sank into the ground above threescore and thirteen feet, through a huge rock, out of which the fire did issue greater than nine thousand and six tons.

Pantagruel, seeing him busy about plucking out his mace, which stuck in the ground between the

rocks, ran upon him, and would have clean cut off his head, if by mischance his mast had not touched a little against the stock of Loupgarou's mace, which was enchanted, as we have said before. By this means his mast broke off about three handfuls above his hand, whereat he stood amazed like a bell-founder, and cried out, "Ah, Panurge! where art thou?" Panurge, seeing that, said to the king and the giants, "By G—, they will hurt one another if they be not parted." But the giants were as merry as if they had been at a wedding.

Then Pantagrue, thus destitute of a staff, took up the end of his mast, striking athwart and alongst upon the giant, but he did him no more hurt than you would do with a fillip upon a smith's anvil. In the [mean] time Loupgarou was drawing his mace out of the ground, and, having already plucked it out, was ready therewith to have struck Pantagrue, who, being very quick in turning, avoided all his blows, in taking only the defensive part in hand, until on a sudden he saw that Loupgarou did threaten him with these words, saying, "Now, villain, will not I fail to chop thee as small as minced meat, and keep thee henceforth from ever making any more poor men athirst!" Then, without any more ado, Pantagrue struck him such a blow with his foot against the belly, that he made him fall backwards, his heels over his head, and dragged him thus along above a flight-shot. Then Loupgarou cried out, bleeding at the throat, "Mahoom! Mahoom! Mahoom!" at which noise all the giants arose to succour him. But Panurge said unto them, "Gentlemen, do not go, if you will believe me, for

our master is mad, and strikes athwart and alongst, he cares not where; he will do you a mischief." But the giants made no account of it, seeing that Pantagruel had never a staff.

And when Pantagruel saw those giants approach very near unto him, he took Loupgarou by the two feet, and lifted up his body like a pike in the air, wherewith it being harnished with anvils, he laid such heavy load amongst those giants armed with free-stone, that, striking them down as a mason doth little knobs of stones, there was not one of them that stood before him, whom he threw not flat to the ground. And by the breaking of this stony armour there was made such a horrible rumble, as put me in mind of the fall of the butter-tower of St. Stephen's at Bourges when it melted before the sun. Panurge, with Carpalim and Eusthenes, did cut in the meantime the throats of those that were struck down, in such sort that there escaped not one. Pantagruel to any man's sight was like a mower, who with his scythe, which was Loupgarou, cut down the meadow-grass, to wit, the giants; but, with this fencing of Pantagruel's Loupgarou lost his head, which happened when Pantagruel struck down one whose name was Riflandouille or Pudding-plunderer, who was armed cap-a-pie with Grison-stones, one chip whereof splintering abroad cut off Epistemon's neck clean and fair. For otherwise the most part of them were but lightly armed with a kind of sandy brittle stone, and the rest with slates. At last, when he saw that they were all dead, he threw the body of Loupgarou, as hard as he could, against the city, where, falling like a frog upon his

belly in the great piazza thereof, he with the said fall killed a singed he-cat, a wet she-cat, and a bridled goose.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW EPISTEMON, WHO HAD HIS HEAD CUT OFF,
WAS FINELY HEALED BY PANURGE, AND OF
THE NEWS WHICH HE BROUGHT FROM THE
DEVILS, AND OF THE DAMNED PEOPLE IN HELL

THIS gigantal victory being ended, Pantagruel withdrew himself to the place of the flagons, and called for Panurge and the rest, who came unto him safe and sound, except Eusthenes, whom one of the giants had scratched a little in the face, whilst he was about the cutting of his throat, and Epistemon, who appeared not at all. Whereat Pantagruel was so aggrieved, that he would have killed himself; but Panurge said unto him, "Nay, sir, stay a while, and we will search for him amongst the dead, and find out the truth of all." Thus as they went seeking after him, they found him stark dead, with his head between his arms all bloody. Then Eusthenes cried out, "Ah, cruel Death! hast thou taken from me the perfectest among men?" At which words Pantagruel rose up with the greatest grief that ever any man did see, and said to Panurge, "Ha! my friend, the prophecy of your two glasses, and the javelin staff, was a great deal too deceitful." But Panurge answered, "My dear bullies all, weep not

one drop more, for he being yet all hot, I will make him as sound as ever he was." In saying this, he took the head, and held it warm foregainst his braguette, that the wind might not enter into it. Eusthenes and Carpalim carried the body to the place where they had banqueted, not out of any hope that ever he would recover, but that Pantagruel might see it.

Nevertheless Panurge gave him very good comfort, saying, "If I do not heal him, I will be content to lose my head, which is a fool's wager. Leave off therefore crying, and help me." Then cleansed he his neck very well with pure white wine, and after that took his head, and into it synapised some powder of diamerdis, which he always carried about him in one of his bags. Afterwards he anointed it with I know not what ointment, and set it on very just, vein against vein, sinew against sinew, and spondyl against spondyl, that he might not be wry-necked, for such people he mortally hated.¹ This done, he gave it round about some fifteen or sixteen stitches with a needle, that it might not fall off again, then, on all sides and everywhere, he put a little ointment on it, which he called resuscitative.

Suddenly Epistemon began to breathe, then opened his eyes, yawned, sneezed. Whereupon Panurge said, "Now, certainly, he is healed,"—and therefore gave him to drink a large full glass of strong white wine with a sugared toast. In this fashion was Epistemon finely healed, only that he

¹ Alluding to *monks*; especially to the Cordeliers, who went about hanging their heads, in real or pretended devoutness. Rabelais criticises this again in Book IV.

was somewhat hoarse for above three weeks together, and had a dry cough of which he could not be rid, but by the force of continual drinking. And now he began to speak, and said that he had seen the devil, had spoken with Lucifer familiarly, and had been very merry in hell, and in the Elysian fields, affirming very seriously before them all, that the devils were boon companions and merry fellows. But in respect of the damned, he said he was very sorry that Panurge had so soon called him back into this world again; "For," said he, "I took wonderful delight to see them." "How so?" said Pantagruel. "Because they do not use them there," said Epistemon, "so badly as you think they do. Their estate and condition of living is but only changed after a very strange manner; for I saw Alexander the Great there, mending and patching on clouds upon old breeches and stockings, whereby he got but a very poor living.

"Xerxes was a crier of mustard.

"Romulus a salter, and patcher of pattens.¹

"Numa, a nailsmith.

"Tarquin, a porter.²

"Piso, a clownish swain.³

"Sylla, a ferryman.

"Cyrus, a cowherd.

"Themistocles, a glass-maker.

¹ *A salter and patcher of pattens.*—Rabelais says only *saunier*, salt merchant. Sir T. U. has given him an additional trade to mend his commons. (*Ozell.*)

² *Tarquin, a porter.*—*Tacquin* being a porter in French, Rabelais quibbles upon *Tacquin* and *Tarquin*. (*Ozell.*)

³ *Piso, a clownish swain.*—The like on *Piso* and peasant. (*Ozell.*)

“Epaminondas, a maker of mirrors or looking-glasses.

“Brutus and Cassius, surveyors or measurers of land.

“Demosthenes, a vine-dresser.

“Cicero, a fire-kindler.

“Fabius, a threader of beads.

“Artaxerxes, a rope-maker.

“Æneas, a miller.¹ . . .

“Hannibal, a kettle-maker and seller of egg-shells.

“Priamus, a seller of old clouts.

“Lancelot of the Lake was a flayer of dead horses.

“All the Knights of the Round Table were poor day-labourers, employed to row over the rivers of Cocytus, Phlegeton, Styx, Acheron, and Lethe, when my lords the devils had a mind to recreate themselves upon the water, as in the like occasion are hired the boatmen at Lyons, the gondoliers of Venice, and oars of London.² But with this difference, that these poor knights have only for their fare a bob or flirt on the nose, and, in the evening, a morsel of coarse, mouldy bread.

[“The twelve peers of France are there, and do nothing I could see, but earn their living by enduring many a thump, box, wherret, fillip, and great hard fisticuff upon the teeth.]³

“Trajan was a fisher of frogs.

“Antoninus, a lackey.

¹ *Æneas, a miller.*—He carried his father out of Troy, like a miller with a sack of meal at his back. (*Ozell.*)

² The last four words are added by Urquhart.

³ This paragraph is lacking in Urquhart and in some of the French editions.

“Commodus, a jet-maker.¹

“Pertinax, a peeler of walnuts.

“Lucullus, a maker of rattles and hawks’ bells.

“Justinian, a pedlar.

“Hector, a snap-sauce scullion.

“Paris was a poor beggar.

“Cambyses, a mule-driver.

“Nero, a base blind fiddler, or player on that instrument which is called a windbroach. Fierabras was his serving-man, who did him a thousand mischievous tricks, and would make him eat of the brown bread, and drink of the turned wine, when himself did both eat and drink of the best.

“Julius Cæsar and Pompey were boat-wrights and tighters of ships.

“Pope Julius was a crier of pudding pies, but he left off wearing there his great buggerly beard.

“John of Paris was a greaser of boots.

“Arthur of Britain, an ungreaser of caps.

“Pierce Forest,² a carrier of fagots.

“Pope Boniface the Eighth, a scummer of pots.

“Pope Nicholas the Third, a maker of paper.³

. . . [etc., etc.]⁴

¹In French *gayetier*.—Unquestionably this word may have the meaning which Urquhart gives it, being derived from *gayet*, jet. Ozell, however, makes bold to change Urquhart’s translation to “bag-piper,” and adds the following note: “Sir T. U. mistakes the sense of Rabelais’s *gayetier*, and translates it jet-maker, but *gayta*, in Spanish, signifies a bagpipe, and *gaytero*, one that plays on that frouzy, musty instrument.”

²*Pierce Forest*, i. e., *Perceforest*, hero of the romance of that name.

³*Nicolas pape tiers était papetier*.—The pun is evidently untranslatable.

⁴In the original, the list occupies several pages.

“Dido did sell mushrooms.

“Penthesilea sold cresses.

“Lucretia was an ale-house-keeper.

“Hortensia, a spinstress.

“Livia, a grater of verdigreece.

“After this manner, those that had been great lords and ladies here, got but a poor scurvy wretched living there below. And, on the contrary, the philosophers and others, who in this world had been altogether indigent and wanting, were great lords there in their turn. I saw Diogenes there strut it out most pompously, and in great magnificence, with a rich purple gown on him, and a golden sceptre in his right hand. And, which is more, he would now and then make Alexander the Great mad, so enormously would he abuse him, when he had not well patched his breeches; for he used to pay his skin with sound bastinadoes. I saw Epicte-tus there most gallantly apparelled after the French fashion, sitting under a pleasant arbour, with store of handsome gentlewomen, frolicking, drinking, dancing, and making good cheer, with abundance of crowns of the sun. Above the lattice were written these verses for his device :

“ ‘ To leap and dance, to sport and play,
And drink good wine both white and brown,
Or nothing else do all the day
But tell bags full of many a crown.’ ”

“When he saw me, he invited me to drink with him very courteously, and I being willing to be entreated, we tiddled and chopined together most theologically. In the meantime came Cyrus to beg

one farthing of him for the honour of Mercury, therewith to buy a few onions for his supper. 'No, no,' said Epictetus, 'I do not use in my alms-giving to bestow farthings. Hold, thou varlet! there 's a crown for thee, be an honest man.' Cyrus was exceeding glad to have met with such a booty; but the other poor rogues, the kings that are there below, as Alexander, Darius, and others, stole it away from him by night.

"I saw Pathelin, the treasurer of Rhadamanthus, who, in cheapening the pudding pies that Pope Julius cried, asked him how much a dozen? 'Three blanks,' said the Pope. 'Nay,' said Pathelin, 'three blows with a cudgel! Lay them down here, you rascal, and go fetch more.' The poor Pope went away weeping, who, when he came to his master the pie-maker, told him that they had taken away his pudding pies. Whereupon his master gave him such a sound lash with an eel-skin, that his own would have been worth nothing to make bag-pipe-bags of.

"I saw Master John le Maire there personate the Pope, in such fashion, that he made all the poor kings and popes of this world kiss his feet; and, taking great state upon him, gave them his benediction, saying, 'Get the pardons, rogues, get the pardons, they are good cheap. I absolve you of bread and pottage, and dispense with you to be never good for anything.' Then calling Caillet and Triboulet to him, he spoke these words, 'My lords the cardinals, dispatch their bulls, to wit, to each of them a blow with a cudgel upon the reins.' Which, accordingly, was forthwith performed.

"I heard Master Francis Villon ask Xerxes, 'How much the mess of mustard?' 'A farthing,' said Xerxes. To which the said Villon answered, 'The pox take thee for a villain! As much of square-eared wheat is not worth half that price, and now thou offerest to enhance the price of victuals.' "

"Well," said Pantagruel, "reserve all these fair stories for another time, only tell us how the usurers are there handled." "I saw them," said Epistemon, "all very busily employed in seeking of rusty pins and old nails in the kennels of the streets, as you see poor wretched rogues do in this world. But the quintal, or hundredweight, of this old iron ware is there valued but at the price of a cantle¹ of bread, and yet they have but a very bad dispatch and riddance in the sale of it. Thus the poor misers are sometimes three whole weeks without eating one morsel or crumb of bread, and yet work both day and night, looking for the fare to come. Nevertheless, of all this labour, toil, and misery, they reckon nothing, so cursedly active they are in the prosecution of that their base calling, in hopes, at the end of the year, to earn some scurvy penny by it."

"Come," said Pantagruel, "let us now make ourselves merry one bout, and drink, my lads, I beseech you, for it is very good drinking all this month." Then did they uncask their flagons by heaps and dozens, and with their leaguer-provision made excellent good cheer. But the poor King Anarchus

¹ *Cantle*, piece, corner. Cf. Shakespeare, 1st *Henry IV.*, Act III., Sc. 1 :

And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.

could not all this while settle himself towards any fit of mirth; whereupon Panurge said, "Of what trade shall we make my lord the king here, that he may be skilful in the art, when he goes thither to sojourn amongst all the devils of hell?" "Indeed," said Pantagruel, "that was well advised of thee. Do with him what thou wilt, I give him to thee." "Grammercy," said Panurge, "the present is not to be refused, and I love it from you."

CHAPTER XIV

THE CONCLUSION OF THIS PRESENT BOOK, AND THE EXCUSE OF THE AUTHOR

NOW, my masters, you have heard a beginning of the horrific history of my lord and master Pantagruel. Here will I make an end of the first book. My head aches a little, and I perceive that the registers of my brain are somewhat jumbled and disordered with this septembral juice. You shall have the rest of the history at Frankfort mart next coming,¹ and there shall you see, how Panurge was married and made a cuckold within a month after his wedding: how Pantagruel found out the philosopher's stone, the manner how he found it, and the way how to use it: how he passed over the Caspian mountains, and how he sailed through the Atlantic sea, defeated the Cannibals, and conquered the isles

¹ The annual book-market.

of Pearls: how he married the daughter of the King of India, called [Prester John]. How he visited the regions of the moon, to know whether indeed the moon were not entire and whole, or if the women had three quarters of it in their heads; and a thousand other little merriments all veritable. These are brave things truly. Good-night, gentlemen. *Perdonate mi*, and think not so much upon my faults, that you forget your own.

If you say to me, "Master, it would seem that you were not very wise in writing to us these flim-flam stories, and pleasant fooleries"; I answer you, that you are not much wiser to spend your time in reading them. Nevertheless, if you read them to make yourselves merry, as in manner of pastime I wrote them, you and I are both far more worthy of pardon, than a great rabble of squint-minded fellows, dissembling and counterfeit saints, demure lookers, hypocrites, pretended zealots, tough friars, buskin monks, and other such sects of men, who disguise themselves like maskers to deceive the world. For, whilst they give the common people to understand that they are busied about nothing but contemplation and devotion in fastings, and maceration of their sensuality,—and that only to sustain and aliment the small frailty of their humanity,—it is so far otherwise, that, on the contrary, God knows what cheer they make; *Et curios simulant, sed Bacchanalia vivunt*. You may read it in great letters in the colouring of their red snouts, and gulching bellies as big as a tun, unless it be when they perfume themselves with sulphur. As for their study, it is wholly taken up in reading of

Pantagruelin books, not so much to pass the time merrily, as to hurt some one or other mischievously, to wit, in articling, sole articling, wry-neckifying, buttock-stirring, ballocking, and diaboliculating, that is calumniating. Wherein they are like unto the poor rogues of a village, that are busy in stirring up and scraping in the ordure and filth of little children, in the season of cherries and guinds,¹ and that only to find the kernels, that they may sell them to the druggists, to make thereof pomander oil.

Fly from these men, abhor and hate them as much as I do, and upon my faith you will find yourselves the better for it. And if you desire to be good Pantagruelists, that is to say, to live in peace, joy, health, making yourselves always merry, never trust those men that always peep out at one hole.²

¹ “*Guisnes*.—A kind of little, sweet, and long cherries; tearmed so, because at first they came out of Guyenne; also, any kind of cherries.” (*Cotgrave*.)

² “Monkes, or fryeres (by reason of their cowles).” (*Cotgrave*.)

THE THIRD BOOK
OF THE
HEROICK DEEDS AND SAYINGS OF THE GOOD
PANTAGRUEL

FRANCIS RABELAIS
TO THE SOUL OF THE QUEEN OF NAVARRE

Abstracted soul, ravish'd with ecstasies,
Gone back, and now familiar in the skies,
Thy former host, thy body, leaving quite,
Which to obey thee always took delight,—
Obsequious, ready,—now from motion free,
Senseless, and, as it were, in apathy,
Would'st thou not issue forth, for a short space,
From that divine, eternal heavenly place,
To see the third part, in this earthy cell,
Of the brave acts of good Pantagruel?

[*The author aforesaid begs of his kindly readers,
that they reserve their laughter unto the eight-and-
seventieth book.*]

THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE

TO

THE THIRD BOOK

GOOD people, most illustrious drinkers, and you thrice precious gouty gentlemen, did you ever see Diogenes, the cynic philosopher? If you have seen him, you then had your eyes in your head, or I am very much out of my understanding and logical sense. It is a gallant thing to see the clearness of (wine, gold) the sun. I'll be judged by the blind born, so renowned in the sacred Scriptures, who, having at his choice to ask whatever he would from Him who is Almighty, and whose word in an instant is effectually performed, asked nothing else but that he might see. Item, you are not young, which is a competent quality for you to philosophat more than physically in wine, not in vain, and henceforwards to be of the Bacchic Council; to the end that opining there, you may give your opinion faithfully of the substance, colour, excellent odour, eminency, propriety, faculty, virtue, and effectual dignity of the said blessed and desired liquor.

If you have not seen him, as I am easily induced to believe that you have not, at least you have heard some talk of him. For through the air, and the

whole extent of this hemisphere of the heavens, hath his report and fame, even until this present time, remained very memorable and renowned. Then all of you are derived from the Phrygian blood,¹ if I be not deceived. If you have not so many crowns as Midas had, yet have you something,² I know not what, of him, which the Persians of old esteemed more of in all their otacusts,³ and which was more desired by the Emperor Antonine; and gave occasion thereafter to the Basilisco⁴ at Rohan to be sur-named Goodly Ears.

If you have not heard of him, I will presently tell you a story to make your wine relish. Drink, then,—so, to the purpose. Hearken now whilst I give you notice, to the end that you may not, like infidels, be by your simplicity abused, that in his time he was a rare philosopher, and the cheerfullest of a thousand. If he had some imperfection, so have you, so have we; for there is nothing, but God, that is perfect. Yet so it was, that by Alexander the Great, although he had Aristotle for his instructor and domestic, was he held in such estimation, that he wished, if he had not been Alexander, to have been Diogenes the Sinopian.

When Philip, King of Macedon, enterprised the siege and ruin of Corinth, the Corinthians having

¹ *The Phrygian blood.*—Rabelais laughs at his countrymen, who even in his time continued such simpletons as to believe their kings, and themselves too, descended in a direct line from Priam and the Trojans, on the bare credit of that liar Hunibalde, and some other historians, who copied after him. (*Ozell.*)

² That is, long ears—asses' ears.

³ Spies, informers (*ωρακουστai*).

⁴ A heavy cannon.

received certain intelligence by their spies, that he with a numerous army in battle rank was coming against them, were all of them, not without cause, most terribly afraid; and therefore were not neglective of their duty, in doing their best endeavours to put themselves in a fit posture to resist his hostile approach and defend their own city.

Some from the fields brought into the fortified places their movables, bestial, corn, wine, fruit, victuals, and other necessary provision.

Others did fortify and rampire their walls, set up little fortresses, bastions, squared ravelins, digged trenches, cleansed countermines, fenced themselves with gabions, contrived platforms, emptied case-mates, barricadoed the false brays, erected the cavaliers, repaired the contrescarpes, plaistered the courtines, lengthened ravelins, stopped parapets, mortaised barbicans, assured the port-culleys, fastened the herses, sarasinesques, and cataracts, placed their sentries, and doubled their patrol. Every one did watch and ward, and not one was exempted from carrying the basket. Some polished corselets, varnished backs and breasts, cleaned the head-pieces, mail-coats, brigandines,¹ salades,² helmets, morions, jacks, gushets, gorgets, hoguines, brassars and cuissars, corslets, haubergeons, shields, bucklers, targets, greaves, gauntlets, and spurs. Others made ready bows, slings, cross-bows, pellets, catapults, migraines or fire-balls, fire-brands, balists, scorpions, and other such warlike engines, expugnatory and destructive to the Hellepolides. They sharpened and prepared spears, staves, pikes, brown bills,

¹ Body-armour of jointed plates.

² Head-pieces.

halberts, long hooks, lances, zagayes,¹ quarterstaves, eel-spears, partisans, troutstaves, clubs, battle-axes, maces, darts, dartlets, glaves, javelins, javelots, and truncheons. They set edges upon scimetars, cutlasses, badelaires,² back-swords, tucks, rapiers, bayonets, arrow-heads, dags, daggers, mandousians,³ poniards, whynyards, knives, skeanes, shables, chipping knives, and raillons.⁴ . . .

Diogenes seeing them all so warm at work, and himself not employed by the magistrates in any business whatsoever, he did very seriously, for many days together, without speaking one word, consider and contemplate the countenance of his fellow-citizens.

Then on a sudden, as if he had been roused up and inspired by a martial spirit, he girded his cloak, scarf-wise, about his left arm, tucked up his sleeves to the elbow, trussed himself like a clown gathering apples, and giving to one of his old acquaintance his wallet, books, and opistographs, away went he out of town towards a little hill or promontory of Corinth called [the] Cranie, and there on the strand, a pretty level place, did he roll his jolly tub, which served him for a house to shelter him from the injuries of the weather; there, I say in a great vehe-

¹ "*Zagaye* : a fashion of slender, long, and long-headed pike, used by the Moorish horsemen." (*Cotgrave*.)

² "*Badelaire* : a short and broad back-sword, bending towards the point like a Turkish scimitar." (*Cotgrave*.)

³ *Mandousians*.—Very short swords, supposed to be called so from a certain Spanish nobleman of the house of Mendoza, who first brought them in. (*Ozell*.)

⁴ "*Fer de fleche à raillons* : A shoot-head ; a forked or barbed head." (*Cotgrave*.)

mency of spirit, did he turn it, veer it, wheel it, frisk it, jumble it, shuffle it, huddle it, tumble it, hurry it, jolt it, jumble it, overthrow it, evert it, invert it, subvert it, overturn it, beat it, thwack it, bump it, batter it, knock it, thrust it, push it, jerk it, shock it, shake it, toss it, throw it, overthrow it, upside down, topsiturvy, arsiturvy, tread it, trample it, stamp it, tap it, ting it, ring it, tingle it, towl it, sound it, resound it, stop it, shut it, unbung it, close it, unstopple it.¹ And then again in a mighty bustle he bandied it, slubbered it, hacked it, whittled it, wayed it, darted it, hurled it, staggered it, reeled it, swunged it, brangled it, tottered it, lifted it, heaved it, transformed it, transfigured it, transposed it, transplacéd it, reared it, raised it, hoised it, washed it, dighted it, cleansed it, rinsed it, nailed it, settled it, fastened it, shackled it, fettered it, levelled it, blocked it, tugged it, tewed it, carried it, bedashed it, bewrayed it, parched it, mounted it, broached it, nicked it, notched it, bespattered it, decked it, adorned it, trimmed it, garnished it, gauged it, furnished it, bored it, pierced it, trapped it, rumbled it, slid it down the hill, and precipitated it from the very height of the Cranie; then from the foot to the top (like another Sisyphus with his stone), bore it up again, and every way so banged it and belaboured it, that it was ten thousand to one he had not struck the bottom of it out.

Which when one of his friends had seen, and asked him why he did so toil his body, perplex his

¹ Urquhart has here very closely imitated Rabelais's torrent of words, paying more attention, however, to their sound and fury than to the exact sense of each.

spirit, and torment his tub? the philosopher's answer was, That, not being employed in any other charge by the Republic, he thought it expedient to thunder and storm it so tempestuously upon his tub, that, amongst a people so fervently busy, and earnest at work, he alone might not seem a loitering slug and lazy fellow.

To the same purpose may I say of myself,

Though I be rid from fear
I am not void of care.

For perceiving no account to be made of me towards the discharge of a trust of any great concernment, and considering that through all the parts of this most noble kingdom of France, both on this and on the other side of the mountains, every one is most diligently exercised and busied,—some in the fortifying of their own native country, for its defence,—others in the repulsing of their enemies by an offensive war¹; and all this with a policy so excellent, and such admirable order, so manifestly profitable for the future, whereby France shall have its frontiers most magnifically enlarged, and the Frenches assured of a long and well-grounded peace, that very little withholds me from the opinion of good Heraclitus, which affirmeth war to be the father of all good things; and therefore do I believe that war is in Latin called *bellum* not by antiphrasis, as some patchers of old rusty Latin would have us to think, because in war there is little beauty to be seen; but

¹ This prologue to the third book, first published in 1546, was probably written in 1542, when all France was preparing for the fourth war between Francis I. and Charles V.

absolutely and simply, for that in war appeareth all that is good and graceful, and that by the wars is purged out all manner of wickedness and deformity. For proof whereof the wise and pacific Solomon could no better represent the unspeakable perfection of the divine wisdom, than by comparing it to the due disposure and ranking of an army in battle array, well provided and ordered.

Therefore, by reason of my weakness and inability, being reputed by my compatriots unfit for the offensive part of warfare; and, on the other side, being no way employed in matter of the defensive, although it had been but to carry burdens, fill ditches, or break clods, either whereof had been to me indifferent, I held it not a little disgraceful to be only an idle spectator of so many valorous, eloquent, and warlike persons, who in the view and sight of all Europe act this notable interlude or tragi-comedy, and not make some effort towards the performance of this, nothing at all remains for me to be done.¹ In my opinion, little honour is due to such as are mere lookers on, liberal of their eyes, and of their [strength parsimonious; who conceal their] crowns, and hide their silver; scratching their head with one finger like grumbling puppies,² gaping at the flies³ like tithe calves; clapping down their ears like Arcadian asses at the melody of musicians, who with

¹ The last part of this sentence, after *tragi-comedy*, should read: "and not use my utmost endeavour, and consume therein this nothing (my all) which remained to me."

² *Landores desgoustés*.—"Landores: A rude clowne, gazing hoydon, staring lowt; also, a leaden fellowe, poore sneakesbie, man of dowgh. Normand." (*Cotgrave*.)

³ See the note on page 19.

their very countenances in the depth of silence express their consent to the *prosopopeia*. Having made this choice and election, it seemed to me that my exercise therein would be neither unprofitable nor troublesome to any, whilst I should thus set a going my Diogenical tub, which is all that is left me safe from the shipwreck of my former misfortunes.

At this dingle-dangle wagging of my tub, what would you have me to do? By the Virgin that tucks up her sleeve, I know not as yet! Stay a little, till I suck up a draught of this bottle; it is my true and only Helicon; it is my Caballine Fountain; it is my sole enthusiasm. Drinking thus, I meditate, discourse, resolve, and conclude. After that the epilogue is made, I laugh, I write, I compose, and drink again. Ennius drinking wrote, and writing drank. Æschylus, if Plutarch in his *Symposiacs* merit any faith, drank composing, and drinking composed. Homer never wrote fasting, and Cato never wrote till after he had drunk. These passages I have brought before you, to the end you may not say that I live without the example of men well praised, and better prized. It is good and fresh enough, even as if you would say, it is entering upon the second degree. God, the good God Sabaoth, that is to say, the God of armies, be praised for it eternally! If you after the same manner would take one great draught, or two little ones, whilst you have your gown about you, I truly find no kind of inconveniency in it, provided you send up to God for all some small scantling of thanks.

Since then my luck or destiny is such as you have

heard,—for it is not for everybody to go to Corinth, —I am fully resolved to be so little idle and unprofitable, that I will set myself to serve the one and the other sort of people. Amongst the diggers, pioneers, and rampire-builders, I will do as did Neptune and Apollo, at Troy, under Laomedon, or as did Renault of Montauban in his latter days: I will serve the masons, I 'll set on the pot to boil for the bricklayers; and whilst the minced meat is making ready at the sound of my small pipe, I 'll measure the muzzle of the musing dotards. Thus did Amphion with the melody of his harp found, build, and finish the great and renowned city of Thebes.

For the use of the warriors I am about to broach of new my barrel to give them a taste (which by two former volumes of mine, if by the deceitfulness and falsehood of printers, they had not been jumbled, marred, and spoiled, you would have very well relished), and draw unto them, of the growth of our own trippery pastimes, a gallant third part of a gallon, and consequently a jolly cheerful quart of Pantagruelic sentences, which you may lawfully call, if you please, Diogenical; and shall have me, seeing I cannot be their fellow-soldier, for their faithful butler, refreshing and cheering, according to my little power, their return from the alarms of the enemy; as also for an indefatigable extoller of their martial exploits and glorious achievements. I shall not fail therein, *par lapathium acutum*¹ *de Dieu*; if Mars [March] fail not in Lent, which the cunning lecher, I warrant you, will be loth to do.

¹ A bitter plant. Rabelais is punning on the “bitter passion” of the Crucifixion.

I remember nevertheless to have read, that Ptolemy, the son of Lagus, one day amongst the many spoils and booties, which by his victories he had acquired, presenting to the Egyptians, in the open view of the people, a Bactrian camel all black, and a party-coloured slave, in such sort, as that the one half of his body was black, and the other white, not in partition of breadth by the diaphragma, as was that woman consecrated to the Indian Venus, whom the Tyanean philosopher did see between the river Hydaspes and Mount Caucasus, but in a perpendicular dimension of altitude; which were things never before that seen in Egypt. He expected by the show of these novelties to win the love of the people.

But what happened thereupon? At the production of the camel they were all affrighted, and offended at the sight of the party-coloured man,—some scoffed at him as a detestable monster brought forth by the error of nature,—in a word, of the hope which he had to please these Egyptians, and by such means to increase the affection which they naturally bore him, he was altogether frustrate and disappointed; understanding fully by their deportments, that they took more pleasure and delight in things that were proper, handsome, and perfect, than in misshapen, monstrous, and ridiculous creatures. Since which time he had both the slave and the camel in such dislike that very shortly thereafter, either through negligence, or for want of ordinary sustenance, they did exchange their life with death.

This example putteth me in a suspense between

hope and fear, misdoubting that, for the contentment which I aim at, I will but reap what shall be most distasteful to me: my cake will be dough, and for my Venus I shall have but some deformed puppy;¹ instead of serving them, I shall but vex them, and offend them whom I purpose to exhilarate; resembling, in this dubious adventure, Euclion's [cock],² so renowned by Plautus in his *Pot*, and by Ausonius in his *Griphon*, and by divers others; which cock, for having by his scraping discovered a treasure, had his hide well curried. Put the case I get no anger by it, though formerly such things fell out, and the like may occur again. Yet, by Hercules, it will not. So I perceive in them all one and the same specifical form, and the like individual proprieties, which our ancestors called Pantagruelism; by virtue whereof they will bear with anything that floweth from a good, free, and loyal heart. I have seen them ordinarily take good will in part of payment, and remain satisfied therewith, when one was not able to do better.

Having dispatched this point, I return to my barrel. Up, my lads, to this wine, spare it not! Drink, boys, and trowl it off at full bowls! If you do not think it good, let it alone. I am not like those officious and importunate sots, who by force, outrage, and violence constrain an easy good-natured fellow to whiffle, quaff, carouse, and what is worse.

¹ *Puppy*.—*Canis*, among the ancients, was a cast of dice losing all; the ace point. *Venus* was the best cast, three sixes. (*Ozell*, after *Duchat*.)

² The original edition of Urquhart, both here and two lines below, reads *cook*. This is probably not Urquhart's error, but rather due to the just-mentioned "deceitfulness and falsehood of printers."

All honest tipplers, all honest gouty men, all such as are a-dry, coming to this little barrel of mine, need not drink thereof, if it please them not; but if they have a mind to it, and that the wine prove agreeable to the tastes of their worshipful worships, let them drink, frankly, freely, and boldly, without paying anything, and welcome. This is my decree, my statute and ordinance. And let none fear there shall be any want of wine, as at the marriage of Cana in Galilee; for how much soever you shall draw forth at the faucet, so much shall I tun in at the bung. Thus shall the barrel remain inexhaustible; it hath a lively spring, and perpetual current.

Such was the beverage contained within the cup of Tantalus,—which was figuratively represented amongst the Brachman sages. Such was in Iberia the mountain of salt, so highly written of by Cato. Such was the branch of gold consecrated to the subterranean goddess, which Virgil treats of so sublimely. It is a true cornu-copia of merriment and raillery. If at any time it seems to you to be emptied to the very lees, yet shall it not for all that be drawn wholly dry. Good hope remains there at the bottom, as in Pandora's bottle; and not despair, as in the puncheon of the Danaids. Remark well what I have said, and what manner of people they be whom I do invite; for, to the end that none be deceived, I, in imitation of Lucilius, who did protest that he wrote only to his own Tarentines and Consentines, have not pierced this vessel for any else, but you, honest men, who are drinkers of the first edition, and gouty blades of the highest degree.

The great dorophages,¹ bribemongers,² have on their hands occupation enough, and enough on the hooks for their venison. There may they follow their prey; here is no garbage for them. You pettifoggers, garblers, and masters of chicanery, speak not to me, I beseech you. As for hypocrites, much less; although they were all of them unsound in body, pockified, scurvy, furnished with unquenchable thirst, and insatiable eating. [And wherefore?] Because, indeed, they are not of good but of evil, and of that evil from which we daily pray to God to deliver us. And albeit we see them sometimes counterfeit devotion, yet never did old ape make pretty moppet. Hence, mastiffs, dogs in a doublet! get you behind! aloof, villains! out of my sunshine; curs, to the devil! Look, here is the cudgel which Diogenes, in his last will, ordained to be set by him after his death, for beating away, crushing the reins, and breaking the backs of these bustuary hobgoblins, and Cerberian hellhounds. Pack you hence, therefore, you hypocrites! to your sheep, dogs! get you gone, you dissemblers, to the devil! Hay! What! are you there yet? I renounce my part of Papimanie, if I snatch you, Grr, Grrr, Grrrrr. Avaunt, Avaunt! Will you not be gone?

¹ *Dorophages*.—Devourers of gifts—alluding to judges and lawyers.

² “*Avalleurs de frimats*.—Cousening knaves, idle companions, loytering rogues; also, a nickname for judges; who using to rise, and goe abroad early, swallow a great deale of mist in their dayes.” (*Cotgrave*.)

CHAPTER I

HOW PANTAGRUEL TRANSPORTED A COLONY OF UTOPIANS INTO DIPSODY

PANTAGRUEL having wholly subdued the land of Dipsody, transported thereunto a colony of Utopians to the number of 9,876,543,210 men, besides the women and little children, artificers of all trades, and professors of all sciences, to people, cultivate, and improve that country, which otherwise was ill inhabited, and in the greatest part thereof but a mere desert and wilderness; and did transport them [not] so much for the excessive multitude of men and women, which were in Utopia multiplied, for number, like grasshoppers upon the face of the land. . . . Nor yet was this transplantation made so much for the fertility of the soil, the wholesomeness of the air, or commodity of the country of Dipsody, as to retain that rebellious people within the bounds of their duty and obedience, by this new transport of his ancient and most faithful subjects, who, from all time out of mind, never knew, acknowledged, owned, or served any other sovereign lord but him; and who likewise, from the very instant of their birth, as soon as they were entered into this world, had, with the milk of their mothers and nurses, sucked in the sweetness, humanity, and mildness of his government, to which they

were all of them so nourished and habituated, that there was nothing surer, than that they would sooner abandon their lives than swerve from this singular and primitive obedience naturally due to their prince, whithersoever they should be dispersed or removed.

And not only should they and their children successively descending from their blood, be such, but also would keep and maintain in this same fealty, and obsequious observance, all the nations lately annexed to his empire; which so truly came to pass, that therein he was not disappointed of his intent. For if the Utopians were, before their transplantation thither, dutiful and faithful subjects, the Dipsodes, after some few days' conversing with them, were every whit as, if not more, loyal than they; and that by virtue of I know not what natural fervency incident to all human creatures, at the beginning of any labour wherein they take delight: solemnly attesting the heavens, and supreme intelligences, of their being only sorry, that no sooner unto their knowledge had arrived the great renown of the good Pantagruel.

Remark therefore here, honest drinkers, that the manner of preserving and retaining countries newly conquered in obedience, is not, as hath been the erroneous opinion of some tyrannical spirits to their own detriment and dishonour, to pillage, plunder, force, spoil, trouble, oppress, vex, disquiet, ruin, and destroy the people, ruling, governing, and keeping them in awe with rods of iron;¹ and, in a

¹ Alluding perhaps to the ideas of Machiavelli's *Il Principe*, which had been recently published (1532), and to their introduction into France by Catherine de' Medici.

word, eating and devouring them, after the fashion that Homer calls an unjust and wicked king, *Δημόβορον*, that is to say, a devourer of his people.

I will not bring you to this purpose the testimony of ancient writers. It shall suffice to put you in mind of what your fathers have seen thereof, and yourselves too, if you be not very babes. New-born, they must be given suck to, rocked in a cradle, and dangled. Trees newly planted must be supported, underpropped, strengthened, and defended against all tempests, mischiefs, injuries, and calamities. And one lately saved from a long and dangerous sickness, and new upon his recovery, must be forborne, spared, and cherished, in such sort that they may harbour in their own breasts this opinion, that there is not in the world a king or prince, who does not desire fewer enemies, and more friends.

Thus Osiris, the great King of the Egyptians, conquered almost the whole earth, not so much by force of arms as by easing the people of their troubles, teaching them how to live well, and honestly giving them good laws, and using them with all possible affability, courtesy, gentleness, and liberality. Therefore was he by all men deservedly entituled The Great King Euergetes, that is to say, Benefactor, which style he obtained by virtue of the command of Jupiter to [one] Pamyla.

And in effect, Hesiod, in his Hierarchy, placed the good demons (call them angels if you will, or Geniuses), as intercessors and mediators betwixt the gods and men, they being of a degree inferior to the gods, but superior to men. And for that through their hands the riches and benefits we get from

heaven are dealt to us, and that they are continually doing us good, and still protecting us from evil, he saith, that they exercise the offices of kings; because to do always good, and never ill, is an act most singularly royal.

Just such another was the emperor of the universe, Alexander the Macedonian. After this manner was Hercules sovereign possessor of the whole continent, relieving men from [monsters], oppressions, exactions, and tyrannies; governing them with discretion, maintaining them in equity and justice, instructing them with seasonable policies and wholesome laws, convenient for and suitable to the soil, climate, and disposition of the country, supplying what was wanting, abating what was superfluous, and pardoning all that was past, with a sempiternal forgetfulness of all preceding offences; as was the amnesty of the Athenians, when by the prowess, valour, and industry of Thrasybulus, the tyrants were exterminated; afterwards at Rome by Cicero [set forth], and renewed under the Emperor Aurelian.

These are the philtres, allurements, *ÿniges*,¹ inveiglements, baits, and enticements of love, by the means whereof that may be peaceably [retained],

¹ *ÿniges*.—*Ίύγξ*: "A little bird which, from its power of giving a rotatory motion to its head and neck, is called *torquilla*; it was used in charms and incantations, to recall the affections of a faithless lover. See Virgil's *Eclogues*, viii., 21. It was also attached to a kind of magical brazen wheel, which was turned round while charms or incantations were used. Xenophon, *Memorabilia*, III., ii., 17; hence it came to signify a love charm, any charm or incantation." (Pickering, *Greek Lexicon*.) There are but three words in the original (*philtres, ÿniges, et attraits*), where Urquhart gives us six.

which was painfully acquired. Nor can a conqueror reign more happily, whether he be a monarch, emperor, king, prince, or philosopher, than by making his justice to second his valour. His valour shows itself in victory and conquest; his justice will appear in the goodwill and affection of the people, when he maketh laws, publisheth ordinances, establisheth religion, and doth what is right to every one, as the noble poet Virgil writes of Octavian Augustus:

—*Victorque volentes*
*Per populos dat jura.*¹

Therefore is it that Homer in his Iliads calleth a good prince and great king *Κοσμήτορα λαῶν*, that is, “The ornament of the people.”

Such was the consideration of Numa Pompilius, the second King of the Romans, a just politician and wise philosopher, when he ordained that to [the] God Terminus, on the day of his festival called Terminales, nothing should be sacrificed that had died; teaching us thereby, that the bounds, limits, and frontiers of kingdoms should be guarded and preserved in peace, amity, and meekness, without polluting our hands with blood and robbery. Who doth otherwise, shall not only lose what he hath gained, but also be loaded with this scandal and reproach, that he is an unjust and wicked purchaser, and his acquests perish with him; *Fuxta illud, male parta, male dilabuntur.*¹ And although during his whole lifetime he should have peaceable possession

¹ In Rabelais, this is given in French. Urquhart, instead of translating, has substituted the original Latin.

thereof, yet, if what hath been so acquired moulder away in the hands of his heirs, the same opprobry, scandal, and imputation will be charged upon the defunct, and his memory remain accursed for his unjust and unwarrantable conquest; *Juxta illud, de male quæsitis vix gaudet tertius hæres.*¹

Remark, likewise, gentlemen, you gouty feoffees, in this main point worthy of your observation, how by these means Pantagruel of one angel made two, which was a contingency opposite to the counsel of Charlemaine, who made two devils of one, when he transplanted the Saxons into Flanders, and the Flemings into Saxony. For, not being able to keep in such subjection the Saxons, whose dominion he had joined to the empire, but that ever and anon they would break forth into open rebellion, if he should casually be drawn into Spain, or other remote kingdoms, he caused them to be brought unto his own country of Flanders, the inhabitants whereof did naturally obey him, and transported the Hainaults and Flemings, his ancient loving subjects, into Saxony, not mistrusting their loyalty, now that they were transplanted into a strange land. But it happened that the Saxons persisted in their rebellion and primitive obstinacy; and the Flemings dwelling in Saxony did imbibe the stubborn manners and conditions of the Saxons.

¹ See note on preceding page.

CHAPTER II

HOW PANURGE WAS MADE LAIRD OF SALMYGONDIN
IN DIPSODY, AND DID WASTE HIS REVENUE
BEFORE IT CAME IN

WHILST Pantagruel was giving order for the government of all Dipsody, he assigned to Panurge the Lairdship of Salmygondin, which was yearly worth 6,789,106,789 rials of certain rent, besides the uncertain revenue of the locusts and periwinkles, amounting, one year with another, to the value of 2,435,768, or 2,435,769 French crowns of Berry. Sometimes it did amount to 1,234,554,321 seraphs, when it was a good year, and that locusts and periwinkles were in request; but that was not every year.

Now his worship, the new laird, husbanded this his estate so providently well and prudently, that in less than fourteen days he wasted and dilapidated all the certain and uncertain revenue of his lairdship for three whole years. Yet did not he properly dilapidate it, as you might say, in founding of monasteries, building of churches, erecting of colleges, and setting up of hospitals, or casting his bacon flitches to the dogs; but spent it in a thousand little banquets and jolly collations, keeping open house for all comers and goers; yea, to all good fellows, young girls, and pretty wenches; felling timber, burning the great logs for the sale of the ashes, borrowing money beforehand, buying dear, selling cheap, and eating his corn, as it were, whilst it was but grass.

Pantagruel, being advertised of this his lavishness, was in good sooth no way offended at the matter, angry nor sorry; for I once told you, and again tell it you, that he was the best, little, great goodman that ever girded a sword to his side. He took all things in good part, and interpreted every action to the best sense. He never vexed nor disquieted himself with the least pretence of dislike to anything, because he knew that he must have most grossly abandoned the divine mansion of reason, if he had permitted his mind to be never so little grieved, afflicted, or altered at any occasion whatsoever. For all the goods that the heaven covereth, and that the earth containeth, in all their dimensions of height, depth, breadth, and length, are not of so much worth, as that we should for them disturb or disorder our affections, trouble or perplex our senses or spirits.

He only drew Panurge aside, and then, making to him a sweet remonstrance and mild admonition, very gently represented before him in strong arguments, That, if he should continue in such an unthrifty course of living, and not become a better mesnager, it would prove altogether impossible for him, or at least hugely difficult, at any time to make him rich. "Rich!" answered Panurge; "have you fixed your thoughts there? Have you undertaken the task to enrich me in this world? Set your mind to live merrily in the name of God and good folks, let no other cark nor care be harboured within the sacro-sanctified domicile of your celestial brain. May the calmness and tranquillity thereof be never incommodated with, or overshadowed by, any frowning

clouds of sullen imaginations and displeasing annoyance. For if you live joyful, merry, jocund, and glad, I cannot be but rich enough. Everybody cries up thrift, thrift, and good husbandry. But many speak of Robin Hood that never shot in his bow, and talk of that virtue of *mesnagery* [thrift], who know not what belongs to it. It is by me that they must be advised. From me, therefore, take this advertisement and information, that what is imputed to me for a vice hath been done in imitation of the university and parliament of Paris, places in which is to be found the true spring and source of the lively idea of Pantheology, and all manner of justice. Let him be counted an heretic that doubteth thereof, and doth not firmly believe it. Yet they in one day eat up their bishop, or the revenue of the bishopric—is it not all one?—for a whole year; yea, sometimes for two. This is done on the day he makes his entry, and is installed. Nor is there any place for an excuse; for he cannot avoid it, unless he would be hooted at and stoned for his parsimony.

“It hath been also esteemed an act flowing from the habit of the four cardinal virtues.

“Of *prudence*, in borrowing money beforehand; for none knows what may fall out. Who is able to tell if the world shall last yet three years? But although it should continue longer, is there any man so foolish, as to have the confidence to promise himself three years?

What fool so confident to say,
That he shall live one other day?

“Of *commutative justice*, in buying dear, I say upon trust, and selling goods cheap, that is, for ready money. What says Cato in his Book of Husbandry to this purpose? The father of a family, says he, must be a perpetual seller; by which means it is impossible but that at last he shall become rich; if he have of vendible ware enough still ready for sale. Of *distributive justice* it doth partake, in giving entertainment to good—remark, good—and gentle fellows, whom fortune had shipwrecked, like Ulysses, upon the rock of a hungry stomach without provision of sustenance: and likewise to the good—remark, the good—and young [—remark, the young—] wenches. For, according to the sentence of Hippocrates, ‘Youth is impatient of hunger,’ chiefly if it be vigorous, lively, frolic, brisk, stirring, and bouncing.

“The virtue of *fortitude* appears therein, by the cutting down and overthrowing of the great trees, like a second Milo making havoc of the dark forest, which did serve only to furnish dens, caves, and shelter to wolves, wild boars, and foxes, and afford receptacles, withdrawing corners, and refuges to robbers, thieves, and murderers, lurking holes and skulking places for cut-throat assassins, secret obscure shops for coiners of false money, and safe retreats for heretics; laying them even and level with the plain champain fields and pleasant heathy ground, at the sound of the hautboys and bagpipes playing reeks with the high and stately timber, and preparing seats and benches for the eve of the dreadful day of judgment.

“I gave thereby proof of my *temperance* in eating

my corn whilst it was but grass, like an hermit feeding upon salads and roots, that, so affranchising myself from the yoke of sensual appetites to the utter disclaiming of their sovereignty, I might the better reserve somewhat in store, for the relief of the lame, blind, cripple, maimed, needy, poor, and wanting wretches.

“In taking this course I save the expense of the weed-grubbers, who gain money,—of the reapers in harvest-time, who drink lustily, and without water,—of gleaners, who will expect their cakes and bannocks,—of threshers, who leave no garlic, scallions, leeks, nor onions in our gardens, by the authority of *Thestylis* in *Virgil*,—and of the millers, who are generally thieves,—and of the bakers, who are little better. Is this small saving or frugality? Besides the mischief and damage of the field-mice, the decay of barns, and the destruction usually made by weasels and other vermin.

“Of corn in the blade¹ you may make good green sauce, of a light concoction and easy digestion, which recreates the brain, and exhilarates the animal spirits, rejoiceth the sight, openeth the appetite, delighteth the taste, comforteth the heart, tickleth the tongue, cheereth the countenance, striking a fresh and lively colour, strengthening the muscles, tempers the blood, disburdens the midriff, refresheth the liver, disobstructs the spleen, easeth the kidneys, suppleth the reins, quickens the joints of the back, . . . with a thousand other rare advantages.”

¹ *Corn in the blade*.—To eat one's corn in the blade, is to eat one's revenue before it comes in. This Rabelais commends in his ludicrous way. (*Ozell*.)

“I understand you very well,” says Pantagruel; “you would thereby infer, that those of a mean spirit and shallow capacity have not the skill to spend much in a short time. You are not the first in whose conceit that heresy hath entered. Nero maintained it, and above all mortals admired most his uncle Caius Caligula, for having, in a few days, by a most wonderfully pregnant invention, totally spent all the goods and patrimony which Tiberius had left him. But, instead of observing the sumptuous supper-curbing laws of the Romans,—to wit, the Orchia, the Fannia, the Didia, the Licinia, the Cornelia, the Lepidiana, the Antia; and of the Corinthians,¹—by the which they were inhibited, under pain of great punishment, not to spend more in one year than their annual revenue did amount to; you have offered up the oblation of Protervia, which was with the Romans such a sacrifice as the Paschal lamb was amongst the Jews, wherein all that was eatable was to be eaten, and the remainder to be thrown into the fire, without reserving anything for the next day.

“I may very justly say of you, as Cato did of Albidius, who after that he had by a most extravagant expense wasted all the means and possessions he had, to one only house, he fairly set it on fire, that he might the better say, *Consummatum est*. Even just as since his time

¹ *And of the Corinthians*.—This law ordained all persons, on pain of death, to give an account of their year’s income. Herodotus says, Amasis, King of Egypt, was the author of it, but Solon borrowed it from him, and afterwards it took place chiefly at Corinth, as we are told by Diphilus in Athenæus. (*Ozell*.)

St. Thomas Aquinas did, when he had eaten up the whole lamprey,¹ although there was no necessity in it.”²

CHAPTER III

HOW PANURGE PRAISETH THE DEBTORS AND BORROWERS

“**B**UT,” [asked] Pantagruel, “when will you be out of debt?” “At the next ensuing term of the Greek kalends,” answered Panurge, “when all the world shall be content, and that it be your fate to become your own heir. The Lord forbid that I should be out of debt, as if, indeed, I could

¹ *When he had eaten up the whole lamprey.*—It is related of Thomas Aquinas, by an author who was his contemporary, that that doctor, being one day invited to table by the King St. Louis, for whom there was served up a fine lamprey, Thomas, whom it seems no other time but that would serve to compose his hymn on the Holy Sacrament, had, in the profoundness of his meditation, eaten up the whole lamprey that was designed for the King, and had made an end of this hymn and the fish both together. Thomas, overjoyed at his having finished so elaborate a poem, cried out, in an ecstasy, *Consummatum est*. The company, who had seen Thomas play a good knife, and lay about him to some tune, but knew nothing of his mental employment, fancied that this Latin word related to his gallant performance in demolishing the lamprey, and looked upon him as a very profane person, for applying to a piece of unmannerly epicurism the words which each of them knew were spoken by our Saviour when he was expiring on the cross. (*Ozell.*)

² In the French, *Cela non force*, “you may believe it or not.”

not be trusted. Who leaves not some leaven over night, will hardly have paste the next morning.

“Be still indebted to somebody or other, that there may be somebody always to pray for you; that the giver of all good things may grant unto you a blessed, long, and prosperous life; fearing, if fortune should deal crossly with you, that it might be his chance to come short of being paid by you, he will always speak good of you in every company, ever and anon purchase new creditors unto you; to the end, that through their means you may make a shift by borrowing from Peter to pay Paul, and with other folk’s earth fill up his ditch. . . .

“You can hardly imagine how glad I am, when every morning I perceive myself environed and surrounded with brigades of creditors, humble, fawning, and full of their reverences; and whilst I remark, that, as I look more favourably upon, and give a cheerfuller countenance to one than to another, the fellow thereupon buildeth a conceit that he shall be the first dispatched, and the foremost in the date of payment; and he valueth my smiles at the rate of ready money. It seemeth unto me, that I then act and personate the God of the Passion of Saumure, accompanied with his angels and cherubims. These are my flatterers, my soothers, my clawbacks, my smoothers, my parasites, my saluters, my givers of good morrows, and perpetual orators, which makes me verily think that the supremest height of heroic virtue, described by Hesiod, consisteth in being a debtor. . . .”

CHAPTER IV

HOW PANURGE ASKETH COUNSEL OF PANTAGRUEL
WHETHER HE SHOULD MARRY, YEA OR NO¹

TO this Pantagruel replying nothing, Panurge prosecuted the discourse he had already broached, and therewithal fetching, as from the bottom of his heart, a very deep sigh, said, "My lord and master, you have heard the design I am upon, which is to marry. I humbly beseech you, for the affection which of a long time you have borne me, to give me your best advice therein."

Then answered Pantagruel, "Seeing you have so decreed and taken deliberation thereon, and that the matter is fully determined, what need is there of any further talk thereof, but forthwith to put into execution what you have resolved?"

"Yea, but," quoth Panurge, "I would be loth to act anything therein without your counsel had thereto." "It is my judgment, also," quoth Pantagruel, "and I advise you to it."

"Nevertheless," quoth Panurge, "if I understood

¹ Note this incomparable chapter.—Pantagruel stands for the reason as contra-distinguished from the understanding and choice, that is, from Panurge; and the humour consists in the latter asking advice of the former, on a subject in which the reason can only give the inevitable conclusion, the syllogistic *ergo*, from the premises provided by the understanding itself, which puts each case so as of necessity to predetermine the verdict thereon. This chapter, independently of the allegory, is an exquisite satire on the spirit in which people commonly ask advice. (*Coleridge*, marginal note on Rabelais.)

This famous chapter is imitated by Molière in the dialogue between Sganarelle and Géronimo (*Le Mariage forcé*, Act I, Scene 2).

aright, that it were much better for me to remain a bachelor as I am, than to run headlong upon new hare-brained undertakings of conjugal adventure, I would rather choose not to marry." Quoth Pantagruel—"Then do not marry."

"Yea, but," quoth Panurge, "would you have me so solitarily drive out the whole course of my life, without the comfort of a matrimonial consort? You know it is written: *Væ soli!* and a single person is never seen to reap the joy and solace that is found with married folks." "Then marry, in the name of God," quoth Pantagruel.

"But if," quoth Panurge, "my wife should make me a cuckold; as it is not unknown unto you, how this hath been a very plentiful year in the production of that kind of cattle; I would fly out, and grow impatient beyond all measure and mean. I love cuckolds with my heart, for they seem unto me to be of a right honest conversation, and I truly do very willingly frequent their company; but should I die for it, I would not be one of their number. That is a point for me of a too-sore prickling point."

"Then do not marry," quoth Pantagruel, "for without all controversy this sentence of Seneca is infallibly true: 'What thou to others shalt have done, others will do the like to thee.'"

"Do you," quoth Panurge, "aver that without all exception?" "Yes, truly," quoth Pantagruel, "without all exception." "Ho, ho," says Panurge, "by the wrath of a little devil, his meaning is, either in this world or in the other which is to come. Yet seeing I can no more want a wife, than a blind man his staff—were it not a great deal better for me to

apply and associate myself to some one honest, lovely, and virtuous woman? . . .” “Marry, then, in God’s name!” quoth Pantagruel.

“But if,” quoth Panurge, “it were the will of God, and that my destiny did unluckily lead me to marry an honest woman, who should beat me, I would be stored with more than two third parts of the patience of Job, if I were not stark mad by it, and quite distracted with such rugged dealings. For it hath been told me, that those exceeding honest women have ordinarily very wicked head-pieces; therefore is it, that their family lacketh not for good vinegar. Yet in that case should it go worse with me, if I did not then in such sort bang her back and breast, so thumpingly bethwack her gilletts, to wit, her arms, legs, head, lights, liver, and milt, with her other entrails, and mangle, jag, and slash her coats, so after the cross billet fashion, that the greatest devil of hell should wait at the gate for the reception of her damned soul. I could make a shift for this year to waive such molestation and disquiet, and be content to lay aside that trouble, and not to be engaged in it.”

“Do not marry, then,” answered Pantagruel.

“Yea, but,” quoth Panurge, “considering the condition wherein I now am, out of debt and unmarried; mark what I say, free from all debt, in an ill hour! for, were I deeply on the score, my creditors would be but too careful of my paternity, but being quit and not married nobody will be so regardful of me, or carry towards me a love like that which is said to be in a conjugal affection. And if by some mishap I should fall sick, I would be looked to very

waywardly. The wise man saith, Where there is no woman, I mean, the mother of a family, and wife in the union of a lawful wedlock, the crazy and diseased are in danger of being ill used, and of having much brabbling and strife about them; as by clear experience hath been made apparent in the persons of popes, legates, cardinals, bishops, abbots, priors, priests, and monks: but there, assure yourself, you shall not find me."

"Marry, then, in the name of God!" answered Pantagruel.

"But if," quoth Panurge, ". . . my wife, impatient of that drooping sickness, and faint-fits of a pining languishment, should abandon [me], and not only then not help and assist me in my extremity and need, but withal flout at, and make sport of that my grievous distress and calamity; or peradventure, which is worse, embezzle my goods, and steal from me, as I have seen it oftentimes befall unto the lot of many other men, it were enough to undo me utterly, to fill brimful the cup of my misfortune, and make me play the mad-pate reeks of Bedlam."

"Do not marry, then," quoth Pantagruel.

"Yea, but," said Panurge, "I shall never by any other means come to have lawful sons and daughters, in whom I may harbour some hope of perpetuating my name and arms, and to whom also I may leave and bequeath my inheritances and purchased goods (of which latter sort you need not doubt, but that in some one or other of these mornings, I will make a fair and goodly show), that so I may cheer up and make merry, when otherwise I should be plunged into a peevish sullen mood of pensive sullenness, as

I do perceive daily by the gentle and loving carriage of your kind and gracious father towards you ; as all honest folks use to do at their own homes and private dwelling-houses. For being free from debt, and yet not married, if casually I should fret and be angry, although the cause of my grief and displeasure were never so just, I am afraid, instead of consolation, that I should meet with nothing else but scoffs, frumps, gibes, and mocks at my disastrous fortune."

"Marry, then, in the name of God!" quoth Pantagruel.

CHAPTER V

HOW PANTAGRUEL REPRESENTETH UNTO PANURGE THE DIFFICULTY OF GIVING ADVICE IN THE MATTER OF MARRIAGE

"YOUR counsel," quoth Panurge, "under your correction and favour, seemeth unto me not unlike to the song of Gammer Yea-by-nay.¹ It is full of sarcasms, mockeries, bitter taunts, nipping bobs, derisive quips, biting jerks, and contradictory iterations, the one part destroying the other. I know not which of all [these] answers to lay hold on."

¹ "*C'est la chanson du ricochet.* 'T is an idle, or endlesse tale, or song ; a subject whereof one part contradicts, marres, or overthrowes, another." (*Cotgrave.*)

[“Good reason why,” quoth Pantagruel,] “for your proposals are so full of ifs and buts, that I can ground nothing on them, nor pitch upon any solid and positive determination satisfactory to what is demanded by them. Are not you assured within yourself of what you have a mind to? The chief and main point of the whole matter lieth there. All the rest is merely casual, and totally dependeth upon the fatal disposition of the heavens.

“We see some so happy in the fortune of this nuptial encounter, that their family shineth, as it were, with the radiant effulgency of an idea, model, or representation of the joys of paradise; and perceive others, again, to be so unluckily matched in the conjugal yoke, that those very basest of devils, which tempt the hermits that inhabit the Deserts of Thebais and Montserrat, are not more miserable than they.

“It is therefore expedient, seeing you are resolved for once to make a trial of the state of marriage, that, with shut eyes, bowing your head and kissing the ground, you put the business to a venture, and give it a fair hazard, in recommending the success of the residue to the disposure of Almighty God. It lieth not in my power to give you any other manner of assurance, or otherwise to certify you of what shall ensue on this your undertaking. . . .”

CHAPTER VI

HOW THE PHILOSOPHER TROUILLOGAN HANDLETH
THE DIFFICULTY OF MARRIAGE

AS this discourse was ended, Pantagruel said to the philosopher Trouillogan, "Our loyal, honest, true, and trusty friend, the lamp from hand to hand is come to you. It falleth to your turn to give an answer, should Panurge, pray you, marry, yea, or no?"¹ "He should do both," quoth Trouillogan. "What say you?" asked Panurge. "That which you have heard," answered Trouillogan. "What have I heard?" replied Panurge. "That which I have said," replied Trouillogan. "Ha, ha, ha, are we come to that pass?" quoth Panurge. "Let it go nevertheless, I do not value it at a rush, seeing we can make no better of the game. But howsoever tell me, should I marry or no?" "Neither the one nor the other," answered Trouillogan. "The devil take me," quoth Panurge, "if these odd answers do not make me dote, and may he snatch me presently away, if I do understand you. Stay awhile, until I fasten these spectacles of mine on this left ear, that I may hear you better."

With this Pantagruel perceived at the door of the great hall, which was that day their dining-room, Gargantua's little dog, whose name was Kyne; for so was Toby's dog called, as is recorded. Then did

¹ *Yea or no*.—Compare this dialogue with Sganarelle's consultation with Marphurius in Molière's *Le Mariage forcé*, Act I., Sc. 8. (*Ozell*.) See also the note on chapter iv. of this Book.

he say to those who were there present, "Our King is not far off,—let us all rise."

That word was scarcely sooner uttered, than that Gargantua¹ with his royal presence graced that banqueting and stately hall. Each of the guests arose to do their King that reverence and duty which became them. After that Gargantua had most affably saluted all the gentlemen there present, he said, "Good friends, I beg this favour of you, and therein you will very much oblige me, that you leave not the places where you sate, nor quit the discourse you were upon. Let a chair be brought hither unto this end of the table, and reach me a cup full of the strongest and best wine you have, that I may drink to all the company. You are, in faith, all welcome, gentlemen. Now let me know what talk you were about."

To this Pantagruel answered, that at the beginning of the second service Panurge had proposed a problematic theme, to wit, Whether he should marry, or not marry? that Father Hippothadee and Doctor Rondibilis had already dispatched their resolutions thereupon; and that, just as his majesty was coming in, the faithful Trouillogan in the delivery of his opinion hath thus far proceeded, that when Panurge asked,—Whether he ought to marry, yea, or no?—at first he made this answer, "Both together." When this same question was again propounded, his second answer was, "Neither the one nor the other." Panurge exclaimeth, that

¹ *Gargantua*.—This prince appears now upon the stage for the first time since his being conveyed to the Land of the Fairies, *i. e.*, enchanted, as is mentioned in l. ii. (*Ozell*.)

those answers are full of repugnancies and contradictions, protesting that he understands them not, nor what it is that can be meant by them.

“If I be not mistaken,” quoth Gargantua, “I understand it very well. The answer is not unlike to that which was once made by a philosopher in ancient times, who being interrogated, if he had a woman, whom they named him, to his wife? ‘I have her,’ quoth he, ‘but she hath not me,—possessing her, by her I am not possessed.’ ”

“Well, then,” quoth Rondibilis, “let it be a neuter in physic,—as when we say a body is neuter, when it is neither sick nor healthful,—and a mean in philosophy; that, by an abnegation of both extremes, and this, by the participation of the one and of the other. Even as when lukewarm water is said to be both hot and cold; or rather, as when time makes the partition, and equally divides betwixt the two, a while in the one, another while as long in the other opposite extremity.” “The holy apostle,” quoth Hippothadee, “seemeth, as I conceive, to have more clearly explained this point, when he said, ‘Those that are married, let them be as if they were not married; and those that have wives, let them be as if they had no wives at all.’ ”

“I thus interpret,” quoth Pantagruel, “the having and not having of a wife. To have a wife, is to have the use of her in such a way as nature hath ordained, which is for the aid, society, and solace of man, and propagating of his race. To have no wife is not to be uxorious, play the coward, and be lazy about her, and not for her sake to distain the lustre of that affection which man owes to God;

or yet for her to leave those offices and duties which he owes unto his country, unto his friends and kindred; or for her to abandon and forsake his precious studies, and other businesses of account, to wait still on her will, and her beck. If we be pleased in this sense to take having and not having of a wife, we shall indeed find no repugnancy nor contradiction in the terms at all."

CHAPTER VII

A CONTINUATION OF THE ANSWERS OF THE
EPHECTIC AND PYRRHONIAN PHILOSOPHER
TROUILLOGAN

"**Y**OU speak wisely," quoth Panurge, "if the moon were green cheese. I do not think but that I am let down into that dark pit, in the lowermost bottom whereof the truth was hid, according to the saying of Heraclitus.¹ I see no whit at all, I hear nothing, understand as little, my senses are altogether dulled and blunted; truly I do very shrewdly suspect that I am enchanted. I will now alter the former style of my discourse, and talk to him in another strain. Our trusty friend, stir not, nor imburse any; but let us vary the chance, and speak without disjunctives. I see already, that

¹ *Heraclitus*.—This is one of Rabelais' affected negligences, so familiar to him. He very well knew that this sentence was ascribed to Democritus. Nay, he says so somewhere, but he does not vouchsafe to remember it here. (*Ozell*.)

these loose and ill-joined members of an enunciation do vex, trouble, and perplex you.

"Now go on, in the name of God! Should I marry?"

TROUILLOGAN. There is some likelihood therein.

PANURGE. But if I do not marry?

TROUIL. I see in that no inconvenience.

PAN. You do not?

TROUIL. None, truly, if my eyes deceive me not.

PAN. Yea, but I find more than five hundred.

TROUIL. Reckon them.

PAN. This is an impropriety of speech, I confess; for I do no more thereby, but take a certain for an uncertain number, and posit the determinate term for what is indeterminate. When I say therefore five hundred, my meaning is, many.

TROUIL. I hear you.

PAN. Is it possible for me to live without a wife, in the name of all the subterranean devils?

TROUIL. Away with these filthy beasts.

PAN. By the pody cody,¹ I have fished fair; where are we now? But will you tell me? Shall I marry?

TROUIL. Perhaps.

PAN. Shall I thrive or speed well withal?

TROUIL. According to the encounter.

PAN. But if in my adventure I encounter aright, as I hope I will, shall I be fortunate?

TROUIL. Enough.

PAN. Let us turn the clean contrary way, and brush our former words against the wool: what if I encounter ill?

¹ *Pé lé quan Dé.*—Poitevin dialect, for *par le corps Dieu*, "'Ods-body."

TROUIL. Then blame not me.

PAN. But, of courtesy, be pleased to give me some advice. I heartily beseech you, what must I do?

TROUIL. Even what thou wilt.

PAN. Wishy washy; trolly, trolly.

TROUIL. Do not invoke the name of anything, I pray you.

PAN. In the name of God, let it be so! My actions shall be regulated by the rule and square of your counsel. What is it that you advise and counsel me to do?

TROUIL. Nothing.

PAN. Shall I marry?

TROUIL. I have no hand in it.

PAN. Then shall I not marry?

TROUIL. I cannot help it.

PAN. If I never marry, I shall never be a cuckold.

TROUIL. I thought so.

PAN. But put the case that I be married.

TROUIL. Where shall we put it?

PAN. Admit it be so then, and take my meaning in that sense.

TROUIL. I am otherwise employed.

PAN. By the death of a hog, and mother of a toad, O Lord, if I durst hazard upon a little fling at the swearing game, though privily and under thumb, it would lighten the burden of my heart, and ease my lights and reins exceedingly. A little patience, nevertheless, is requisite. Well, then, if I marry, I shall be a cuckold.

TROUIL. One would say so.

PAN. Yet if my wife prove a virtuous, wise, discreet, and chaste woman, I shall never be cuckolded.

TROUIL. I think you speak congruously.

PAN. Hearken.

TROUIL. As much as you will.

PAN. Will she be discreet and chaste? This is the only point I would be resolved in.

TROUIL. I question it.

PAN. You never saw her.

TROUIL. Not that I know of.

PAN. Why do you then doubt of that which you know not?

TROUIL. For a cause.

PAN. And if you should know her?

TROUIL. Yet more.

PAN. Page, my pretty little darling, take here my cap,—I give it thee. Have a care you do not break the spectacles that are in it. Go down to the lower court. Swear there half an hour for me, and I shall in compensation of that favour swear hereafter for thee as much as thou wilt. But . . . let us resolve on somewhat.

TROUIL. I do not gainsay it.

PAN. Have a little patience. Seeing I cannot on this side draw any blood of you, I will try, if with the lancet of my judgment I be able to bleed you in another vein. Are you married, or are you not?

TROUIL. Neither the one nor the other, and both together.

PAN. O the good God help us! By the death of a buffle-ox, I sweat with the toil and travail that I am put to, and find my digestion broke off, disturbed, and interrupted; for all my phrenes,

metaphrenes, and diaphragms, back, belly, midriff, muscles, veins, and sinews, are held in a suspense, and for a while discharged from their proper offices, to stretch forth their several powers and abilities, for incornifistibulating,¹ and laying up into the hamper of my understanding your various sayings and answers.

TROUIL. I shall be no hinderer thereof.

PAN. Tush, for shame! Our faithful friend, speak, are you married?

TROUIL. I think so.

PAN. You were also married before you had this wife.

TROUIL. It is possible.

PAN. Had you good luck in your first marriage?

TROUIL. It is not impossible.

PAN. How thrive you with this second wife of yours?

TROUIL. Even as it pleaseth my fatal destiny.

PAN. But what in good earnest? Tell me—do you prosper well with her?

TROUIL. It is likely.

PAN. Come on, in the name of God! I vow, by the burden of Saint Christopher, that I had rather

¹ *Incornifistibulating*.—By *cornifistibular*, the people in and about Toulouse mean troubled, afflicted with an uneasiness of mind: but here we have the proper signification of this word, and Rabelais seems to derive it from *cornu* (a horn), *fistula* (a whistle), and *stipula* (a stubble-pipe used by shepherds). I suppose our English words for those three things come from these Latin ones. So Rabelais uses that made-up word (*incornifistibulate*) to signify the beating anything into one's memory or head, as if it were done by a horn, a whistle, and a pipe. (*Ozell*.—An excellent example of eighteenth-century philology.)

undertake the fetching of wind forth of the belly of a dead ass, than to draw out of you a positive and determinate resolution. Yet shall I be sure at this time to have a snatch at you, and get my claws over you. Our trusty friend, let us shame the devil of hell, and confess the verity. Were you ever a cuckold?—I say you who are here, and not that other you, who playeth below in the tennis-court?

TROUIL. No, if it was not predestinated.

PAN. By the flesh, blood, and body, I swear, re-swear, forswear, abjure, and renounce: he evades and avoids, shifts, and escapes me, and quite slips and winds himself out of my grips and clutches.

At these words Gargantua arose, and said: "Praised be the good God in all things, but especially for bringing the world into that height of refinedness beyond what it was when I first came to be acquainted therewith, that now the most learned and most prudent philosophers are not ashamed to be seen entering in at the porches and frontispieces of the schools of the Pyrrhonian, Aporrhetic, Sceptic, and Ephectic sects. Blessed be the holy name of God! Veritably, it is like henceforth to be found an enterprise of much more easy undertaking, to catch lions by the neck, horses by the mane, oxen by the horns, bulls by the muzzles, wolves by the tail, goats by the beard, and flying birds by the feet, than to entrap such philosophers in their words. Farewell, my worthy, dear, and honest friends."

When he had done thus speaking, he withdrew himself from the company. Pantagruel, and others with him, would have followed and accompanied him, but he would not permit them so to do. No

sooner was Gargantua departed out of the banqueting-hall, than that Pantagruel said to the invited guests: "Plato's *Timæus*, at the beginning always of a solemn festival convention, was wont to count those that were called thereto. We, on the contrary, shall, at the closure and end of this treatment, reckon up our number. One, two, three; where is the fourth? I miss my friend Bridlegoose. Was not he sent for?"

Epistemon answered,—That he had been at his house to bid and invite him, but could not meet with him; for that a messenger from the parliament of Myrelingois, in Myrelingues, was come to him, with a writ of summons, to cite and warn him personally to appear before the reverend senators of the High Court there, to vindicate and justify himself at the bar, of the crime of prevarication laid to his charge, and to be peremptorily instanced against him, in a certain decree, judgment, or sentence lately awarded, given, and pronounced by him: and that, therefore, he had taken horse, and departed in great haste from his own house, to the end, that without peril or danger of falling into a default, or contumacy, he might be the better able to keep the prefixed and appointed time.

"I will," quoth Pantagruel, "understand how that matter goeth. It is now above forty years that he hath been constantly the judge of Fonsbeton, during which space of time he hath given four thousand definitive sentences. Of two thousand three hundred and nine whereof, although appeal was made by the parties whom he had judicially condemned, from his inferior judicatory to the supreme court of

the parliament of Myrelingois, in Myrelingues, they were all of them nevertheless confirmed, ratified, and approved of by an order, decree, and final sentence of the said sovereign court, to the casting of the appellants, and utter overthrow of the suits wherein they had been foiled at law, for ever and a day. That now, in his old age, he should be personally summoned, who in all the foregoing time of his life hath demeaned himself so unblamably in the discharge of the office and vocation he had been called unto, it cannot assuredly be that such a change hath happened without some notorious misfortune and disaster. I am resolved to help and assist him in equity and justice to the uttermost extent of my power and ability. I know the malice, despite, and wickedness of the world to be so much more nowadays exasperated, increased, and aggravated by what it was not long since, that the best cause that is, how just and equitable soever it be, standeth in great need to be succoured, aided, and supported. Therefore presently, from this very instant forth, do I purpose, till I see the event and closure thereof, most heedfully to attend and wait upon it, for fear of some under-hand tricky surprisal, cavilling pettifoggery, or fallacious quirks in law, to his detriment, hurt, or disadvantage."

Then dinner being done, and the tables drawn and removed, when Pantagruel had very cordially and affectionately thanked his invited guests for the favour which he had enjoyed of their company, he presented them with several rich and costly gifts, such as jewels, rings set with precious stones, gold and silver vessels, with a great deal of other sort of

plate besides, and lastly, taking of them all his leave, retired himself into an inner chamber.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW PANTAGRUEL PERSUADED PANURGE TO TAKE COUNSEL OF A FOOL

WHEN Pantagruel had withdrawn himself, he, by a little sloping window in one of the galleries, perceived Panurge in a lobby not far from thence, walking alone, with the gesture, carriage, and garb of a fond dotard, raving, wagging, and shaking his hands, dandling, lolling, and nodding with his head, like a cow bellowing for her calf; and, having then called him nearer, spoke unto him thus: "You are at this present, as I think, not unlike to a mouse¹ entangled in a snare, who the more that she goeth about to rid and unwind herself out of the gin wherein she is caught, by endeavouring to clear and deliver her feet from the pitch whereto they stick, the fouler she is bewrayed with it, and the more strongly pestered therein. Even so is it with you. For the more that you labour, strive, and enforce yourself to disencumber and extricate your thoughts out of the implicating involutions and fetherings of the grievous and lamentable gins and springes of anguish and perplexity, the greater difficulty there is in the relieving of you, and you remain faster bound than ever. Nor do I know for

¹ Compare Montaigne, Book III., Chapter xiii.

the removal of this inconveniency any remedy but one.¹

“Take heed: I have often heard it said in a vulgar proverb, ‘The wise may be instructed by a fool.’ Seeing the answers and responses of sage and judicious men have in no manner of way satisfied you, take advice of some fool, and possibly by so doing you may come to get that counsel which will be agreeable to your own heart’s desire and contentment. You know how by the advice and counsel and prediction of fools, many kings, princes, states, and commonwealths have been preserved, several battles gained, and divers doubts of a most perplexed intricacy resolved. I am not so diffident of your memory, as to hold it needful to refresh it with a quotation of examples; nor do I so far undervalue your judgment, but that I think it will acquiesce in the reason of this my subsequent discourse.

“As he who narrowly takes heed to what concerns the dexterous management of his private affairs, domestic businesses, and those adoes which are confined within the strait-laced compass of one family,

¹ In this part of the narrative, much more than usual, Urquhart allows the abundance of his vocabulary full play, and enlarges considerably on the original, sometimes expanding it threefold. The above paragraph reads in the original simply as follows: “Pantagruel, withdrawing, saw from the gallery Panurge with the appearance of a dreamer, musing and wagging his head; and said to him: ‘You seem to me like a mouse caught in pitch; the more it tries to free itself from the pitch, the more it besoils itself. You, in like manner, trying to get out of the snares of perplexity, are yet more entangled in them; and I know but one help for it.’” It is needless to say, however, that Urquhart, with all his embroidery, comes much nearer to the spirit and movement of the original than any simple and exact translation could do.

—who is attentive, vigilant, and active in the economic rule of his own house,—whose frugal spirit never strays from home,—who loseth no occasion whereby he may purchase to himself more riches, and build up new heaps of treasure on his former wealth,—and who knows warily how to prevent the inconveniences of poverty, is called a worldly-wise man, though perhaps, in the second judgment of the intelligences which are above, he be esteemed a fool,—so, on the contrary, is he most like, even in the thoughts of all celestial spirits, to be not only sage, but to presage events to come by divine inspiration, who laying quite aside those cares which are conducive to his body, or his fortunes, and, as it were departing from himself, rids all his senses of terrene affections, and clears his fancies of those plodding studies which harbour in the minds of thriving men. All which neglects of sublunary things are vulgarly imputed folly. After this manner, the son of Picus, King of the Latins, the great soothsayer Faunus, was called Fatuus by the witless rabble of the common people. The like we daily see practised amongst the comic players, whose dramatic rolls, in distribution of the personages, appoint the acting of the fool to him who is the wisest of the troop. In approbation also of this fashion the mathematicians allow the very same horoscope to princes and to sots. Whereof a right pregnant instance by them is given in the nativities of Æneas and Chorcæbus; the latter of which two is by Euphorion said to have been a fool; and yet had with the former the same aspects, and heavenly genethliac influences.

“I shall not, I suppose, swerve much from the purpose in hand, if I relate unto you what John Andrew said upon the return of a papal writ, which was directed to the mayor and burgesses of Rochelle; after him by Panorme, upon the same Pontifical canon; Barbatias on the Pandects; and recently by Jason, in his councils, concerning Seyny John, the noted fool of Paris, and Caillette's fore-great-grand-father. The case is this:

¹“At Paris, in the roast-meat cookery of the Petit-Chastelet, before the cook-shop of one of the roast-meat sellers of that lane, a certain hungry porter was eating his bread, after he had by parcels kept it a while above the reek and steam of a fat goose on the spit, turning at a great fire, and found it so besmoked with the vapour, to be savoury; which the cook observing, took no notice, till after having ravined his penny loaf, whereof no morsel had been unsmokified, he was about discamping and going away. But, by your leave, as the fellow thought to have departed thence shot-free, the master-cook laid hold upon him by the gorget, and demanded payment for the smoke of his roast-meat. The porter answered, That he had sustained no loss at all,—that by what he had done there was no diminution made of the flesh,—that he had taken nothing of his, and that therefore he was not indebted to him in anything. As for the smoke in question,

¹ The following story is perhaps the best example in Rabelais' work of his use of the mediæval *Tales*. Rabelais seems to have taken it from the *Cento Novelle Antiche*. It is also to be found in *Til Eulenspiegel*, and its origin goes back at least to Plutarch (*Life of Demetrius*), and probably farther.

that, although he had not been there, it would howsoever have been evaporated: besides, that before that time it had never been seen nor heard, that roast-meat smoke was sold upon the streets of Paris. The cook hereto replied, That he was not obliged nor any way bound to feed and nourish for nought a porter whom he had never seen before, with the smoke of his roast meat, and thereupon swore, that if he would not forthwith content and satisfy him with present payment for the repast which he had thereby got, that he would take his crooked staves from off his back; which, instead of having loads thereafter laid upon them, should serve for fuel to his kitchen fires. Whilst he was going about so to do, and to have pulled them to him by one of the bottom rungs, which he had caught in his hand, the sturdy porter got out of his grips, drew forth his knotty cudgel, and stood to his own defence. The altercation waxed hot in words, which moved the gaping hoydens of the sottish Parisians to run from all parts thereabouts, to see what the issue would be of that babbling strife and contention.

“In the interim of this dispute, to very good purpose Seyny John, the fool and citizen of Paris, happened to be there, whom the cook perceiving, said to the porter, ‘Wilt thou refer and submit unto the noble Seyny John the decision of the difference and controversy which is betwixt us?’ ‘Yes, by the blood of a goose,’ answered the porter, ‘I am content.’ Seyny John the fool, finding that the cook and porter had compromised the determination of their variance and debate to the discretion of his award and arbitrement, after that the reasons on

either side, whereupon was grounded the mutual fierceness of their brawling jar, had been to the full displayed and laid open before him, commanded the porter to draw out of the fob of his belt a piece of money, if he had it. Whereupon the porter immediately without delay, in reverence to the authority of such a judicious umpire, put the tenth part of a silver Philip into his hand. This little Philip Seyny John took, then set it on his left shoulder, to try by feeling if it was of a sufficient weight. After that, laying it on the palm of his hand, he made it ring and tingle, to understand by the ear if it was of a good alloy in the metal whereof it was composed. Thereafter he put it to the ball or apple of his left eye, to explore by the sight if it was well stamped and marked. .

“All which being done, in a profound silence of the whole doltish people, who were there spectators of this pageantry, to the great hope of the cook’s and despair of the porter’s prevalency in the suit that was in agitation, he finally caused the porter to make it sound several times upon the stall of the cook’s shop. Then with a presidential majesty holding his bauble, sceptre-like, in his hand, muffling his head with a hood of marten skins, each side whereof had the resemblance of an ape’s face, sprucified up with ears of pasted paper, and having about his neck a bucked ruff, raised, furrowed, and ridged, with pointing-sticks of the shape and fashion of small organ-pipes, he first with all the force of his lungs coughed two or three times, and then with an audible voice pronounced this following sentence: ‘The Court declareth, that the porter, who ate his

bread at the smoke of the roast, hath civilly paid the cook with the sound of his money. And the said Court ordaineth, that every one return to his own home, and attend his proper business, without cost and charges, and for a cause.'

"This verdict, award, and arbitrement of the Parisian fool did appear so equitable, yea, so admirable to the aforesaid doctors, that they very much doubted, if the matter had been brought before the sessions for justice of the said place; or that the judges of the Rota at Rome had been umpires therein; or yet that the Areopagites themselves had been the deciders thereof; if by any one part, or all of them together, it had been so judicially sententiated and awarded. Therefore advise if you will be counselled by a fool."

CHAPTER IX

HOW TRIBOULET IS SET FORTH AND BLAZED BY
PANTAGRUEL AND PANURGE

"**B**Y my soul," quoth Panurge, "that overture pleaseth me exceedingly well. I will therefore lay hold thereon, and embrace it. . . . But as we have hitherto made choice of the purest and most refined cream of wisdom and sapience for our counsel, so would I now have to preside and bear the prime sway in our consultation as very a fool in

the supreme degree." "Triboulet,"¹ quoth Pantagruel, "is [competently] foolish, as I conceive." "Yes, truly," answered Panurge, "he is properly and totally a fool, a

*Pantagruel.**Panurge.*

Fatal f.	Jovial f.
Natural f.	Mercurial f.
Celestial f.	Lunatic f.
Erratic f.	Ducal f.
Eccentric f.	Common f.
Ætherial and Junonian f.	Lordly f. . . .
Laughing and lecherous f.	Rare outlandish f.
Nimming and filching f.	Satrapal f. . . .
Haunch and side f.	Decumane and superlative
Nestling, ninny, and youngling f.	Dutiful and officious f.
Flitting, giddy, and un- steady f.	Optical and perspective f.
Brancher, novice, and cockney f.	Algoristic f.
Haggard, cross, and fro- ward f.	Algebraical f.
	Cabalistical and massor- etical f.
	Talmudical f.
. . . [etc., etc.] ²	

"Let us go toward him," [quoth Panurge] "without any further lingering or delay;—we shall have,

¹ The buffoon Triboulet is a historical character, Court Fool to Louis XII. and Francis I. He is the chief character in Victor Hugo's play of *Le Roi s'Amuse*, known in English drama as *The Fool's Revenge*, and in opera as *Rigoletto*.

² In the original the list extends over more than four pages. Perhaps what has been given may suffice as an example of this, and many similar lists, where Rabelais pours forth the overflowing riches of his vocabulary. Urquhart, by the way, has considerably mixed the epithets as given in the original.

no doubt, some fine resolution of him. I am ready to go, and long for the issue of our progress impatiently." "I must needs," quoth Pantagruel, "according to my former resolution therein, be present at Bridlegoose's trial. Nevertheless, whilst I shall be upon my journey towards Myrelingues, which is on the other side of the river Loire, I will dispatch Carpalim to bring along with him from Blois the fool Triboulet." Then was Carpalim instantly sent away, and Pantagruel at the same time, attended by his domestics, Panurge, Epistemon, Ponocrates, Friar John, Gymnast, Ryzotomus, and others, marched forward on the high road to Myrelingues.

CHAPTER X

HOW PANTAGRUEL WAS PRESENT AT THE TRIAL OF
JUDGE BRIDLEGOOSE, WHO DECIDED CAUSES
AND CONTROVERSIES IN LAW BY THE CHANCE
AND FORTUNE OF THE DICE

ON the day following, precisely at the hour appointed, Pantagruel came to Myrelingues. At his arrival, the presidents, senators, and counselors prayed him to do them the honour to enter in with them, to hear the decision of all the causes, arguments, and reasons, which Bridlegoose in his own defence would produce, why he had pronounced a certain sentence against the subsidy assessor,

Toucheronde, which did not seem very equitable to that centumviral court.

Pantagruel very willingly condescended to their desire, and accordingly entering in, found Bridle-goose sitting within the middle of the inclosure of the said court of justice; who immediately upon the coming of Pantagruel, accompanied with the senatorian members of that worshipful judicatory, arose, went to the bar, had his indictment read, and for all his reasons, defences, and excuses, answered nothing else, but that he was become old, and that his sight of late was very much failed, and become dimmer than it was wont to be; instancing therewithal many miseries and calamities, which old age bringeth along with it, and are concomitant to wrinkled elders; which *not. per Archid. d. lxxxvi. c. tanta*. By reason of which infirmity he was not able so distinctly and clearly to discern the points and blots of the dice, as formerly he had been accustomed to do. "Whence it might very well have happened," said he, "as old dim-sighted Isaac took Jacob for Esau, that I, after the same manner, at the decision of causes and controversies in law, should have been mistaken in taking a quatre for a cinque, or tray for a deuce."

"This, I beseech your worships," quoth he, "to take into your serious consideration, and to have the more favourable opinion of my uprightness (notwithstanding the prevarication whereof I am accused, in the matter of Toucheronde's sentence), that at the time of that decree's pronouncing I only had made use of my small dice; and your worships," said he, "know very well, how by the most authentic

rules of the law it is provided, That the imperfections of nature should never be imputed unto any for crimes and transgressions; as appeareth, *ff. de re milit. l. qui cum uno. ff. de reg. Jur. l. fere. ff. de ædil. edict. per totum. ff. de term. mod. l. Divus Adrianus*, resolved by *Lud. Rom. in l. si. vero. ff. Sol. Matr.* And who would offer to do otherwise, should not thereby accuse the man, but nature, and the all-seeing providence of God, as is evident in *l. maximum vitium, c. de lib. prætor.*"

"What kind of dice," quoth Trinquamelle, grand president of the said court, "do you mean, my friend Bridlegoose?" "The dice," quoth Bridlegoose, "of sentences at law, decrees, and peremptory judgments, *Alea Judiciorum*, whereof is written, *Per Doct. 26, qu. 2, cap. sort. l. nec emptio ff. de contrahend. empt. l. quod debetur. ff. de pecul. et ibi Bartol.*, and which your worships do, as well as I, use, in this glorious sovereign court of yours. So do all other righteous judges in their decision of processes, and final determination of legal differences, observing that which hath been said thereof by D. Henri. Ferrandat, *et not. gl. in c. fin. de sortil. et l. sed cum ambo. ff. de jud. Ubi. Docto.* Mark, that chance and fortune are good, honest, profitable, and necessary for ending of, and putting a final closure to dissensions and debates in suits at law. The same hath more clearly been declared by Bald. Bartol. et Alex. *c. communia de leg. l. si duo.*"

"But how is it that you do these things?" asked Trinquamelle. "I very briefly," quoth Bridlegoose, "shall answer you, according to the doctrine and instructions of *Leg. ampliore § in refutatoriis. c. de*

appel.; which is conform to what is said in *Gloss. l. 1, ff. quod. met. causa. Gaudent brevitare moderni.* My practice is therein the same with that of your other worships, and as the custom of the judicatory requires, unto which our law commandeth us to have regard, and by the rule thereof still to direct and regulate our actions and procedures; *ut not. extra de consuet. in c. ex literis et ibi innoc.*

“For having well and exactly seen, surveyed, overlooked, reviewed, recognised, read, and read over again, turned and tossed over, seriously perused and examined the bills of complaint, accusations, impeachments, indictments, warnings, citations, summonings, comparitions, appearances, mandates, commissions, delegations, instructions, informations, inquests, preparatories, productions, evidences, proofs, allegations, depositions, cross speeches, contradictions, supplications, requests, petitions, inquiries, instruments of the deposition of witnesses, rejoinders, replies, confirmations of former assertions, duplies, triplies, answers to rejoinders, writings, deeds, reproaches, disabling of exceptions taken, grievances, salvation bills, re-examination of witnesses, confronting of them together, declarations, denunciations, libels, certificates, royal missives, letters of appeal, letters of attorney, instruments of compulsion, delinatories, anticipatories, evocations, messages, dimissions, issues, exceptions, dilatory pleas, demurs, compositions, injunctions, reliefs, reports, returns, confessions, acknowledgements, exploits, executions,¹ and other such like confects and spiceries, both at the one and the other side, as

¹ Urquhart has added only a little to this list.

a good judge ought to do, conform to what hath been noted thereupon, *Spec. de ordinario paragr. 3, et Tit. de Offi. omn. jud. paragr. fin. et de rescriptis præsentat. paragr. 1*:

“I posit on the end of a table in my closet, all the pokes and bags of the defendant, and then allow unto him the first hazard of the dice, according to the usual manner of your other worships. And it is mentioned, *l. favorabiliores ff. de reg. jur. et in cap. cum sunt eod. tit. lib. 6*, which saith, ‘*Quum sunt partium jura obscura, reo potius favendum est quam auctori.*’ That being done, I thereafter lay down upon the other end of the same table the bags and satchels of the plaintiff, as your other worships are accustomed to do, *visum visu*, just over-against one another: for, *Opposita juxta se posita clarius elucescunt: ut not. in lib. 1, paragr. Videamus. ff. de his qui sunt sui vel alieni juris, et in l. munerum § mixta ff. de mun. et hon.* Then do I likewise and semblably throw the dice for him, and forthwith liver him his chance.”

“But,” quoth Trinquamelle, “my friend, how come you to know, understand, and resolve, the obscurity of these various and seeming contrary passages in law, which are laid claim to by the suitors and pleading parties?” “Even just,” quoth Bridlegoose, “after the fashion of your other worships: to wit, when there are many bags on the one side, and on the other, I then use my little small dice, after the customary manner of your other worships, in obedience to the law, *Semper in stipulationibus ff. de reg. jur.* [And] the law ver[s]ified ver[s]ifieth that, *Eod. tit.*

Semper in obscuris quod minimum est sequimur :

canonised in *c. in obscuris. eod. tit. lib. 6.* I have other large great dice, fair, and goodly ones, which I employ in the fashion that your other worships use to do, when the matter is more plain, clear, and liquid, that is to say, when there are fewer bags."

"But when you have done all these fine things," quoth Trinquamelle, "how do you, my friend, award your decrees and pronounce judgment?"

"Even as your other worships," answered Bridle-goose; "for I give out sentence in his favour unto whom hath befallen the best chance by dice, judiciary, tribunian, pretorial, what comes first. So our laws command, *ff. qui pot. in pign. l. creditor. c. de consul. 1. Et de regul. jur. in 6. Qui prior est tempore potior est jure.*"

CHAPTER XI

HOW BRIDLEGOOSE GIVETH REASONS WHY HE
LOOKED [OVER] THOSE LAW-[PAPERS] WHICH
HE DECIDED BY THE CHANCE OF THE DICE

"**Y**EA, but," quoth Trinquamelle, "my friend, seeing it is by the lot, chance, and throw of the dice that you award your judgments and sentences, why do not you liver up these fair throws and chances, the very same day and hour, without any further procrastination or delay, that the controverting party-pleaders appear before you? To

what use can those writings serve you, those papers, and other procedures contained in the bags and pokes of the law-suitors?" "To the very same use," quoth Bridlegoose, "that they serve your other worships. They are behooveful unto me, and serve my turn in three things very exquisite, requisite, and authentic.

"First, For formality-sake; the omission whereof, that it maketh all, whatever is done, to be of no force nor value, is excellently well proved by *Spec. 1. tit. de instr. edit. et tit. de rescript. present.* Besides that, it is not unknown to you, who have had many more experiments thereof than I, how oftentimes, in judicial proceedings, the formalities utterly destroy the materialities and substances of the causes and matters agitated; for *Forma mutata, mutatur substantia. ff. ad exhib. l. Julianus ff. ad. leg. fals. l. si is qui quadraginta. Et extra. de decim. c. ad audientiam, et de celebrat miss. c. in quadam.*

"Secondly, They are useful and steadable to me, even as unto your other worships, in lieu of some other honest and healthful exercise. The late Master Othoman Vadet [Vadare], a prime physician, as you would say, *Cod. de Commit. et Archi. lib. 12*, hath frequently told me, That the lack and default of bodily exercise is the chief, if not the sole and only, cause of the little health and short lives of all officers of justice, such as your worships and I am. Which observation was singularly well, before him, noted and remarked by Bartholus *in lib. 1, c. de sent. quæ pro eo quod. . . .*

"Thirdly, I consider, as your own worships use to do, that time ripeneth and bringeth all things to

maturity,—that by time everything cometh to be made manifest and patent,—and that time is the father of truth and virtue. *Gloss. in l. 1, cod. de servit. authent. de restit. et ea quæ pa. et spec. tit. de requisit. cons.* Therefore is it, that after the manner and fashion of your other worships, I defer, protract, delay, prolong, intermit, surcease, pause, linger, suspend, prorogate, drive out, wire-draw, and shift off the time of giving a definitive sentence, to the end that the suit or process, being well fanned and winnowed, tossed and canvassed to and fro, narrowly, precisely, and nearly garbelled, sifted, searched, and examined, and on all hands exactly argued, disputed, and debated, may, by success of time, come at last to its full ripeness and maturity. By means whereof, when the fatal hazard of the dice ensueth thereupon, the parties cast or condemned by the said aleatory chance will with much greater patience, and more mildly and gently, endure and bear up the disastrous load of their misfortune, than if they had been sentenced at their first arrival unto the court, as *not. gl. ff. de excus. tut. l. tria onera.*

Portatur leviter quod porta[t] quisque libenter.

“On the other part, to pass a decree or sentence, when the action is raw, crude, green, unripe, and unprepared as at the beginning, a danger would ensue of a no less inconveniency than that which the physicians have been wont to say befalleth to him in whom an imposthume is pierced before it be ripe, or unto any other, whose body is purged of a strong predominating humour before its digestion. For as it is written, *in authent. hæc constit. in Innoc.*

de constit. princip.—so is the same repeated in gloss. in *c. cæterum, extra de juram. calumn.* *Quod medicamenta morbis exhibent, hoc jura negotiis.* Nature furthermore admonisheth and teacheth us to gather and reap, eat and feed on fruits when they are ripe, and not before. *Instit. de rer. div. paragr. is ad quem. et ff. de action. empt. l. Julianus.* To marry likewise our daughters when they are ripe, and no sooner, *ff. de donation. inter vir. et uxor. l. cum hic status. paragr. si quis sponsam et 27, qu. 1. c. sicut dicit gl.*

*Fam matura thor[is] plenis adoleverat annis
Virginitas.*

“And, in a word, she instructeth us to do nothing of any considerable importance, but in a full maturity and ripeness, 23 q. § *ult. et 23, de c. ultimo.*”

CHAPTER XII

HOW PANTAGRUEL EXCUSETH BRIDLEGOOSE IN THE
MATTER OF SENTENCING ACTIONS AT LAW
BY THE CHANCE OF THE DICE

WITH this Bridlegoose held his peace.¹ Whereupon Trinquamelle bid him withdraw from the court,—which accordingly was done,—and then directed his discourse to Pantagruel after this manner: “It is fitting, most illustrious prince, not only

¹ Only, however, after two more chapters of the same sort, but much longer; which may be spared the modern reader.

by reason of the deep obligations wherein this present parliament, together with the whole Marquisate of Myrelingues, stand bound to your Royal Highness, for the innumerable benefits which, as effects of mere grace, they have received from your incomparable bounty; but for that excellent wit also, prime judgment, and admirable learning wherewith Almighty God, the giver of all good things, hath most richly qualified and endowed you; [that] we tender and present unto you the decision of this new, strange, and paradoxical case of Bridlegoose; who, in your presence, to your both hearing and seeing, hath plainly confessed his final judging and determinating of suits of law, by the mere chance and fortune of the dice. Therefore do we beseech you, that you may be pleased to give sentence therein, as unto you shall seem most just and equitable."

To this Pantagruel answered: "Gentlemen, It is not unknown to you, how my condition is somewhat remote from the profession of deciding law controversies; yet, seeing you are pleased to do me the honour to put that task upon me, instead of undergoing the office of a judge, I will become your humble suppliant. I observe, gentlemen, in this Bridlegoose, several things, which induce me to represent before you, that it is my opinion he should be pardoned. In the first place, his old age; secondly, his simplicity; to both which qualities our statute and common laws, civil and municipal together, allow many excuses for any slips or escapes, which, through the invincible imperfection of either, have been inconsiderately stumbled upon by a person

so qualified. Thirdly, gentlemen, I must needs display before you another case, which in equity and justice maketh much for the advantage of Bridle-goose, to wit, that this one, sole, and single fault of his ought to be quite forgotten, abolished, and swallowed up by that immense and vast ocean of just dooms and sentences, which heretofore he hath given and pronounced; his demeanours, for these forty years and upwards that he hath been a judge, having been so evenly balanced in the scales of uprightness, that envy itself, till now, could not have been so impudent as to accuse and twit him with any act worthy of a check or reprehension: as, if a drop of the sea were thrown into the Loire, none could perceive, or say, that by this single drop the whole river should be salt and brackish.

“Truly, it seemeth unto me, that in the whole series of Bridle-goose’s juridical decrees there hath been I know not what of extraordinary savouring of the unspeakable benignity of God, that all those his preceding sentences, awards, and judgments have been confirmed and approved of by yourselves, in this your own venerable and sovereign court. For it is usual, as you know well, with Him whose ways are inscrutable, to manifest His own ineffable glory in blunting the perspicacy of the eyes of the wise, in weakening the strength of potent oppressors, in depressing the pride of rich extortioners, and in erecting, comforting, protecting, supporting, upholding, and shoring up the poor, feeble, humble, silly, and foolish ones of the earth. But, waiving all these matters, I shall only beseech you, not by the obligations which you pretend to owe to my family, for

which I thank you, but for that constant and unfeigned love and affection which you have always found in me, both on this and on the other side of Loire, for the maintenance and establishment of your places, offices, and dignities, that for this one time you would pardon and forgive him upon these two conditions. First, That he satisfy, or put a sufficient surety for the satisfaction of the party wronged by the injustice of the sentence in question. For the fulfilment of this article, I will provide sufficiently. And, secondly, That for his subsidiary aid in the weighty charge of administrating justice, you would be pleased to appoint and assign unto him some pretty little virtuous counsellor, younger, learned, and wiser than he, by the square and rule of whose advice he may regulate, guide, temper, and moderate in times coming all his judiciary procedures; or otherwise, if you intend totally to depose him from his office, and to deprive him altogether of the state and dignity of a judge, I shall cordially entreat you to make a present and free gift of him to me, who shall find in my kingdoms charges and employments enough wherewith to busy him, for the bettering of his own fortunes, and furtherance of my service. In the meantime, I implore the Creator, Saviour, and Sanctifier of all good things, in His grace, mercy, and kindness, to preserve you all, now and evermore, world without end."

These words thus spoken, Pantagruel, vailing his cap and making a leg with such a majestic garb as became a person of his paramount degree and eminency, farewelled Trinquamelle, the president and master speaker of that Myrelinguesian parliament,

took his leave of the whole court, and went out of the chamber: at the door whereof finding Panurge, Epistemon, Friar John, and others, he forthwith, attended by them, walked to the outer gate, where all [of] them immediately took horse to return towards Gargantua. . . .

CHAPTER XIII

HOW PANURGE TAKETH ADVICE OF TRIBOULET

ON the sixth day thereafter, Pantagruel was returned home at the very same hour that Triboulet was by water come from Blois. Panurge, at his arrival, gave him a hog's bladder, puffed up with wind, and resounding, because of the hard peas that were within it. Moreover he did present him with a gilt wooden sword, a hollow budget made of a tortoise-shell, an osier wattled wicker-bottle full of Breton wine, and five-and-twenty apples of the orchard of Blandureau.

“If he be such a fool,” quoth Carpalim, “as to be won with apples, there is no more wit in his pate than in the head of an ordinary cabbage.” Triboulet girded the sword and scrip to his side, took the bladder in his hand, ate some few of the apples, and drunk up all the wine. Panurge very wistly and heedfully looking upon him said, “I never yet saw a fool, and I have seen ten thousand franks' worth of that kind of cattle, who did not love to drink

heartily, and by good long draughts." When Triboulet had done with his drinking, Panurge laid out before him, and exposed the sum of the business wherein he was to require his advice, in eloquent and choicely-sorted terms, adorned with flourishes of rhetoric. But, before he had altogether done, Triboulet with his fist gave him a bouncing whirret between the shoulders, rendered back into his hand again the empty bottle, flipped and flirted him on the nose with the hog's bladder, and lastly, for a final resolution, shaking and wagging his head strongly and disorderly, he answered nothing else but this, "By God, God; mad fool; beware the monk; Buzançay, hornpipe!"

These words thus finished, he slipped himself out of the company, went aside, and rattling the bladder, took a huge delight in the melody of the rickling, crackling noise of the peas. After which time it lay not in the power of them all to draw out of his chaps the articulate sound of one syllable, insomuch that, when Panurge went about to interrogate him further, Triboulet drew his wooden sword, and would have stuck him therewith.

"I have fished fair now," quoth Panurge, "and brought my pigs to a fine market. Have I not got a brave determination of all my doubts, and a response in all things agreeable to the oracle that gave it? He is a great fool, that is not to be denied, yet is he a greater fool who brought him hither to me," [—"That bolt," quoth Carpalim, "levels point blank at me"—] "but of the three I am the greatest fool, who did impart the secret of my thoughts to such an idiot ass and native ninny."

“Without putting ourselves to any stir or trouble in the least,” quoth Pantagruel, “let us maturely and seriously consider and perpend the gestures and speech which he hath made and uttered. In them, veritably,” quoth he, “have I remarked and observed some excellent and notable mysteries, yea, of such important worth and weight, that I shall never henceforth be astonished, nor think strange, why the Turks, with a great deal of worship and reverence, honour and respect natural fools equally with their primest doctors, mufties, divines, and prophets. Did not you take heed,” quoth he, “a little before he opened his mouth to speak, what a shogging, shaking, and wagging, his head did keep? By the approved doctrine of the ancient philosophers, the customary ceremonies of the most expert magicians, and the received opinions of the learnedest lawyers, such a brangling agitation and moving should by us all be judged to proceed from, and be quickened and suscitated by, the coming and inspiration of the prophetising and fatidical spirit, which, entering briskly and on a sudden into a shallow receptacle of a debil substance (for, as you know, and as the proverb shows it, a little head containeth not much brains), was the cause of that commotion. . . .”

CHAPTER XIV

HOW PANTAGRUEL AND PANURGE RESOLVED TO
MAKE A VISIT TO THE ORACLE OF THE
HOLY BOTTLE

“**T**HERE is yet another point,” quoth Panurge, “which you have not at all considered on, although it be the chief and principal head of the matter. He put the bottle in my hand and restored it me again. How interpret you that passage? What is the meaning of that?” “He possibly,” quoth Pantagruel, “signifieth thereby, that your wife will be such a drunkard as shall daily take in her liquor kindly and ply the pots and bottles apace.” “Quite otherwise,” quoth Panurge; “for the bottle was empty. I swear to you, by the [backbone] of St. Fiacre in Brie, that our unique Morosoph, whom I formerly termed the lunatic Triboulet, referreth me, for attaining to the final resolution of my scruple, to the response-giving bottle. Therefore do I renew afresh the first vow which I made, and here in your presence protest and make oath by Styx and Acheron, to carry still spectacles in my cap, . . . until, upon the enterprise in hand of my nuptial undertaking, I shall have obtained an answer from the holy bottle. I am acquainted with a prudent, understanding, and discreet gentleman, and besides, a very good friend of mine, who knoweth the land, country, and place where its temple and oracle is built and posited. He will guide and conduct us thither sure and safely. Let us go thither, I beseech you. Deny me not, and say not, nay; reject not the suit I make unto you, I entreat you. I will be to you an

Achates, a Damis, and heartily accompany you all along in the whole voyage, both in your going forth and coming back. I have of a long time known you to be a great lover of peregrination, desirous still to learn new things, and still to see what you had never seen before."

"Very willingly," quoth Pantagruel, "I condescend to your request. But before we enter in upon our progress towards the accomplishment of so far a journey, replenished and fraught with imminent perils, full of innumerable hazards, and every way stored with evident and manifest dangers"—"What dangers?" quoth Panurge, interrupting him. "Dangers fly back, run from, and shun me whithersoever I go, seven leagues around,—as in the presence of the sovereign a subordinate magistracy is eclipsed; or as clouds and darkness quite evanish at the bright coming of a radiant sun; or as all sores and sicknesses did suddenly depart, at the approach of the body of St. Martin à Quande." "Nevertheless," quoth Pantagruel, "before we adventure to set forwards on the road of our projected and intended voyage, some few points are to be discussed, expeditated, and dispatched.

"First, let us send back Triboulet to Blois." Which was instantly done, after that Pantagruel had given him a frieze coat. "Secondly, our design must be backed with the advice and counsel of the King, my father. And lastly, it is most needful and expedient for us, that we search for and find out some sibyl, to serve us for a guide, truchman, and interpreter."

To this Panurge made answer, That his friend Xenomanes would abundantly suffice for the plenary

discharge and performance of the sibyl's office; and that, furthermore, in passing through the Lanternatory revelling country, they should take along with them a learned and profitable Lanterne[sse, who] would be no less useful to them in their voyage, than was the sibyl to Æneas, in his descent to the Elysian fields. Carpalim, in the interim, as he was upon the conducting away of Triboulet, in his passing by, hearkened a little to the discourse they were upon, then spoke out, saying, "Ho, Panurge, master freeman, take my Lord Debitis, at Calais, alongst with you, for he is a goud-fallot, a good fellow. He will not forget those who have been debtors; these are Lanternes. Thus shall you not lack for both fallot¹ and lantern."

"I may safely, with the little skill I have," quoth Pantagruel, "prognosticate, that by the way we shall engender no melancholy. I clearly perceive it already. The only thing that vexeth me is, that I cannot speak the Lanternatory language."² "I shall," answered Panurge, "speak for you all. I understand it every whit as well as I do mine own maternal tongue; I have been no less used to it than to the vulgar French.

*Brisz marg dalgotbric nubstzne zos,
Isquebsz prusq albork crinqs zacbac.
Misbe dilbarkz morp nipp stancz bos,
Strombtz, Panurge walmap quost gruszbac.³*

Now guess, friend Epistemon, what this is."

¹ A pun on fellow and *fallot*, "a torch."

² *Lanternatory language*.—The barbarous language of the Romish school divines, in their different councils at Lateran. (*Ozell*.)

³ In these verses, which mostly consist of half words, Rabelais

“They are,” quoth Epistemon, “names of errant devils, passant devils, and rampant devils.” “These words of thine, dear friend of mine, are true,” quoth Panurge, “yet are they terms used in the language of the court of the Lanternish people. By the way, as we go upon our journey, I will make to thee a pretty little dictionary, which, notwithstanding, shall not last¹ you much longer than a pair of new shoes. Thou shalt have learned it sooner than thou canst perceive the dawning of the next subsequent morning. What I have said in the foregoing tetrastic is thus translated out of the Lanternish tongue into our vulgar dialect:

*“All miseries attended me, whilst I
A lover was, and had no good thereby.
Of better luck the married people tell ;
Panurge is one of those, and knows it well.”*

“There is little more, then,” quoth Pantagruel, “to be done, but that we understand what the will of the King my father will be therein, and purchase his consent.”

ridicules the frequent abbreviations of the Gothic characters, which had been made use of in printing a world of school-divinity books, barbarous in themselves, and to the last degree tiresome to read. (Ozell.)

¹ *Shall not last, etc.*—Barbarism will now soon be banished out of the schools. Else it may mean, the dictionary will serve for the little time you shall be crossing the Lantern country. (Ozell.)

CHAPTER XV

HOW GARGANTUA SHOWETH, THAT THE CHILDREN
OUGHT NOT TO MARRY WITHOUT THE SPECIAL
KNOWLEDGE AND ADVICE OF THEIR FATHERS
AND MOTHERS

NO sooner had Pantagrue entered in at the door of the great hall of the castle, than that he encountered full butt with the good honest Gargantua, coming forth from the council board, unto whom he made a succinct and summary narrative of what had passed and occurred, worthy of his observation, in his travels abroad, since their last interview; then, acquainting him with the design he had in hand, besought him that it might stand with his good will and pleasure, to grant him leave to prosecute and go thorough-stitch with the enterprise which he had undertaken.

The good man Gargantua, having in one hand two great bundles of petitions, indorsed and answered, and in the other some remembrancing notes and bills, to put him in mind of such other requests of supplicants, which, albeit presented, had nevertheless been neither read nor heard, he gave both to Ulrich Gallet, his ancient and faithful Master of Requests; then drew aside Pantagrue, and, with a countenance more serene and jovial than customary, spoke to him thus: "I praise God, and have great reason so to do, my most dear son, that He hath been pleased to entertain in you a constant inclination to virtuous actions. I am well content that the voyage which you have mentioned to me be by you

accomplished, but withal I could wish you would have a mind and desire to marry, for that I see you are of competent years. [Panurge has been at great pains to overcome the impediments which might stand in his way; speak now for yourself.]”

“Is it your pleasure, most dear father, that you speak?” answered Pantagruel. “For my part, I have not yet thought upon it. In all this affair I wholly submit and rest in your good liking and paternal authority. For I shall rather pray unto God that He would throw me down stark dead at your feet, in your pleasure, than that against your pleasure I should be found married alive. I never yet heard that by any law, whether sacred or profane, yea, amongst the rudest and most barbarous nations in the world, it was allowed and approved of, that children may be suffered and tolerated to marry at their own good will and pleasure, without the knowledge, advice, or consent asked and had thereto, of their fathers, mothers, and nearest kindred. All legislators, everywhere upon the face of the whole earth, have taken away and removed this licentious liberty from children, and totally reserved it to the discretion of the parents.”

“My dearly beloved son,” quoth Gargantua, “I believe you, and from my heart thank God for having endowed you with the grace of having both a perfect notice of, and entire liking to, laudable and praiseworthy things. . . . Seeing, therefore, you have totally referred unto my discretion the disposure of you in marriage, I am fully of an opinion, that I shall provide sufficiently well for you in that point. Make ready and prepare yourself for

Panurge's voyage. Take along with you Epistemon, Friar John, and such others as you will choose. Do with my treasures what unto yourself shall seem most expedient. None of your actions, I promise you, can in any manner of way displease me. Take out of my arsenal Thalasse whatsoever equipage, furniture, or provision you please, together with such pilots, mariners, and truchmen, as you have a mind to, and with the first fair and favourable wind set sail and make out to sea, in the name of God our Saviour. In the meanwhile, during your absence, I shall not be neglective of providing a wife for you, nor of those preparations which are requisite to be made for the more sumptuous solemnising of your nuptials with a most splendid feast, if ever there was any in the world, since the days of Assuerus." ¹

¹ *Since the days of Assuerus* [Ahasuerus] is added by Urquhart; of whom we must now, alas! take our leave. The translation is continued by Peter le Motteux.

THE FOURTH AND FIFTH BOOKS
OF THE
HEROICK DEEDS AND SAYINGS OF THE NOBLE

PANTAGRUEL

PANTAGRUEL'S VOYAGE
TO THE
ORACLE OF THE BOTTLE

DONE OUT OF FRENCH BY MR. MOTTEUX

BOOK IV

THE AUTHOR'S EPISTLE DEDICATORY

TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE, AND MOST
REVEREND ODET, CARDINAL DE CHASTILLON ¹

YOU know, most illustrious prince, how often I have been, and am daily pressed by great numbers of eminent persons, to proceed in the Pantagruelian fables: they tell me that many languishing, sick, and disconsolate persons, perusing them, have deceived their grief, passed their time merrily, and been inspired with new joy and comfort. I commonly answer, that I aimed not at glory and applause, when I diverted myself with writing; but only designed to give by my pen, to the absent who labour under affliction, that little help which at all times I willingly strive to give to the present that stand in need of my art and service.

¹ Part of the Fourth Book (eleven chapters only) had appeared in 1548; it had been attacked by the Sorbonne, and the sale of it forbidden. Hence Rabelais's defence of himself in this Epistle Dedicatory, prefixed to the complete edition of the Fourth Book, published in 1552.

The Cardinal de Chastillon, to whom the Epistle is addressed, was the elder brother of the still more famous Admiral de Coligny, later the greatest champion of the Protestant cause in France, who was killed in the Saint Bartholomew's Massacre, 1572. The Cardinal de Chastillon was one of the chief leaders of the liberal party within the Catholic Church, and later he also became a Protestant.

Sometimes I at large relate to them, how Hippocrates in several places, and particularly in lib. 6, *Epidem.*, describing the institution of the physician, his disciple, and also Soranus of Ephesus, Orbasius, Galen, Hali Abbas, and other authors, have descended to particulars, in the prescription of his motions, deportment, looks, countenance, gracefulness, civility, cleanliness of face, clothes, beard, hair, hands, mouth, even his very nails; as if he were to play the part of a lover in some comedy, or enter the lists to fight some [puissant] enemy.

And indeed the practice of physic is properly enough compared by Hippocrates to a fight, and also to a farce acted between three persons, the patient, the physician, and the disease. Which passage has sometimes put me in mind of Julia's saying to Augustus, her father. One day she came before him in a very gorgeous, loose, lascivious dress, which very much displeased him, though he did not much discover his discontent. The next day she put on another, and in a modest garb, such as the chaste Roman ladies wore, came into his presence. The kind father could not then forbear expressing the pleasure which he took to see her so much altered, and said to her: "Oh! how much more this garb becomes, and is commendable in the daughter of Augustus!" But she, having her excuse ready, answered: "This day, sir, I dressed myself to please my father's eye; yesterday, to gratify that of my husband." Thus disguised in looks and garb, nay even, as formerly was the fashion, with a rich and pleasant gown with four sleeves, which was called *philonium* according to

Petrus Alexandrinus in 6, *Epidem.*, a physician might answer to such as might find the metamorphosis indecent: "Thus have I accoutred myself, not that I am proud of appearing in such a dress; but for the sake of my patient, whom alone I wholly design to please, and no ways offend or dissatisfy."

There is also a passage in our father Hippocrates, in the book I have named, which causes some to sweat, dispute, and labour: not indeed to know whether the physician's frowning, discontented, and morose [Catonian] look render the patient sad, and his joyful, serene, and pleasing countenance rejoice him; for experience teaches us that this is most certain; but whether such sensations of grief, or pleasure, are produced by the apprehension of the patient observing [these] motions and qualities in his physician, and drawing from thence conjectures of the end and catastrophe of his disease; as, by his pleasing look, joyful and desirable events, and by his sorrowful and unpleasing air, sad and dismal consequences; or whether those sensations be produced by a transfusion of the serene or gloomy, aërial or terrestrial, joyful or melancholic spirits of the physician, into the person of the patient, as it is the opinion of Plato, Averroes, and others.

Above all things, the [aforesaid] authors have given particular directions to physicians about the words, discourse, and converse, which they ought to have with their patients; every one aiming at one point, that is, to rejoice them without offending God, and in no ways whatsoever to vex or displease them. Which causes Herophilus much to blame that physician [Callianax], who, being asked by a

patient of his, "Shall I die?" impudently made him this answer:

" Patroclus died, whom all allow,
By much a better man than you."

Another, who had a mind to know the state of his distemper, asking him, after our merry Patelin's way: "Well, doctor, does not my water tell you I shall die?" He foolishly answered, "No; If Latona, the mother of those lovely twins, Phœbus and Diana, begot thee." Galen, lib. 4, *Comment.* 6, *Epidem.*, blames much also Quintus, his tutor, who, a certain noble man of Rome, his patient, saying to him, "You have been at breakfast, my master, your breath smells of wine;" answered arrogantly, "Yours smells of fever: which is the better smell of the two, wine or a putrid fever?"

But the calumny of certain cannibals, misanthropes, [sour-faces,¹] has been so foul and excessive against me, that it had conquered my patience, and I had resolved not to write one jot more. For the least of their detractions were, that my books are all stuffed with various heresies, of which, nevertheless, they could not show one single instance; much, indeed, of comical and facetious fooleries, neither offending God nor the King: (and truly I own they are the subject, and only theme of these books); but of heresy, not a word, unless they interpreted wrong, and against all use of reason, and common language, what I had rather suffer a thousand deaths,

¹ In the French, *agelastes*, which Rabelais coins from the Greek ἀγέλαστος, "one who never laughs." Motteux mistakenly translates it "perpetual eavesdroppers."

if it were possible, than have thought: as who should make bread to be stone, a fish to be a serpent, and an egg to be a scorpion. This, my lord, emboldened me once to tell you, as I was complaining of it in your presence, that if I did not esteem myself a better Christian, than they show themselves towards me, and if my life, writings, words, nay thoughts, betrayed to me one single spark of heresy, or I should in a detestable manner fall into the snares of the spirit of detraction, *Λιάβολος*, that by their means raises such crimes against me; I would then, like the phoenix, gather dry wood, kindle a fire, and burn myself in the midst of it.

You were then pleased to say to me, that King Francis, of eternal memory, had been made sensible of those false accusations; and that having caused my books (mine, I say, because several, false and infamous, have been wickedly laid to me) to be carefully and distinctly read to him by the most learned and faithful anagnost in this kingdom, he had not found any passage suspicious; and that he abhorred a certain envious, ignorant, hypocritical informer,¹ who grounded a mortal heresy on an *n* put instead of an *m*² by the carelessness of the printers.

As much was done by his son, our most gracious, virtuous, and blessed sovereign, Henry, whom

¹ The original has it only a snake-eater, by which word Rabelais designs the monks; whom, in chap. xlvi., he compares to the Troglodytes, who, Pliny tells us, lib. 5, cap. 8, lived in caverns and fed on snakes. (*Ozell.*)

² Alluding to the misprint (?) of *asne* (ass) for *asme* (soul) at the middle and end of chap. xxii. of Book III., and at the beginning and middle of chap. xxiii., in the original edition. This "misprint" was corrected after 1552.

Heaven long preserve: so that he granted you his royal privilege, and particular protection for me, against my slandering adversaries.

You kindly condescended since, to confirm me these happy news at Paris; and also lately, when you visited my Lord Cardinal du Bellay, who, for the benefit of his health, after a lingering distemper, was retired to St. Maur, that place (or rather paradise) of salubrity, serenity, conveniency, and all desirable country pleasures.

Thus, my lord, under so glorious a patronage, I am emboldened once more to draw my pen, undaunted now and secure; with hopes that you will still prove to me, against the power of detraction, a second Gallic Hercules in learning, prudence, and eloquence; an Alexicacos in virtue, power, and authority; you, of whom I may truly say what the wise monarch Solomon saith of Moses, that great prophet and captain of Israel, *Ecclesiast.* 45. A man fearing and loving God, who found favour in the sight of all flesh; [well-beloved both of God and man;] whose memorial is blessed. God made him like to the glorious saints, and magnified him so, that his enemies stood in fear of him; and for him made wonders; made him glorious in the sight of kings, gave him a commandment for his people, and by him showed his light: He sanctified him in his faithfulness, and meekness, and chose him out of all men. By him he made us to hear His voice, and caused by him the law of life and knowledge to be given.

Accordingly, if I shall be so happy as to hear any one commend those merry composures, they shall

be adjured by me to be obliged, and pay their thanks to you alone, as also to offer their prayers to Heaven, for the continuance and increase of your greatness; and to attribute no more to me, than my humble and ready obedience to your commands; for by your most honourable encouragement, you at once have inspired me with spirit, and with invention; and without you my heart had failed me, and the fountain-head of my animal spirits had been dry. May the Lord keep you in His blessed mercy.

My Lord,

Your Most Humble and Most Devoted Servant,
FRANCIS RABELAIS, *Physician*.

PARIS, *this 28th of January MDLII.*

THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE

GOOD people, God save and keep you! Where are you? I can't see you:¹ stay—I'll saddle my nose with spectacles—oh, oh! it will be fair anon,² I see you. Well, you have had a good vintage, they say: this is no bad news to Frank, you may swear. You have got an infallible cure against thirst: rarely performed of you, my friends! You, your wives, children, friends, and families are in as good case as heart can wish; 't is well, 't is as I'd

¹ He can't see good people, they are so scarce. So Aristophanes, in his *Plutus*, makes Cremylus speak. (*Ozell.*)

² It should be Englished, "Soft and fair, Lent is drawing to an end: I see you." (*Ozell.*)

have it: God be praised for it, and if such be His will, may you long be so. For my part, I am thereabouts, thanks to His blessed goodness; and by the means of a little Pantagruelism (which you know is a certain jollity of mind, pickled in the scorn of fortune), you see me now hale and cheery, as sound as a bell, and ready to drink, if you will. Would you know why I 'm thus, good people? I 'll e'en give you a positive answer—such is the Lord's will, which I obey and revere; it being said in His word, in great derision to the physician neglectful of his own health, "Physician, heal thyself."

Galen had some knowledge of the Bible, and had conversed with the Christians of his time, as appears lib. 11, *De Usu Partium*; lib. 2., *De Differentiis Pulsuum*, cap. 3, and *ibid.* lib. 3., cap. 2, and lib. *De Rerum Affectibus* (if it be Galen's). Yet 't was not for any such veneration of holy writ that he took care of his own health. No, 't was for fear of being twitted with the saying so well known among physicians:

'Ιητροὺς ἄλλων αὐτὸς ἔλκεσι βρύων.

He boasts of healing poor and rich,
Yet is himself all over itch.

This made him boldly say, that he did not desire to be esteemed a physician, if from his twenty-eighth year to his old age he had not lived in perfect health, except some ephemeral fevers, of which he soon rid himself: yet he was not naturally of the soundest temper, his stomach being evidently bad. Indeed, as he saith, lib. 5, *De Sanitate tuenda*, that physician will hardly be thought very careful of the health of

others, who neglects his own. Asclepiades boasted yet more than this; for he said that he had articted with fortune not to be reputed a physician, if he could be said to have been sick, since he began to practise physic, to his latter age, which he reached, lusty in all his members, and victorious over fortune; till at last the old gentleman unluckily tumbled down from the top of a certain ill-propped and rotten staircase, and so there was an end of him.

If by some disaster health is fled from your worships to the right or to the left, above or below, before or behind, within or without, far or near, on this side or t' other side, wheresoever it be, may you presently, with the help of the Lord, meet with it; having found it, may you immediately claim it, seize it, and secure it. The law allows it: the king would have it so: nay, you have my advice for 't. Neither more nor less than the law-makers of old did fully empower a master to claim and seize his runaway servant, wherever he might be found. Od's-bodikins, is it not written and warranted by the ancient customs of this so noble, so rich, so flourishing realm of France, that the dead seizes the quick?¹ See what has been declared very lately in that point by that learned, wise, courteous, and just civilian, André Tiraquell,² [counsellor of the great, victorious, and triumphant Henry II.,]³ in the most

¹ A legal phrase, meaning that the dead person, by his death, gives possession or *seisin* to the living.

² This is the Tiraqueau who was Rabelais's friend at Fontenay-le-Comte, and (according to the legend) saved him from the solitary confinement to which he had been condemned for life by the monks.

³ Earlier editions have simply: "*One of the judges* in the most Honourable Court," etc.

honourable court of Parliament at Paris. Health is our life, as [Ariphron,] the Sicyonian, wisely has it; without health life is no life, 't is not living life: 'ABI'OS BI'OS, BI'OS 'ABI'OTOS. Without health life is only a languishment, and an image of death. Therefore, you that want your health, that is to say, That are dead, seize the quick; secure life to yourselves, that is to say, health.

I have this hope in the Lord, that he will hear our supplication, considering with what faith and zeal we pray, and that he will grant this our wish, because 't is moderate and mean. Mediocrity was held by the ancient sages to be golden, that is to say, precious, praised by all men, and pleasing in all places. Read the Sacred Bible, you 'll find, the prayers of those who asked moderately were never unanswered.

For example, little dapper Zaccheus, whose body and reliques the monks of St. Garlick,¹ near Orleans, boast of having, and nickname him St. Sylvanus;²

¹ Or rather St. Onion; for Rabelais, who was a dear lover of puns (and the worse the pun the better, as Mr. Dryden used to say), quibbles upon the similitude between *ainan* and *onion*; for near Orleans there is an abbey called St. Aignan, or Anian, as it is pronounced, and so sounds just like Oignon. (*Ozell.*) Ozell's correction of Motteux is uncalled for, since the best texts of Rabelais read Saint Ayl, which is the name of a place near Orleans, where St. Sylvanus was honoured; and the word *ail* also means garlic. There is no special reason for thinking that Rabelais intended a pun here, except the constant love of punning of which Ozell accuses him, and with so little injustice, that in every case he may be considered guilty until proven innocent.

² From *sylva*, a wood. Zaccheus might be so called from his climbing up a tree, the better to behold the Messiah as he passed by. (*Ozell.*)

he only wished to see our blessed Saviour near Jerusalem. 'T was but a small request, and no more than anybody then might pretend to. But alas! he was but low-built; and one of so diminutive a size, among the crowd, could n't so much as get a glimpse of Him. Well then he struts, stands on tip-toes, bustles, and bestirring his stumps, shoves and makes way, and with much ado clambers up a sycamore. Upon this, the Lord, Who knew his sincere affection, presented Himself to his sight, and was not only seen by him, but heard also; nay, what 's more, He came to his house, and blessed his family.

One of the sons of the prophets in Israel, felling wood near the river Jordan, his hatchet forsook the helve, and fell to the bottom of the river; so he prayed to have it again ('t was but a small request, mark ye me), and having a strong faith, he did not throw the hatchet after the helve, as some spirits of contradiction say by way of scandalous blunder, but the helve after the hatchet, as you all properly have it. Presently two great miracles were seen: up springs the hatchet from the bottom of the water, and fixes itself to its old acquaintance the helve. Now had he wished to coach it to heaven in a fiery chariot like Elias, to multiply in seed like Abraham, be as rich as Job, strong as Sampson, and beautiful as Absalom, would he have obtained it, d' ye think? I' troth, my friends, I question it very much. . . .

Wish therefore for mediocrity, and it shall be given unto you, and over and above yet; that is to say, provided you bestir yourself manfully, and do your best in the meantime.

“Ay, but,” say you, “God might as soon have given me seventy-eight thousand as the thirteenth part of one-half: for He is omnipotent, and a million of gold is no more to Him than one farthing.” Oh, oh! pray tell me who taught you to talk at this rate of the power and predestination of God, poor silly people? Peace, tush, st, st, st, fall down before His sacred face, and own the nothingness of your nothing.

Upon this, O ye that labour under the affliction of the gout, I ground my hopes; firmly believing, that if it so pleases the divine goodness, you shall obtain health; since you wish and ask for nothing else, at least for the present. Well, stay yet a little longer with half an ounce of patience.

The Genoese do not use, like you, to be satisfied with wishing health alone, when after they have all the live-long morning been in a brown study, talked, pondered, ruminated, and resolved in their counting-houses, of whom and how they may squeeze the ready, and who by their craft must be hooked in, wheedled, bubbled,¹ sharpened, over-reached, and choused;¹ they go to the exchange, and greet one another with a *Sanità* and *guadagno*, *Messer*; health and gain to you, sir. Health alone will not go down with the greedy curmudgeons: they over and above must wish for gain, with a pox to 'em; ay, and for the fine crowns, or *scudi di Guadagno*; whence, heaven be praised, it happens many a time, that the silly wishers and woulders are baulked, and get neither.

¹ Fooled, cheated; compare Dryden:

Freedom and zeal have *choused* you o'er and o'er;
Pray give us leave to *bubble* you once more.

Now, my lads, as you hope for good health, cough once aloud with lungs of leather; take me off three swingeing bumpers; prick up your ears; and you shall hear me tell wonders of the noble and good Pantagruel.

CHAPTER I

HOW PANTAGRUEL WENT TO SEA TO VISIT THE ORACLE OF BACBUC, ALIAS THE HOLY BOTTLE

IN the month of June, on Vesta's Holiday, the very numerical day on which Brutus, conquering Spain, taught its strutting dons to truckle under him, and that niggardly miser Crassus was routed and knocked on the head by the Parthians, Pantagruel took his leave of the good Gargantua, his royal father. The old gentleman, according to the laudable custom of the primitive Christians, devoutly prayed for the happy voyage of his son and his whole company, and then they took shipping at the port of Thalassa. Pantagruel had with him Panurge, Friar John des Entomeures, alias of the Funnels, Epistemon, Gymnast, Eusthenes, Rhizotomus, Carpalim, *cum multis aliis*, his ancient servants and domestics: also Xenomanes, the great traveller, who had crossed so many dangerous roads, dikes, ponds, seas, and so forth, and was come some time before, having been sent for by Panurge.

For certain good causes and considerations him thereunto moving, he had left with Gargantua, and marked out, in his great and universal hydrographical chart, the course which they were to steer to visit

the Oracle of the Holy Bottle Bacbuc. The number of ships were such as I described in the third book, convoyed by a like number of triremes, men of war, galleons, and feluccas, well rigged, caulked, and stored with a good quantity of Pantagrue.

All the officers, dragomen, pilots, captains, mates, boatswains, midshipmen, quartermasters, and sailors, met in the *Thalamege*, Pantagrue's principal flagship, which had in her stern, [for her ensign,] a huge large bottle, half silver, well polished, the other half gold, enamelled with carnation, whereby it was easy to guess that white and red were the colours of the noble travellers, and that they went for the word of the Bottle.

On the stern of the second was a lantern, like those of the ancients, industriously made with diaphanous stone, implying that they were to pass by Lanternland. The third ship had for her device a fine deep China ewer. The fourth, a double-handed jar [of gold,] much like an ancient urn. The fifth, a famous can made of sperm of emerald. The sixth, a monk's mumping bottle made of the four metals together. The seventh, an ebony funnel, all embossed and wrought with gold after the tauchic manner. The eighth, an ivy goblet, very precious, inlaid with gold. The ninth, a cup of fine obriz gold. The tenth, a tumbler of aromatic agoloch (you call it lignum aloes) edged with Cyprian gold, after the Azemine make. The eleventh, a golden vine-tub of mosaic work. The twelfth, a runlet of unpolished gold, covered with a small vine of large Indian pearl of topiarian work. Insomuch that there was no man, however in the dumps,

musty, sour-looking, or melancholic he were, not even excepting that blubbering whiner Heraclitus, had he been there, but seeing this noble convoy of ships and their devices, must have been seized with present gladness of heart, and smiling at the conceit, have said, that the travellers were all honest toppers, true pitcher-men; and have judged by a most sure prognostication, that their voyage, both outward and homeward bound, would be performed in mirth and perfect health.

In the *Thalamege*, where was the general meeting, Pantagrue made a short but sweet exhortation, wholly backed with authorities from Scripture upon navigation; which being ended, with an audible voice prayers were said in the presence and hearing of all the burghers of Thalassa, who had flocked to the mole to see them take shipping.

After the prayers, was melodiously sung a psalm of the holy King David, which begins, "When Israel went out of Egypt;" and that being ended, tables were placed upon deck, and a feast speedily served up. The Thalassians, who had also borne a chorus in the Psalm, caused store of [victuals and vine-juice] to be brought out of their houses. All drank to them: they drank to all: which was the cause that none of the whole company gave up what they had eaten, nor were sea-sick, with a pain at the head and stomach; which inconveniency they could not so easily have prevented by drinking, for some time before, salt water, either alone or mixed with wine; using quinces, citron peel, juice of pomegranates, sourish sweetmeats, fasting a long time, covering their stomachs with paper, or following such other

idle remedies, as foolish physicians prescribe to those that go to sea.

Having often renewed their tipplings, each mother's son retired on board his own ship, and set sail all so fast with a merry gale at south-east; to which point of the compass the chief pilot, James Brayer by name, had shaped his course, and fixed all things accordingly. For seeing that the Oracle of the Holy Bottle lay near Cathay, in the Upper India, his advice, and that of Xenomanes also, was not to steer the course which the Portuguese use, [who] sailing through the torrid zone, and [by] Cape Bona Speranza, at the south point of Afric, beyond the equinoctial line, and losing sight of the northern pole, their guide, make a prodigious long voyage; but rather to keep as near the parallel of the said India as possible, and to tack to the westward of the said pole, so that winding under the north,¹ they might find themselves in the latitude of the port of Olone, without coming nearer it for fear of being shut up in the frozen sea; whereas, following this canonical turn, by the said parallel, they must have that on the right to the eastward, which at their departure was on their left.

This proved a much shorter cut; for without shipwreck, danger, or loss of men, with uninterrupted good weather, except one day near the island

¹ Rabelais is evidently thinking of the "North-west passage" to India. An attempt to find it had been made by the Frenchman Cartier in 1535, who sailed up the river St. Lawrence. The first important French expedition to America was fitted out, under the auspices of Coligny, in 1562, ten years after the publication of this Fourth Book of Rabelais.

of the Macreons, they performed in less than four months the voyage of Upper India, which the Portuguese, with a thousand inconveniences and innumerable dangers, can hardly complete in three years. And it is my opinion, with submission to better judgments, that this course was perhaps steered by those Indians who sailed to Germany, and were honourably received by the King of the Swedes, while Quintus Metellus Celer was pro-consul of the Gauls; as Cornelius Nepos, Pomponius Mela, and Pliny after them tell us.¹

¹ ON CHAP. I.—By Pantagruel and his attendants, who embarked for the Oracle of the Holy Bottle, we may understand Anthony Duke of Vendôme, afterwards King of Navarre, setting out of the world of error, to search after truth; which Rabelais places in the bottle, because, drinking its wine, we are inspired with spirit and invention, and freely imparting our sentiments, discover those of others.

As much is implied by the Greek proverb, ἐν οἴνῳ ἀληθεῖα; by the Latin, *in vino veritas*; and as some have it among us, True philosophy lies in the bottle. Our author, like skilful dramatic writers, gives us a hint of his design in the first chapter, when just before Pantagruel sets sail, he makes him and his men go to prayers, and sing the 114th Psalm, “When Israel went out of Egypt,” which country all know is generally taken, in a mystical sense, for error, or being a slave to it.

Bacbus is a bottle in Hebrew, and the ships have all bottles, cups, or wine vessels on their stern, to show that the whole fleet are for wine: only one has a lantern, to confirm what is said, that the guidance of good lights, *i. e.*, learned men, is requisite in such an attempt. If we have a mind to say that our author had a double meaning all along, as he has in many places, we might suppose one easily; for this was written at the time of the Council of Trent, in which the restitution of the cup to the laity, and of marriage to the clergy, were debated. Panurge goes to the Oracle of the Bottle, near Lanternland, where the lanterns, which may be the clergy, who think themselves the lights of the world, held then their provincial chapter. His business is, with the Bottle, to know whether he

CHAPTER II

HOW PANTAGRUEL MET A SHIP WITH PASSENGERS
RETURNING FROM LANTERNLAND

ON the fifth day, [beginning] already to wind by little and little about the pole, going still farther from the equinoctial line, we discovered a merchantman to the windward of us. The joy for this was not small on both sides; we in hopes to hear news from sea, and those in the merchantman from land. So we bore upon 'em, and coming up with them we hailed them: and finding them to be Frenchmen of Xaintonge, backed our sails and lay by to talk to them. Pantagruel heard that they came from Lanternland; which added to his joy, and that of the whole fleet. We inquired about the state of that country, and the way of living of the Lanterns: and were told, that about the latter end of the following July, was the time prefixed for the meeting of the general chapter of the Lanterns;¹

should marry or no; all his company there are made to drink water, which had the taste of wine; the word of the bottle is *trinck*, which is drink in High Dutch; and Panurge, having drunk, foretells that he shall be married; as indeed Montluc, Bishop of Valence, whom I take to be Rabelais's Panurge, is owned by all the historians of his age to have been; the application is easy. (*Motteux.*)

¹ The Council of Trent, which, in concert with the Emperor and Pope, at this time continued sitting, in spite of the opposition made to it by the King of France. Rabelais, by the word Lanterns, means the prelates and divines of that assembly; because, instead of enlightening the people (as they would do if they answered the end of their function), they consumed abundance of time in lanterning, as the French say (*i. e.*, trifling and playing the fool), and in no wise healed or composed the differences of religion. To lanternise

and that if we arrived there at that time, as we might easily, we should see a handsome, honourable, and jolly company of Lanterns; and that great preparations were making, as if they intended to lanternise there to the purpose. We were told also, that if we touched at the great kingdom of Gebarin, we should be honourably received and treated by the sovereign of that country, King Ohabé, who, as well as all his subjects, speaks Touraine French.

While we were listening to these news, Panurge fell out with one Dingdong, a drover or sheep merchant of Taillebourg. . . . Panurge tipped the wink upon Epistemon and Friar John, and taking them aside,—“Stand at some distance out of the way,” said he, “and take your share of the following scene of mirth; you shall have rare sport anon, if my cake be n’t dough, and my plot do but take.” Then addressing himself to the drover, he took off to him a bumper of good lantern wine.¹ The other pledged him briskly and courteously. This done, Panurge earnestly entreated him to sell him one of his sheep.

But the other answered him, “Is it come to that, friend and neighbour? Would you put tricks upon travellers? Alas, how finely you love to play upon poor folk! Nay, you seem a rare chapman, that is the truth on ’t. Oh, what a mighty sheep merchant you are! In good faith, you look liker one of the

profoundly, as the author a little lower says they would do at this council, means to put one’s self into a deep meditation, as the monks do, when the hood of their habit, being brought over their faces, looks like the top of a lantern. (*Ozell*, after *Motteux*.)

¹ Excellent wine, wine theological. (*Ozell*.)

[cut-purse] trade, than a buyer of sheep. Adzoo-
kers, what a blessing it would be to have one's
purse, well lined with chink, near your worship at
a tripe-house, when it begins to thaw! Humph,
humph, did not we know you well, you might serve
one a slippery trick! Pray do but see, good people,
what a mighty conjuror the fellow would be
reckoned."

"Patience," said Panurge: "but waiving that, be
so kind as to sell me one of your sheep. Come,
how much?" "What do you mean, master of
mine?" answered the other. "They are long-wool
sheep: from these did Jason take his golden fleece.
The gold [order] of the house of Burgundy was
drawn from them. Zwoons, man, they are oriental
sheep, topping sheep, fatted sheep, sheep of quality."
"Be it so," said Panurge: "but sell me one of them,
I beseech you, and that for a cause, paying you
ready money upon the nail, in good and lawful occi-
dental current cash. Wilt say how much?" "Friend,
neighbour," answered the seller of mutton, "hark 'e
me a little, on the other ear."

PANURGE. On which side you please; I hear you.

DINGDONG. You are a going to Lanternland, they
say.

PAN. Yea, verily.

DING. To see fashions?

PAN. Even so.

DING. And be merry?

PAN. And be Merry.

DING. Your name is, as I take it, Robin Mutton?

PAN. As you please for that, sweet sir.

DING. Nay, without offence.

PAN. So I would have it.

DING. You are, as I take it, the king's jester, are n't you?

PAN. Aye, aye, anything.

DING. Give me your hand—humph, humph, you go to see fashions, you are the King's jester, your name is Robin Mutton! Do you see this same ram? His name, too, is Robin. Here Robin, Robin, Robin! Baea, baea, baea. Hath he not a rare voice?

PAN. Ay, marry has he, a very fine and harmonious voice.

DING. Well, this bargain shall be made between you and me, friend and neighbour; we will get a pair of scales, then you Robin Mutton shall be put into one of them, and Tup Robin into the other. Now, I'll hold you a peck of Busch oysters, that in weight, value, and price, he shall outdo you, and you shall be found light in the very numerical manner, as when you shall be hanged and suspended.

"Patience," said Panurge: "but you would do much for me, and your whole posterity, if you would chaffer with me for him, or some other of his inferiors. I beg it of you; good your worship, be so kind." "Hark ye, friend of mine," answered the other, "with the fleece of these, your fine Rouen cloth is to be made; your Lemster superfine wool is mere flock in comparison. Of their skin the best cordovan will be made, which shall be sold for Turkey and Montelimart, or for Spanish leather at least. Of the guts shall be made fiddle and harp strings, that will sell as dear as if they came from Muncan or Aquileia. What do you think on't,

hah?" "If you please, sell me one of them," said Panurge, "and I am yours for ever. Look, here 's ready cash. What 's the price?" This he said, exhibiting his purse stuffed with new Henricuses.

CHAPTER III

WHICH IF YOU READ, YOU WILL FIND HOW
PANURGE BARGAINED WITH DINGDONG

"NEIGHBOUR, my friend," answered Dingdong, "they are meat for none but kings and princes: their flesh is so delicate, so savoury, and so dainty, that one would swear it melted in the mouth. I bring them out of a country where the very hogs, God be with us, live on nothing but myrobalans.¹ The sows in their styes, when they lie in (saving the honour of this good company) are fed only with orange flowers." "But," said Panurge, "drive a bargain with me for one of them, and I will pay you for it like a king, upon the honest word of a true Trojan: come, come, what do you ask?" "Not so fast, Robin," answered the trader; "these sheep are lineally descended from the very family of the ram that wafted Phryxus and Helle over the sea, since called the Hellespont." "A pox on it," said Panurge, "you are *clericus vel addiscens!* . . ."

¹ "Myrobalan: An East-Indian Plumme called the Myrobalan Plumme, whereof there be divers kinds distinguished by severall names (as Bellerics, Chebules, Emblics, &c.)." (*Cotgrave.*)

“There is too long a lecture by half,” said the skipper to his preaching passenger; “sell him one if thou wilt; if thou won’t, don’t let the man lose more time. I hate a gibble-gabble, and a rimple-ramble talk. I am for a man of brevity.” “I will, for your sake,” replied the holder-forth; “but then he shall give me three livres, French money, for each, and pick and choose.”

“‘T is a woundy price,” cried Panurge; “in our country I could have five, nay, six for the money: see that you do not overreach me, master. You are not the first man whom I have known to have fallen, even sometimes to the endangering, if not breaking, of his own neck, for endeavouring to rise all at once.” “A murrain seize thee for a blockheaded booby,” cried the angry seller of sheep; “by the worthy vow of our lady of Charroux, the worst in this flock is four times better than those which [in days of yore] the Coraxians in Tuditania, a country of Spain, used to sell for a gold talent each; and how much do’st thou think, thou Hibernian fool, that a talent of gold was worth?” “Sweet sir, you fall into a passion, I see,” returned Panurge: “well hold, here is your money.”

Panurge, having paid his money, chose him out of all the flock a fine topping ram; and as he was hauling it along, crying out and bleating, all the rest, hearing and bleating in concert, stared, to see whither their brother ram should be carried. In the meanwhile the drover was saying to his shepherds: “Ah! how well the knave could choose him out a ram; the whoreson has skill in cattle. On my honest word, I reserved that very piece of flesh for

the Lord of Cancale, well knowing his disposition: for the good man naturally is overjoyed when he holds a good-sized handsome shoulder of mutton instead of a left-handed racket, in one hand, with a good sharp carver in the other: got wot how he belabours himself then."

CHAPTER IV

HOW PANURGE CAUSED DINGDONG AND HIS SHEEP TO BE DROWNED IN THE SEA

ON a sudden, you would wonder how the thing was so soon done; for my part I can't tell you for I had not leisure to mind it; our friend, Panurge, without any further tittle-tattle, throws you his ram overboard into the middle of the sea, bleating and making a sad noise. Upon this all the other sheep in the ship, crying and bleating in the same tone, made all the haste they could to leap nimbly into the sea, one after another; and great was the throng who should leap in first after their leader. It was impossible to hinder them: for you know that it is in the nature of sheep always to follow the first, wheresoever it goes; which makes Aristotle, lib. 9, *De Hist. animal.*, mark them for the most silly and foolish animals in the world.

Dingdong, at his wit's end, and stark staring mad, like a man who saw his sheep destroy and drown themselves before his face, strove to hinder and

keep them back with might and main; but all in vain: they all, one after t' other, frisked and jumped into the sea, and were lost. At last he laid hold on a huge sturdy one by the fleece, upon the deck of the ship, hoping to keep it back, and so to save that and the rest: but the ram was so strong that it proved too hard for him, and carried its master into the herring-pond in spite of his teeth; where 't is supposed he drank somewhat more than his fill; so that he was drowned; in the same manner, as one-eyed Polyphemus's sheep carried out of the den Ulysses and his companions. The like happened to the shepherds and all their gang, some laying hold on their beloved tup, this by the horns, t' other by the legs, a third by the rump, and others by the fleece; till in fine they were all of them forced to sea, and drowned like so many rats.

Panurge on the gunnel of the ship, with an oar in his hand, not to help them you may swear, but to keep them from swimming to the ship, and saving themselves from drowning, preached and canted to them all the while, like any little Friar Oliver Mail-lard, or another Friar John Burgess; laying before them rhetorical commonplaces concerning the miseries of this life, and the blessings and felicity of the next; assuring them that the dead were much happier than the living in this vale of misery, and promising to erect a stately cenotaph and honorary tomb to every one of them, on the highest summit of Mount Cenis, at his return from Lanternland; wishing them, nevertheless, in case they were not disposed to shake hands with this life, and did not like their salt liquor, they might have the good luck

to meet with some kind whale which [on the third day following] might set them ashore safe and sound, on some blessed land of Gotham, after a famous example.

The ship being cleared of Dingdong and his tups: "Is there ever another sheepish soul left lurking on board?" cried Panurge. "Where are those of Toby Lamb, and Robin Ram, that sleep whilst the rest are a feeding? Faith I can't tell myself. This was an old coaster's trick. What think'st thou of it, Friar John, hah?" "Rarely performed," answered Friar John: "only methinks that as formerly in war, on the day of battle, a double pay was commonly promised the soldiers for that day: for if they overcame, there was enough to pay them; and if they lost, it would have been shameful for them to demand it, as the [cowards of Gruyère] did after the battle of Cerizoles: likewise, my friend, you ought not to have paid your man, and the money had been saved." "A fig for the money," said Panurge: "have I not had above fifty thousand pounds' worth of sport? Come now, let's be gone; the wind is fair. Hark you me, my friend John: never did man do me a good turn, but I returned, or at least acknowledged it: no, I scorn to be ungrateful; I never was, nor ever will be: never did man do me an ill one without rueing the day that he did it, either in this world or the next. I am not yet so much a fool neither." "Thou damnest thyself like any old devil," quoth Friar John: "it is written, *Mihi vindictam*, etc. Matter of breviary, mark ye me; that's holy stuff."

CHAPTER V

HOW PANTAGRUEL PASSED THROUGH THE LAND OF PETTIFOGGING; OF THE STRANGE WAY OF LIVING AMONG THE CATCHPOLES; AND HOW FRIAR JOHN MADE TRIAL OF THE NATURE OF THE CATCHPOLES¹

STEERING our course forwards the next day, we passed by Pettifogging, a country all blurred and blotted, so that I could hardly tell what to make on 't. There we saw some pettifoggers and catchpoles, rogues that will hang their father for a groat. They neither invited us to eat or drink; but, with a multiplied train of scrapes and cringes, said they were all at our service, for the *Legem pone*.²

One of our dragomen related to Pantagruel their strange way of living, diametrically opposed to that of our modern Romans; for at Rome a world of folks get an honest livelihood by poisoning, drubbing, lambasting, stabbing, and murdering; but the catchpoles earn theirs by being thrashed; so that if they were long without a tight lambasting, the poor dogs with their wives and children would be starved.

"The way is this," said the interpreter. "When a monk, levite, close-fisted usurer, or lawyer owes a

¹ *Catchpoll*, a contemptuous name for subordinate bailiffs. Compare Bacon's *Essays* :

They call all temporal businesses undersheriffries, as if they were but matters for undersheriffs and *catchpolls*; though many times those undersheriffries do more good than their high speculations.

² That is, "for a consideration."

grudge to some neighbouring gentleman, he sends to him one of those catchpoles, or apparitors, who nabs, or at least cites him, serves a writ or warrant upon him, thumps, abuses, and affronts him impudently by natural instinct, and according to his pious instructions: insomuch that if the gentleman hath but any guts in his brains, and is not more stupid than a gyryn frog,¹ he will find himself obliged either to apply a faggot-stick or his sword to the rascal's jobbernot, give him the gentle lash, or make him cut a caper out at the window, by way of correction. This done, catchpole is rich for four months at least, as if bastinadoes were his real harvest: for the monk, levite, usurer, or lawyer will reward him roundly; and my gentleman must pay him such swingeing damages, that his acres may bleed for 't, and he be in danger of miserably rotting within a stone doublet, as if he had struck the King." . . .

"This puts me in mind," said Pantagruel, "of an ancient Roman named L. Neratius. He was of noble blood, and [in his] time was rich; but had this tyrannical inclination, that whenever he went out of doors, he caused his servants to fill their pockets with gold and silver, and meeting in the street your spruce gallants and better sort of beaux, without the least provocation, for his fancy, he used to strike them hard on the face with his fist; and immediately after that, to appease them, and hinder them from complaining to the magistrates, he would give them as much money as satisfied them according to the law of the twelve tables. Thus he used

¹ A tad-pole. Greek *βάτραχος γυρίνος*.

to spend his revenue, beating people for the price of his money."

"By St. Bennet's sacred boot," quoth Friar John, "I will know the truth of it presently." This said, he went on shore, put his hand in his fob, and took out twenty ducats; then said with a loud voice, in the hearing of a shoal of the nation of catchpoles: "Who will earn twenty ducats, for being beaten like the devil?" "Io, Io, Io," said they all: "you will cripple us for ever, sir, that 's most certain; but the money is tempting." With this they were all thronging who should be first, to be thus preciousely beaten. Friar John singled him out of the whole knot of these rogues-in-grain, a red-snout catchpole, who upon his right thumb wore a thick, broad silver hoop, wherein was set a good large toadstone. He had no sooner picked him out from the rest, but I perceived that they all muttered and grumbled; and I heard a young thin-jawed catchpole, a notable scholar, a pretty fellow at his pen, and, according to public report, much cried up for his honesty at Doctor's-Commons, making his complaint, and muttering, because this same crimson phiz carried away all the practice; and that if there were but a score and a half of bastinadoes to be got, he would certainly run away with eight-and-twenty [and a half] of them. But all this was looked upon to be nothing but mere envy.

Friar John so unmercifully thrashed, thumped, belaboured Red-snout, back and belly, sides, legs, and arms, head, feet, and so forth, with the home and frequently repeated application of one of the best members of a faggot, that I took him to be a

dead man: then he gave him the twenty ducats; which made the dog get on his legs, pleased like a king or two. The rest were saying to Friar John: "Sir, sir, brother devil, if it please you to do us the favour to beat some of us for less money, we are all at your devilship's command, bags, papers, pens, and all."

Red-snout cried out against them, saying, with a loud voice: "Body of me, you little prigs, will you offer to take the bread out of my mouth? will you take my bargain over my head? would you draw and inveigle from me my clients and customers? Take notice, I summon you before the official this day se'night; I will law and claw you like any old devil [of Vauverd], that I will." Then turning himself towards Friar John, with a smiling and joyful look, he said to him: "Reverend father in the devil, if you have found me a good hide, and have a mind to divert yourself once more, by beating your humble servant, I will bate you half in half this time, rather than lose your custom: do not spare me, I beseech you: I am all, and more than all yours, good Mr. Devil; head, lungs, tripes, guts, and garbage; and that at a pennyworth, I'll assure you." Friar John never heeded his proffers, but e'en left them. The other catchpoles were making addresses to Panurge, Epistemon, Gymnast, and others, entreating them charitably to bestow upon their carcasses a small beating, for otherwise they were in danger of keeping a long fast: but none of them had a stomach to it. . . .

CHAPTER VI¹HOW PANTAGRUEL WENT ASHORE IN THE ISLAND
OF POPE-FIGLAND

THE next morning we arrived at the island of Pope-figs; formerly a rich and free people, called the Gaillardets; but now, alas! miserably poor, and under the yoke of the Papimen. The occasion of it was this.

On a certain yearly high holy-day, the burgomaster, syndics, and topping rabbies of the Gaillardets chanced to go into the neighbouring island of Papi-many to see the festival, and pass away the time. Now one of them having espied the Pope's picture (with the sight of which, according to a laudable custom, the people were blessed on high-offering holy-days), made mouths at it, and cried, "A fig for it!" as a sign of manifest contempt and derision. To be revenged of this affront, the Papimen, some

¹ By the island of the Pope-figs is meant those who followed Luther or Calvin's reformation, and chiefly the Germans and the French. They were called the Gaillardes at first; principally, because they were at first brisk and merry, or gaillard; as when the landsknechts, generally Protestants, plundered Rome in 1527, they led several bishops and cardinals, in their proper accoutrements, through the streets on mules and asses, with their faces turned towards the tail; threw the host, relics, and images of saints about the streets, and forced the Pope to buy a peace with 400,000 ducats, and remain a prisoner till it was paid, after he had been almost starved in Castel St. Angelo, where he invited the cardinals to a treat of ass's flesh, as if it had been one of the greatest dainties imaginable. This our author calls *faire la figue*, to revile and feague, or say, a fig for the Pope. . . . (*Motteux.*)

days after, without giving the others the least warning, took arms, and surprised, destroyed, and ruined the whole island of the Gaillardets; putting the men to the sword, and sparing none but the women and children; and those too only on condition to do what the inhabitants of Milan were condemned to, by the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa. . . .

By the same ignominy the rest of these poor distressed Gaillardets saved their bacon, becoming tributaries and slaves, and the name of Pope-figs was given them, because they had said, "A fig for the Pope's image!" Since this, the poor wretches never prospered, but every year the devil was at their doors, and they were plagued with hail, storms, famine, and all manner of woes, as an everlasting punishment for the sin of their ancestors and relations. Perceiving the misery and calamity of that generation, we did not care to go farther up into the country; contenting ourselves with going into a little chapel near the haven, to take some holy water. It was dilapidated and ruined, wanting also a cover—like Saint Peter at Rome. When we were in, as we dipped our fingers in the sanctified cistern, we spied, in the middle of that holy pickle, a fellow muffled up with stoles, all under water, like a diving duck, except the tip of his snout, to draw his breath. About him stood three priests, true shavelings, clean shorn and polled, who were muttering strange words to the devils out of a conjuring book.

Pantagruel was not a little amazed at this, and, inquiring what kind of sport these were at, was told, that, for three years last past, the plague had

so dreadfully raged in the island, that the better half of it had been utterly depopulated, and the lands lay fallow without owners. Now, the mortality being over, this same fellow, who was crept into the holy tub, having a large piece of ground, chanced to be sowing it with white winter wheat, at the very minute of an hour that a kind of a silly sucking devil, who could not yet write or read, or hail and thunder, unless it were on parsley or coleworts, had got leave of his master Lucifer to go into this island of Pope-figs, where the devils were very familiar with the men and women, and often went to take their pastime.

This same devil being got thither, directed his discourse to the husbandman, and asked him what he was doing. The poor man told him that he was sowing this ground with corn, to help him to subsist the next year. "Ay! but the ground is none of thine, Mr. Plough-jobber," cried the devil, "but mine; for since the time that you mocked the Pope, all this land has been proscribed, adjudged, and abandoned to us. However, to sow corn is not my province: therefore I will give thee leave to sow the field, that is to say, provided we share the profit." "I will," replied the farmer. "I mean," said the devil, "that of what the land shall bear, two lots shall be made, one of what shall grow above ground, the other of what shall be covered with earth: the right of choosing belongs to me; for I am a devil of noble and ancient race; thou art a base clown. I therefore choose what shall lie under ground, take thou what shall be above. When dost thou reckon to reap, hah?" "About

the middle of July," quoth the farmer. "Well," said the devil, "I'll not fail thee then: in the meantime, slave as thou oughtest. Work, clown, work."

CHAPTER VII

HOW A JUNIOR DEVIL WAS FOOLED BY A HUSBAND-MAN OF POPE-FIGLAND

IN the middle of July, the devil came to the place aforesaid, with all his crew at his heels, a whole choir of the younger fry of hell; and having met the farmer, said to him: "Well, clod-pate, how hast thou done, since I went? Thou and I must now share the concern." "Ay, master devil," quoth the clown, "'t is but reason we should." Then he and his men began to cut and reap the corn: and, on the other side, the devil's imps fell to work, grubbing up and pulling out the stubble by the root.

The countryman had his corn thrashed, winnowed it, put it into sacks, and went with it to market. The same did the devil's servants, and sat them down there by the man to sell their straw. The countryman sold off his corn at a good rate, and with the money filled an old kind of a demi-buskin, which was fastened to his girdle. But the devil a sou the devils took: far from taking hansel, they were flouted and jeered by the country louts.

Market being over, quoth the devil to the farmer:

“Well, clown, thou hast choused me once, ’t is thy fault; chouse me twice, ’t will be mine.” “Nay, good sir devil,” replied the farmer, “how can I be said to have choused you, since ’t was your worship that chose first? The truth is, that, by this trick, you thought to cheat me, hoping that nothing would spring out of the earth for my share, and that you should find whole underground the corn which I had sowed, and with it tempt the poor and needy, the close hypocrite, or the covetous gripe; thus making them fall into your snares. But troth, you must e’en go to school yet: you are no conjurer, for aught I see: for the corn that was sown is dead and rotten, its corruption having caused the generation of that which you saw me sell: so you chose the worst, and therefore are cursed in the gospel.”

“Well, talk no more on ’t!” quoth the devil: “what canst thou sow our field with for next year?” “If a man would make the best on ’t,” answered the ploughman, “’t were fit he sow it with radish.” “Now,” cried the devil, “thou talkest like an honest fellow, bumpkin: well, sow me good store of radish, I ’ll see and keep them safe from storms, and will not hail a bit on them. But hark ’e me! this time I bespeak for my share what shall be above ground; what ’s under shall be thine. Drudge on, looby, drudge on! I am going to tempt heretics; their souls are dainty victuals, when broiled in rashers, and well powdered. My Lord Lucifer has the gripping in the guts; they ’ll make a dainty warm dish for his honour’s maw.”

When the season of radishes was come, our devil failed not to meet in the field, with a train of rascally

underlings, all waiting devils, and finding there the farmer and his men, he began to cut and gather the leaves of the radishes. After him the farmer with his spade digged up the radishes, and clapped them up into pouches. This done, the devil, the farmer, and their gangs, hied them to market, and there the farmer presently made good money of his radishes: but the poor devil took nothing; nay, what was worse, he was made a common laughing-stock by the gaping hoydens.¹ . . .

CHAPTER VIII

HOW PANTAGRUEL WENT ASHORE AT THE ISLAND OF PAPIMANY

HAVING left the desolate island of the Pope-figs, we sailed, for the space of a day, very fairly and merrily, and made the blessed island Papimany. As soon as we had dropped anchor in the road, before we had well moored our ship with ground-tackle, four persons, in different garbs, rowed towards us in a skiff. One of them was dressed like a monk in his frock, draggle-tailed, and booted: the other like a falconer, with a lure, and a long-winged

¹The stubble and the leaves of the radishes, which are all that falls to the young devil's share, while the countryman reaps the profit of the corn and fruit he had sowed in his field, show that the pretended Papists only gave the outside and insignificant forms to the Church of Rome, and that their hearts and minds were not inclinable to follow its doctrines. Our author's honest boldness is very remarkable, both in this chapter and many of the next. (*Motteux.*)

hawk on his fist: the third like a solicitor, with a large bag, full of informations, subpœnas, breviates, bills, writs, cases, and other implements of pettifogging. The fourth looked like one of your vine barbers about Orleans, with a jantee pair of canvas trousers, a dosser, and a pruning-knife at his girdle.

As soon as the boat had clapped them on board, they all with one voice asked, "Have you seen him, good passengers, have you seen him?" "Who?" asked Pantagruel. "You know who," answered they. "Who is it?" asked Friar John. "'Sblood and 'oonds, I'll thrash him thick and threefold." This he said, thinking that they inquired after some robber, murderer, or church-breaker. "Oh, wonderful!" cried the four, "do not you foreign people know the one?" "Sirs," replied Epistemon, "we do not understand those terms: but if you will be pleased to let us know who you mean, we'll tell you the truth of the matter, without any more ado." "We mean," said they, "He that is. Did you ever see him?" "He that is," returned Pantagruel, "according to our theological doctrine, is God, [and in these words He declared Himself to Moses]. We never saw Him, nor can He be beheld by mortal eyes." "We meant [by no means] that supreme God, who rules in heaven," replied they; "we spoke of the god on earth. Did you ever see him?" "Upon my honour," cried Carpalim, "they mean the Pope." "Ay, ay!" answered Panurge: "yea verily, gentlemen, I have seen three of them, whose sight has not much bettered me." "How!" cried they, "our sacred decretals inform us, that there never is more than one living." "I mean succes-

sively, one after the other," returned Panurge: "otherwise I never saw more than one at a time."

"O thrice and four times happy people!" cried they, "you are welcome, and more than double-welcome!" They then kneeled down before us and would have kissed our feet, but we would not suffer it, telling them that, should the Pope come thither in his own person, 't is all they could do to him. . . .

While they were talking thus, Pantagruel inquired of one of their coxswain's crew, who those persons were. He answered, that they were the four estates of the island; and added, that we should be made as welcome as princes, since we had seen the Pope. Panurge having been acquainted with this by Pantagruel, said to him in his ear: "I swear and vow, sir, it is even so; he that has patience may compass anything. Seeing the Pope had done us no good: now, in the devil's name, 't will do us a great deal." We then went ashore, and the whole country, men, women, and children, came to meet us as in a solemn procession. Our four estates cried out to them with a loud voice: "They have seen him! they have seen him! they have seen him!" That proclamation being made, all the mob kneeled down before us, lifting up their hands towards heaven, and crying, "O happy men! O most happy!" and this acclamation lasted above a quarter of an hour.

Then came the Busby¹ of the place, with all his

¹ R. Busby, 1606-1695, head-master of Westminster School, and famous for flogging. Locke and Dryden both passed under his rod, and this perhaps accounts for the hostility to public schools shown in Locke's *Thoughts upon Education*. See the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

pedagogues, ushers, and schoolboys, whom he magisterially flogged, as they used to whip children in our country formerly, when some criminal was hanged, that they might remember it. This displeased Pantagruel, who said to them: "Gentlemen, if you do not leave off whipping these poor children, I'm gone." The people were amazed, hearing his stentorian voice; and I saw a little hump with long fingers, say to the hypodidascal: "What! in the name of wonder! do all those that see the Pope grow as tall as yon huge fellow that threatens us? Ah! how I shall think time long till I have seen him too, that I may grow and look as big."

In short, the acclamations were so great, that Homenas (so they called their bishop) hastened thither, on an unbridled mule, with green trappings, attended by his apposts (as they said) and his supposts, or officers, bearing crosses, banners, standards, canopies, torches, holy-water pots, etc. He too wanted to kiss our feet (as the good Christian, Valfinier, did to Pope Clement), saying, that one of their hypothetes, that is, one of the scavengers, scourers, and commentators of their holy decretals, had written that, in the same manner as the Messiah, so long and so much expected by the Jews, at last appeared among them; so, on some happy day of God, the Pope would come into that island; and that, while they waited for that blessed time, if any who had seen him at Rome, or elsewhere, chanced to come among them, they should be sure to make much of them, feast them plentifully, and treat them with a great deal of reverence. However, we civilly desired to be excused.

CHAPTER IX

HOW HOMENAS, BISHOP OF PAPIMANY, SHOWED US
THE URANOPET DECRETALS¹

HOMENAS then said to us: "'T is enjoined us by our holy decretals to visit churches first, and taverns after. Therefore, not to decline that fine institution, let us go to church; we shall afterwards go to feast ourselves." "Man of God," quoth Friar John, "do you go before, we 'll follow you; you spoke in the matter properly, and like a good Christian; 't is long since we saw any such. For my part this rejoices my mind very much, and I verily believe that I shall have the better stomach after it. Well, 't is a happy thing to meet with good men!"

Being come near the gate of the church, we spied a huge thick book, gilt, and covered all over with precious stones, as rubies, emeralds, and pearls, more, or at least as valuable as those which Augustus consecrated to Jupiter Capitolinus. This book hanged in the air, being fastened with two thick chains of gold to the zoöphore² of the porch. We looked on it, and admired it. As for Pantagruel, he handled it, and dandled it, and turned it as he pleased, for he could reach it without straining; and he protested, that whenever he touched it, he was seized with a pleasant tickling at his fingers' end,

¹ The decretals which Rabelais ridicules were the papal rulings relating to administration and discipline within the Church. The power of the Popes was greatly increased by the decretals. (*Moland.*)

² A frieze of sculptured animals.

new life and activity in his arms, and a violent temptation in his mind to beat one or two serjeants, or such officers, provided they were not of the shaveling-kind.¹

Homenas then said to us: "The law was formerly given to the Jews by Moses, written by God Himself. At Delphos, before the portal of Apollo's temple, this sentence, ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕ ΑΥΤΟΝ, was found written with a divine hand. And some time after it [E I] was also seen, and as divinely written and transmitted from heaven. Cybele's image was brought out of heaven, into a field called Pesinunt, in Phrygia; so was that of Diana to Tauris, if you will believe Euripides; the oriflamme, or holy standard, was transmitted out of heaven to the noble and most Christian kings of France, to fight against the unbelievers. In the reign of Numa Pompilius, second King of the Romans, the famous copper buckler called Ancile, was seen to descend from heaven. At Acropolis, near Athens, Minerva's statue formerly fell from the imperial heaven.

"In like manner the sacred decretals, which you see, were written with the hand of an angel, of the cherubim-kind. You outlandish people will hardly believe this, I fear." "Little enough of conscience," said Panurge.—"And then," continued Homenas, "they were miraculously transmitted to us here from the very heaven of heavens; in the same manner as the river Nile is called Diipetes, by Homer, the father of all philosophy (the holy decretals always excepted). Now, because you have seen the Pope, their evangelist and everlasting protector, we will

¹ *I. e.*, tonsured.

give you leave to see and kiss them on the inside, if you think it meet. But then you must fast three days before, and canonically confess; nicely and strictly mustering up, and inventorising your sins, great and small, so thick that one single circumstance of them may not scape you; as our holy decretals, which you see, direct. This will take up some time."

"Man of God," answered Panurge, "we have seen and descried decrees, and eke decretals enough o' conscience; some on paper, others on parchment, fine and gay like any painted paper lantern,¹ some on vellum, some in manuscript, and others in print: so you need not take half this pains to show us these. We'll take the good-will for the deed, and thank you as much as if we had." "Ay, marry!" said Homenas, "but you never saw these that are angelically written. Those in your country are only transcripts from ours; as we find it written by one of our old decretaline scholiasts. For me, do not spare me; I do not value the labour, so I may serve you; do but tell me whether you will be confessed, and fast only three short little days of God?"

"As for shriving," answering Panurge, "there can be no great harm in 't; but this same fasting, master of mine, will hardly down with us at this time, for we have so very much overfasted ourselves at sea, that the spiders have spun their cobwebs over our grinders. Do but look on this good Friar John des Entomeures" (Homenas then courteously demy-clipped him about the neck), "some moss is

¹ *Parchemin lanterné* means only transparent, as the horn of a lantern. (Ozell.)

growing in his throat, for want of bestirring and exercising his chaps." "He speaks the truth," vouched Friar John; "I have so much fasted that I 'm almost grown hump-shouldered."¹

"Come, then, let's go into the church," said Homenas; "and pray forgive us if, for the present, we do not sing you a fine high mass. The hour of mid-day is past, and after it our sacred decretals forbid us to sing mass, I mean your high and lawful mass. But I 'll say a low and dry one for you." "I had rather have one moistened with some good Anjou wine," cried Panurge; "fall to, fall to your low mass, and dispatch." "Od's-bodikins!" quoth Friar John, "it frets me to the guts that I must have an empty stomach at this time of day. For, had I eaten a good breakfast, and fed like a monk, if he should chance to sing us the *Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine*, I had then brought thither bread and wine for the traits passez² (those that are gone before). Well, patience; pull away, and save a tide: short and sweet, I pray you, and this for a cause."

¹ It should be, "grown quite hump-shouldered," or "hump-backed." *Tout bossu*, in French. . . . This expression is taken from the correspondency there is between a stomach that's empty, and a sack that is so, which can't stand on end, but falls together of a heap. (*Ozell*, after *Duchat*.)

² Rabelais plays upon the word *trépasséz* (the dead). You must know that, to go to mass for the dead, is, say the Italians, "andar alla messa doppo haver fatta collatione, perche vi si porta pane e vino," *i. e.*, to go to mass after having taken a repast, because then you carry with you bread and wine (in your belly suppose). This is what Friar John merrily alludes to. (*Ozell*.)

CHAPTER X

HOW HOMENAS SHOWED US THE ARCH-TYPE, OR
REPRESENTATION OF A POPE

MASS being mumbled over, Homenas took a huge bundle of keys out of a trunk near the head altar, and put thirty-two of them into so many keyholes; put back so many springs; then with fourteen more mastered so many padlocks, and at last opened an iron window strongly barred above the said altar. This being done, in token of great mystery, he covered himself with wet sackcloth, and drawing a curtain of crimson satin, showed us an image daubed over, coarsely enough, to my thinking: then he touched it with a pretty long stick, and made us all kiss the part of the stick that had touched the image. After this he said to us, "What think you of this image?" "It is the likeness of a Pope," answered Pantagruel: "I know it by the triple crown, his furred amice, his rochet, and his slipper." "You are in the right," said Homenas; "it is the idea of that same good god on earth, whose coming we devoutly await, and whom we hope one day to see in this country. O happy, wished-for, and much-expected day! and happy, most happy you, whose propitious stars have so far favoured you, as to let you see the living and real face of this good god on earth! by the single sight of whose picture we obtain full remission of all the sins which we remember that we have committed, as also a third part, and eighteen quarantaines, of the sins which we have forgot: and indeed we only see it on high annual holy-days."

This caused Pantagruel to say, that it was a work like those which Dædalus used to make, since, though it were deformed and ill-drawn, nevertheless some divine energy, in point of pardons, lay hid and concealed in it. "Thus," said Friar John, "at Seville, the rascally beggars being one evening on a solemn holy-day at supper in the spital, one bragged of having got six blancs, or twopence halfpenny; another eight liards, or twopence; a third, seven caroluses, or sixpence; but an old mumper made his vaunts of having got three testons, or five shillings. 'Ah! but,' cried his comrades, 'thou hast a leg of God'; as if," continued Friar John, "some divine virtue could lie hid in a stenching ulcerated rotten shank." "Pray," said Pantagruel, "when you are for telling us some such nauseous tale, be so kind as not to forget to provide a basin, Friar John: I'll assure you, I had much ado to forbear bringing up my breakfast. Fie! I wonder a man of your coat is not ashamed to use thus the sacred name of God, in speaking of things so filthy and abominable! fie, I say. If among your monking tribes such an abuse of words is allowed, I beseech you leave it there, and do not let it come out of the cloisters." "Physicians," said Epistemon, "thus attribute a kind of divinity to some diseases: Nero also extolled mushrooms, and, in a Greek proverb, termed them divine food, because with them he had poisoned Claudius, his predecessor. But methinks, gentlemen, this same picture is not over-like our late Popes.' For I have seen them, not with their

¹ Alexander VI. and Julius II. But chiefly the last, who in 1511, with a helmet on his head, and cuirass on his back and breast, ap-

pallium, amice, or rochet on, but with helmets on their heads, more like the top of a Persian turban; and while the Christian commonwealth was in peace, they alone were most furiously and cruelly making war."

"This must have been then," returned Homenas, "against the rebellious, heretical Protestants; reprobates, who are disobedient to the holiness of this good god on earth. It is not only lawful for him to do so, but it is enjoined him by the sacred decretals; and if any dare transgress one single iota against their commands, whether they be emperors, kings, dukes, princes, or commonwealths, he is immediately to pursue them with fire and sword, strip them of all their goods, take their kingdoms from them, proscribe them, anathematise them, and destroy not only their bodies, those of their children, relations, and others, but damn also their souls to the very bottom of the most hot and burning cauldron in hell." "Here, in the devil's name!" said Panurge, "the people are no heretics; such as was our Raminagrobis, and as they are in Germany and England. You are Christians of the best edition, all picked and culled, for aught I see." "Ay! marry are we," returned Homenas, "and for that reason we shall all be saved. Now let us go and bless ourselves with holy-water, and then to dinner."

peared before Miranda, to hasten the siege of that place, which he thought his generals were slack in carrying on. It is of this pontiff that John le Maire des Belges speaks in these verses. . . .

Fine sight to see an ancient priest in arms,
Cry *On, and storm*, exhorting to alarms,
Disgracing his high office, and all o'er
Instead of sacrificing, stained with gore.
(*Ozell*.)

CHAPTER XI

TABLE-TALK IN PRAISE OF THE DECRETALS

NOW, toppers, pray observe that while Homenas was saying his dry mass, three collectors, or licensed beggars of the church, each of them with a large basin, went round among the people, saying with a loud voice: "Pray remember the blessed men who have seen his face." As we came out of the temple, they brought their basins, brim-full of Papimany chink, to Homenas, who told us that it was plentifully to feast with; and that, of this contribution and voluntary tax, one part should be laid out in good drinking, another in good eating, and the remainder in both:¹ according to an admirable exposition hidden in a corner of their holy decretals; which was performed to a T, and that at a noted tavern not much unlike that of Will's at Amiens. Believe me, we tickled it off there with copious cramming, and numerous swilling.

I made two notable observations at that dinner: the one, that there was not one dish served up, whether of cabrittis, capons, hogs (of which latter there is great plenty in Papimany), pigeons, conies, leverets, turkeys, or others, without abundance of magistral stuff[ing]: the other, that every course, and the fruit also, were served up by unmarried females of the place, tight lasses, I'll assure you, waggish, fair, good-conditioned, and comely, spruce and fit for business. They were clad all in fine long white albs, with two girdles; their hair interwoven with narrow tape and purple riband, stuck with

¹ *And the remainder in both*—added by the translator.

roses, gilly-flowers, marjoram, daffidown-dillies, thyme, and other sweet flowers.

At every cadence, they invited us to drink and bang it about, dropping us neat and genteel court'-sies: nor was the sight of them unwelcome to all the company: and as for Friar John, he leered on them sideways, like a cur that steals a capon. When the first course was taken off, the females melodiously sang us an epode in praise of the sacrosanct decretals; and then, the second course being served up, Homenas, joyful and cheery, said to one of the she butlers, "Light here, Clerica." Immediately one of the girls brought him a tall-boy brim-full of extravagant wine. He took fast hold of it, and fetching a deep sigh, said to Pantagruel, "My lord, and you, my good friends, here 's t' ye, with all my heart! you are all very welcome." When he had tipped that off, and given the tall-boy to the pretty creature, he lifted up his voice and said: "O most holy Decretals, how good is good wine found through your means!" "This is the best jest we have had yet," observed Panurge. "But 't would still be a better," said Pantagruel, "if they could turn bad wine into good."

"O seraphic Sextum!"¹ continued Homenas, "how necessary are you not to the salvation of poor mortals! O cherubic Clementinæ! how perfectly the perfect institution of a true Christian is contained and described in you! O angelical Extravagants!

¹ Before Boniface VIII. there were only five books of decretals. That Pope added the sixth (Sextum). The Clementinæ were the decretals of Clement V. The Extravagants were the papal rulings not contained in (*extra*) the *corpus juris canonici*. (*Moland's Glossary to Rabelais.*)

how many poor souls that wander up and down in mortal bodies, through this vale of misery, would perish, were it not for you! When, ha! when shall this special gift of grace be bestowed on mankind, as to lay aside all other studies and concerns, to use you, to peruse you, to know you by heart, to practise you, to incorporate you, to turn you into blood, and incentre you into the deepest ventricles of their brains, the inmost marrow of their bones, and most intricate labyrinth of their arteries? Then, ha! then, and no sooner than then, nor otherwise than thus, shall the world be happy!" . . .

"Then, ah! then," continued Homenas, "no hail, frost, ice, snow, overflowing, or vis-major: then, plenty of all earthly goods here below. Then, uninterrupted and eternal peace through the universe, an end of all wars, plunderings, drudgeries, robbing, assassinations, unless it be to destroy these cursed rebels the heretics. Oh! then, rejoicing, cheerfulness, jollity, solace, sports, and delicious pleasures, over the face of the earth. Oh! what great learning, inestimable erudition, and god-like precepts, are knit, linked, riveted, and mortised in the divine chapters of these eternal Decretals!

"Oh! how wonderfully, if you read but one demycanon, short paragraph, or single observation of these sacrosanct decretals, how wonderfully, I say, do you not perceive to kindle in your hearts a furnace of divine love, charity towards your neighbour (provided he be no heretic), bold contempt of all casual and sublunary things, firm content in all your affections, and extatic elevation of soul even to the third heaven!"

CHAPTER XII

HOW BY THE VIRTUE OF THE DECRETALS, GOLD IS
SUBTILELY DRAWN OUT OF FRANCE TO ROME

"I WOULD," said Epistemon, "it had cost me a pint of the best tripe that ever can enter into gut, so we had but compared with the original the dreadful chapters, *Execrabilis. De multa. Si plures. De annatis per totum. Nisi essent. Cum ad monasterium. Quod dilectio. Mandatum*; and certain others, that draw every year out of France to Rome, four hundred thousand ducats and more."

"Do you make nothing of this?" asked Homenas. "Though, methinks, after all, 't is but little, if we consider that France, the most Christian, is the only nurse the See of Rome has. However, find me in the whole world a book, whether of philosophy, physic, law, mathematics, or other human learning, nay, even, by my God, of the Holy Scripture itself, that will draw as much money thence? None, none, pshaw, tush! blurt! pish! none can.¹ You may look till your eyes drop out of your head, nay, till dooms-day in the afternoon, before you can find another of that energy; I'll pass my word for that.

"Yet these devilish heretics refuse to learn and know it. Burn 'em, tear 'em, nip 'em with hot pincers, drown 'em, hang 'em, pelt 'em, pawt 'em, bruise 'em, beat 'em, cripple 'em, dismember 'em, cut 'em, gut 'em, bowel 'em, paunch 'em, thrash 'em, slash 'em, gash 'em, chop 'em, slice 'em, slit 'em,

¹ This sentence is simply "*nargues, nargues*" in the original French. The translation of it is correct, however.

carve 'em, saw 'em, bethwack 'em, pare 'em, hack 'em, hew 'em, mince 'em, flay 'em, boil 'em, broil 'em, roast 'em, toast 'em, bake 'em, fry 'em, crucify 'em, crush 'em, squeeze 'em, grind 'em, batter 'em, burst 'em, quarter 'em, unlimb 'em, bebump 'em, bethump 'em, belamm 'em, belabour 'em, pepper 'em, spitchcock 'em, and carbonade 'em on gridirons,¹ these wicked heretics, decretalifuges, decretalicides, worse than homicides, worse than patricides, decretalictones of the devil of hell!

“As for you other good people, I most earnestly pray and beseech you to believe no other thing, think on, say, undertake, or do no other thing, than what 's contained in our sacred Decretals, and their corollaries, this fine Sextum, these fine Clementinæ, these fine Extravagants. O deific books! So shall you enjoy glory, honour, exaltation, wealth, dignities, and preferments in this world; be revered, and dreaded by all, preferred, elected, and chosen, above all men.

“For, there is not under the cope of heaven a condition of men, out of which you 'll find persons fitter to do and handle all things, than those who by divine prescience, eternal predestination, have applied themselves to the study of the holy Decretals.

“Would you choose a worthy emperor, a good captain, a fit general in time of war, one that can well foresee all inconveniences, avoid all dangers, briskly and bravely bring his men on to a breach or attack, still be on sure grounds, always overcome without loss of his men, and know how to make a

¹ These fifty-one verbs represent twenty in the French. Motteux has here almost rivalled Urquhart in enlarging on his original.

good use of his victory? Take me a decretist.—No, no, I mean a decretalist.”¹ “Ho, the foul blunder,” whispered Epistemon.

“Would you, in time of peace, find a man capable of wisely governing the state of a commonwealth, of a kingdom, of an empire, of a monarchy; sufficient to maintain the clergy, nobility, senate, and commons in wealth, friendship, unity, obedience, virtue, and honesty? Take a decretalist.

“Would you find a man, who, by his exemplary life, eloquence, and pious admonitions, may in a short time, without effusion of human blood, conquer the Holy Land, and bring over to the holy church the misbelieving Turks, Jews, Tartars, Muscovites, Mamelukes, and Sarrabonites? Take me a decretalist.

“What makes, in many countries, the people rebellious and depraved, pages saucy and mischievous, students sottish and duncical? Nothing but that their governors and tutors were not decretalists.

“But what, on your conscience, was it, d’ ye think, that established, confirmed, and authorised these fine religious orders, with whom you see the Christian world everywhere adorned, graced, and illustrated, as the firmament is with its glorious stars? The holy Decretals.

“What was it that founded, underpropped, and fixed, and now maintains, nourishes, and feeds the devout monks and friars in convents, monasteries, and abbeys; so that did they not daily and mightily pray without ceasing, the world would be in evident

¹ *Decretist*, a scholar in the civil law; *decretalist*, a scholar in the ecclesiastical law. (*Moland’s Glossary*.)

danger of returning to its primitive chaos? The sacred Decretals.

“What makes and daily increases the famous and celebrated patrimony of St. Peter in plenty of all temporal, corporeal, and spiritual blessings? The holy Decretals.

“What made the holy apostolic See and Pope of Rome, in all times, and at this present, so dreadful in the universe, that all kings, emperors, potentates, and lords, willing, nilling, must depend upon him, hold of him, be crowned, confirmed, and authorised by him, come thither to strike sail, buckle, and fall down before his holy slipper, whose picture you have seen? The mighty Decretals of God.

“I will discover you a great secret. The universities of your world have commonly a book, either open or shut, in their arms and devices: what book do you think it is?” “Truly, I do not know,” answered Pantagruel; “I never read it.” “It is the Decretals,” said Homenas, “without which the privileges of all universities would soon be lost. You must own, I have taught you this; ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!”

Here Homenas began to belch, to laugh, to slaver, and to sweat; and then he gave his huge greasy four-cornered cap to one of the lasses, who clapped it on her pretty head with a deal of joy, after she had lovingly bussed it, as a sure token that she should be first married. “*Vivat,*” cried Epistemon, “*fifat, bibat, pipat.*”

“O apocalyptic secret!” continued Homenas, “light, light, Clerica, light here with double lanterns. Now for the fruit, virgins.

“I was saying then, that giving yourselves thus wholly to the study of the holy Decretals, you ’ll gain wealth and honour in this world: I add, that in the next you ’ll infallibly be saved in the blessed kingdom of heaven, whose keys are given to our good god and decretaliarch. O my good god, whom I adore and never saw, by thy special grace open unto us, at the point of death at least, this most sacred treasure of our holy mother church, whose protector, preserver, butler, chief larder, administrator, and disposer thou art; and take care, I beseech thee, O lord, that the precious works of supererogation, the goodly pardons, do not fail us in time of need: so that the devils may not find an opportunity to gripe our precious souls, and the dreadful jaws of hell may not swallow us. If we must pass through purgatory, thy will be done. It is in thy power to draw us out of it when thou pleasest.” Here Homenas began to shed huge, hot, briny tears, to beat his breast, and kiss his thumbs in the shape of a cross.

Dinner being over, we took our leave of the right reverend Homenas, and of all the good people, humbly giving thanks; and, to make them amends for their kind entertainment, promised them that, at our coming to Rome, we would make our applications so effectually to the Pope, that he would speedily be sure to come to visit them in person. After this we went o’ board. . . .

CHAPTER XIII

HOW PANTAGRUEL, BEING AT SEA, HEARD VARIOUS
UNFROZEN WORDS

WHEN we were at sea, junketing, tippling, discoursing, and telling stories, Pantagruel rose and stood up to look out: then asked us: "Do you hear nothing, gentlemen? Methinks I hear some people talking in the air, yet I can see nobody. Hark!" According to his command we listened, and with full ears sucked in the air, as some of you suck oysters, to find if we could hear some sound scattered through the sky; and to lose none of it, like the Emperor Antoninus, some of us laid their hands hollow next to their ears; but all this would not do, nor could we hear any voice. Yet Pantagruel continued to assure us he heard various voices in the air, some of men, and some of women.

At last we began to fancy that we also heard something, or at least that our ears tingled; and the more we listened, the plainer we discerned the voices, so as to distinguish articulate sounds. This mightily frightened us, and not without cause; since we could see nothing, yet heard such various sounds and voices of men, women, children, horses, etc., inso-much that Panurge cried out: "Cods belly! there's no fooling with the devil; we are all [lost], let's fly. There is some ambuscado hereabouts. Friar John, art thou here, my love? I pray thee, stay by me, old boy. Hast thou got thy swingeing tool? See that it do not stick in the scabbard; thou never scour'st it half as it should be. We are undone.

Hark! They are guns, gad judge me! let 's fly, I do not say with hands and feet, as Brutus said at the battle of Pharsalia; I say, with sails and oars: let 's whip it away: I never find myself to have a bit of courage at sea: in cellars, and elsewhere, I have more than enough. Let 's fly and save our bacon. I do not say this for any fear that I have; for I dread nothing but danger, that I don't; I always say it, that should n't. The free archer of Baignolet said as much. Let 's hazard nothing therefore, I say, lest we come off bluely. Tack about, helm a-lee, thou son of a bachelor! Would I were now well in Quinquenois, though I were never to marry. Haste away, let 's make all the sail we can; they will be too hard for us; we are not able to cope with them; they are ten to our one, I 'll warrant you; nay, and they are on their dung-hill, while we do not know the country. They 'll be the death of us. We 'll lose no honour by flying: Demosthenes saith, that the man that runs away, may fight another day. At least, let us retreat to the leeward. Helm a-lee; bring the main-tack aboard, hawl the bowlins, hoist the topgallants; we are all dead men; get off, in the devil's name, get off."

Pantagruel, hearing the sad outcry which Panurge made, said: "Who talks of flying? Let 's first see who they are: perhaps they may be friends: I can discover nobody yet, though I can see a hundred miles around me. But let 's consider a little: I have read that a philosopher, named Petron, was of opinion, that there were several worlds, that touched each other in an equilateral triangle; in whose

centre, he said, was the dwelling of truth: and that the words, ideas, copies, and images of all things past, and to come, resided there; round which was the age; and that with success of time part of them used to fall on mankind, like rheums and mildews; just as the dew fell on Gideon's fleece, till the age was fulfilled.

"I also remember," continued he, "that Aristotle affirms Homer's words to be flying, moving, and consequently animated. Besides, Antiphanes said, that Plato's philosophy was like words, which, being spoken in some country during a hard winter are immediately congealed, frozen up, and not heard: for what Plato taught young lads, could hardly be understood by them when they were grown old. Now," continued he, "we should philosophise and search whether this be not the place where those words are thawed.

"You'd wonder very much, should this be the head and lyre of Orpheus. When the Thracian women had torn him to pieces, they threw his head and lyre into the river Hebrus; down which they floated to the Euxine Sea, as far as the island of Lesbos; the head continually uttering a doleful song, as it were, lamenting the death of Orpheus, and the lyre, with the wind's impulse, moving its strings, and harmoniously accompanying the voice. Let's see if we cannot discover them hereabouts."

CHAPTER XIV

HOW AMONG THE FROZEN WORDS PANTAGRUEL
FOUND SOME ODD ONES

THE skipper made answer: "Be not afraid, my lord, we are on the confines of the Frozen Sea, on which, about the beginning of last winter, happened a great and bloody fight between the Arimaspians and the Nephelibates.¹ Then the words and cries of men and women, the hacking, slashing, and hewing of battle-axes, the shocking, knocking, and jolting of armours and harnesses, the neighing of horses, and all other martial din and noise, froze in the air; and now, the rigour of the winter being over, by the succeeding serenity and warmth of the weather, they melt and are heard."

"By jingo!" quoth Panurge, "the man talks somewhat like; I believe him: but could n't we see some of 'em? Methinks I have read, that, on the edge of the mountain on which Moses received the Judaic law, the people saw the voices sensibly."—"Here, here," said Pantagruel, "here are some that are not yet thawed." He then threw us on the deck whole handfuls of frozen words, which seemed to us like your rough sugar-plums, of many colours, like those used in heraldry; some words *gules* (this means also jests and merry sayings),² some *vert*, some *azure*, some *black*, some *or* (this means fair words);² and when we had somewhat warmed them

¹ Probably alluding to the battle of Marignan, against the Swiss (*Nephelibates*, or dwellers in the clouds).

² The explanations are added by Motteux.

between our hands, they melted like snow, and we really heard them, but could not understand them, for it was a barbarous gibberish. One of them, only, that was pretty big, having been warmed between Friar John's hands, gave a sound much like that of chestnuts when they are thrown into the fire, without being first cut, which made us all start. "This was the report of a fieldpiece in its time," cried Friar John.

Panurge prayed Pantagruel to give him some more; but Pantagruel told him, that to give words was the part of a lover. "Sell me some, then, I pray you," cried Panurge. "That 's the part of a lawyer," returned Pantagruel. I would sooner sell you silence, though at a dearer rate; as Demosthenes formerly sold it by the means of his argentangina,¹ or silver squinsey."

However, he threw three or four handfuls of them on the deck; among which I perceived some very sharp words, and some bloody words, which, the pilot said, used sometimes to go back, and recoil to the place whence they came, but 't was with a slit weasand: we also saw some terrible words, and some others not very pleasant to the eye.

When they had been all melted together, we heard a strange noise, hin, hin, hin, hin, his, tick, tock, taack, brededinbrededack, frr, frr, frr, bou, bou,

¹ Demosthenes being bought off by the Milesian ambassadors, who had given him twenty talents, that is, twelve thousand crowns, for only one day's silence, the orator came next day into the senate-house, his neck muffled about with rollers, and his chin bolstered up with wool, as if he had a sore throat; but one of the assembly smelt a rat, and cried out, "Demosthenes has not got a cold, but gold;" as near as I can imitate the Greek pun. (*Ozell*.)

bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, track, track, tr, trr, trr, trrr, trrrrr; on, on, on, on, on, on, ououou-ouon, gog, magog, and I do not know what other barbarous words; which, the pilot said, were the noise made by the charging squadrons, the shock and neighing of horses.

Then we heard some large ones go off like drums and fifes, and others like clarions and trumpets. Believe me, we had very good sport with them. I would fain have saved some merry odd words, and have preserved them in oil, as ice and snow are kept, and between clean straw. But Pantagruel would not let me, saying, that 't is a folly to hoard up what we are never like to want, or have always at hand; odd, quaint, merry, and fat words of *gules*, never being scarce among all good and jovial Pantagruelists.

Panurge somewhat vexed Friar John, and put him in the pouts; for he took him at his word, while he dreamed of nothing less. This caused the friar to threaten him with such a piece of revenge as was put upon G. Jousseau, who having taken the merry Patelin at his word, when he had overbid himself in some cloth, was afterwards fairly taken by the horns like a bullock, by his jovial chapman, whom he took at his word like a man. Panurge, well knowing that threatened folks live long, bobbed, and made mouths at him, in token of derision, then cried, "Would I had here the Word of the Holy Bottle, without being thus obliged to go further in pilgrimage to her."

CHAPTER XV

HOW PANTAGRUEL WENT ASHORE AT THE DWELLING OF GASTER, THE FIRST MASTER OF ARTS IN THE WORLD¹

THAT day Pantagruel went ashore in an island, which, for situation and government, may be said not to have its fellow. When you just come into it, you find it rugged, craggy, barren, unpleasant to the eye, painful to the feet, and almost as inaccessible as the mountain of Dauphine, which is somewhat like a toad-stool, and was never climbed, as any can remember, by any but Doyac, who had the charge of King Charles the Eighth's train of artillery.

This same Doyac, with strange tools and engines, gained that mountain's top, and there he found an old ram. It puzzled many a wise head to guess how it got thither. Some said that some eagle, or great horn-coot, having carried it thither while 't was yet a lambkin, it had got away, and saved itself among the bushes.

As for us, having with much toil and sweat overcome the difficult ways at the entrance, we found the top of the mountain so fertile, healthful, and pleasant, that I thought I was then in the true garden of Eden, or earthly paradise, about whose situation our good theologues are in such a quandary, and keep such a pother.

¹ Alluding to the *magister artis, ingenique largitor venter*, of the poet Persius. (Ozell.) *Messer Gaster* is the belly, or hunger.

As for Pantagruel, he said, that here was the seat of Areté (that is as much as to say, Virtue) described by Hesiod. This, however, with submission to better judgments.

The ruler of the place was one Master Gaster, the first master of arts in this world. For, if you believe that fire is the great master of arts, as Tully writes, you very much wrong him and yourself: alas, Tully never believed this. On the other side, if you fancy Mercury to be the first inventor of arts, as our ancient Druids believed of old, you are mightily beside the mark. The satirist's sentence, that affirms Master Gaster to be master of all arts, is true. With him peacefully resided old goody Penia, alias Poverty, the mother of the ninety-nine Muses, on whom Porus, the lord of Plenty, formerly begot Love, that noble child, the mediator of heaven and earth, as Plato affirms in *Symposio*.

We were all obliged to pay our homage, and swear allegiance to that mighty sovereign; for he is imperious, severe, blunt, hard, uneasy, inflexible: you cannot make him believe, represent to him, or persuade him anything.

He does not hear: and, as the Egyptians said that Harpocrates, the god of silence, named Sigalion in Greek, was astomé, that is, without a mouth; so Gaster was created without ears, even like the image of Jupiter in Candia.

He only speaks by signs: but those signs are more readily obeyed by every one, than the statutes of senates, or commands of monarchs: neither will he admit the least let or delay in his summons. You say, that when a lion roars, all the beasts at a

considerable distance round about, as far as his roar can be heard, are seized with a shivering. This is written, 't is true; I have seen it. I assure you, that at Master Gaster's command, the very heavens tremble, and all the earth shakes: his command is called, Do this or die! Needs must when the devil drives; there 's no gainsaying of it.¹

The pilot was telling us how, on a certain time, after the manner of the members that mutined against the belly, as Æsop describes it, the whole kingdom of the Somates² went off into a direct faction against Gaster, resolving to throw off his yoke: but they soon found their mistake, and most humbly submitted; for otherwise they had all been famished.

What company soever he is in, none dispute with him for precedence or superiority; he still goes first, though kings, emperors, or even the Pope, were there. So he held the first place at the Council of Basle; though some will tell you that the council was tumultuous, by the contention and ambition of many for priority.

Every one is busied, and labours to serve him; and, indeed, to make amends for this, he does this good to mankind, as to invent for them all arts, machines, trades, engines, and crafts: he even instructs brutes in arts which are against their nature, making poets of ravens, jack-daws, chattering jays, parrots, and starlings, and poetresses of magpies, teaching them to utter human languages, speak and sing; and all for the gut.

He reclaims and tames eagles, gerfalcons, falcons-

¹ The last sentence is added by the translator.

² The parts of the body.

gentle, sakers, lanners, gos-hawks, spar-hawks, merlins, haggards, passengers, wild rapacious birds; so that setting them free in the air, whenever he thinks fit, as high and as long as he pleases, he keeps them suspended, straying, flying, hovering, and courting him above the clouds: then on a sudden he makes them stoop, and come down amain from heaven next to the ground; and all for the gut.

Elephants, lions, rhinoceroses, bears, horses, mares, and dogs, he teaches to dance, prance, vault, fight, swim, hide themselves, fetch and carry what he pleases; and all for the gut.

Salt and fresh-water fish, whales, and the monsters of the main, he brings them up from the bottom of the deep; wolves he forces out of the woods, bears out of the rocks, foxes out of their holes, and serpents out of the ground; and all for the gut.

In short, he is so unruly, that in his rage, he devours all men and beasts: as was seen among the Vascons, when Q. Metellus besieged them in the Sertorian wars among the Saguntines besieged by Hannibal; among the Jews besieged by the Romans, and six hundred more; and all for the gut.

When his regent Penia takes a progress, wherever she moves, all senates are shut up, all statutes repealed, all orders and proclamations vain; she [neither] knows, [nor] obeys, and has no law. All shun her, in every place choosing rather to expose themselves to shipwrecks at sea, and venture through fire, rocks, caves, and precipices, than be seized by that most dreadful tormentor.

BOOK V

THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE

INDEFATIGABLE toppers, and you thrice precious martyrs of the smock, give me leave to put a serious question to your worships. Pray, why is it that people say that men are not such sots now-a-days as they were in the days of yore? Sot is an old word, that signifies a dunce, dullard, jolt-head, gull, wittol, or noddy, one without guts in his brains, whose cockloft is unfurnished, and, in short, a fool. Now would I know, whether you would have us understand by this same saying, as indeed you logically may, that formerly men were fools, and this generation is grown wise? How many and what dispositions made them fools? How many and what dispositions were wanting to make 'em wise? Why were they fools? How should they be wise? Pray, how came you to know that men were formerly fools? How did you find that they are now wise? Who the devil made 'em fools? Who in God's name made 'em wise? Who d' ye think are most, those that loved mankind foolish, or those that love it wise? How long has it been wise? How long otherwise? Whence proceeded the foregoing folly? Whence the following wisdom? Why did the old folly end now, and no later? Why

did the modern wisdom begin now, and no sooner? What were we the worse for the former folly? What the better for the succeeding wisdom? How should the ancient folly be come to nothing? How should this same new wisdom be started up and established? . . .

Whole cartloads of books, that seemed florid, flourishing and flowery, gay and gaudy as so many butterflies; but in the main were tiresome, dull, soporiferous, irksome, mischievous, crabbed, knotty, puzzling, and dark as those of whining Heraclitus, as unintelligible as the numbers of Pythagoras, that king of the bean, according to Horace: those books, I say, have seen their best days, and shall soon come to nothing, being delivered to the executing worms, and merciless petty-chandlers:¹ such was their destiny, and to this they were predestinated.

In their stead beans in cod are started up; that is, these merry and fructifying Pantagruelian books, so much sought nowadays, in expectation of the following jubilee's period: to the study of which writings all people have given their minds, and accordingly have gained the name of wise.

Now, I think, I have fairly solved and resolved your problem; then reform, and be the better for it. Hem once or twice like hearts of oak; stand to your pan-puddings, and take me off your bumpers, nine go-downs, and huzza! since we are like to have a good vintage, and misers hang themselves. Oh! they 'll cost me an estate in hempen collars if fair weather hold. For I hereby promise to furnish

¹ *Being delivered . . . chandlers.*—In the original French, “shall be neither read nor seen any more.”

them with twice as much as will do their business, on free cost, as often as they will take the pains to dance at a rope's end, providently to save charges, to the no small disappointment of the finisher of the law.¹

Now my friends, that you may put in for a share of this new wisdom, and shake off the antiquated folly this very moment, scratch me out of your scrolls, and quite discard the symbol of the old philosopher with the golden thigh, by which he has forbidden you to eat beans: for you may take it for a truth, granted among all professors in the science of good eating, that he enjoined you not to taste of them, only with the same kind intent that a certain fresh-water physician, Amer, late Lord of Camelotiere, kinsman to the lawyer of that name, [who forbade his patients] the wing of the partridge, the rump of the chicken, and the neck of the pigeon, saying, *Ala mala, cropium dubium, collum bonum, pelle remotâ*. For the dunsical dog-leech was so selfish as to reserve them for his own dainty chops, and allowed his poor patients little more than the bare bones to pick, lest they should over-load their squeamish stomachs.

To the heathen philosopher succeeded a pack of Capucions, monks, who forbid us the use of beans, that is, Pantagruelian books. They seem to follow the example of Philoxenus, and Gnatho [the] Sicilian, of fulsome memory, the ancient master-builders

¹ See the old story in the *Serées* of J. Bouchet. An usurer had bought a cord to hang himself with, if the harvest failed. It proved abundant, on which he hung himself, that the price of the cord might not be thrown away.

of their monastic cramgut voluptuousness, who, when some dainty bit was served up at a feast, filthily used to spit on it, that none but their nasty selves might have the stomach to eat of it, though their liquorish chops watered never so much after it.

So those hideous, snotty, pthisicky, eaves-dropping, musty, moving forms of mortification, both in public and private, curse those dainty books, and like toads spit their venom upon them.

Now though we have in our mother-tongue several excellent works in verse and prose, and, heaven be praised, but little left of the trash and trumpery stuff of those dunsical mumblers of Ave Maries, and the barbarous foregoing Gothic age; I have made bold to choose to chirrup and warble my plain ditty, or, as they say, to whistle like a goose among the swans, rather than be thought deaf¹ among so many pretty poets and eloquent orators. And thus I am prouder of acting the clown, or any other under-part, among the many ingenious actors in that noble play, than of herding among those mutes, who, like so many shadows and cyphers, only serve to fill up the house, and make up a number; gaping and yawning at the flies,² and pricking up their lugs, like so many Arcadian asses, at the striking up of the music; thus silently giving to understand, that their fopships are tickled in the right place.

Having taken this resolution, I thought it would not be amiss to move my Diogenical tub, that you

¹ *Deaf*.—It should of course be “dumb,” as in the French.

² See note on p. 19.

might not accuse me of living without example. I see a swarm of our modern poets and orators, your Colinets, Marots, Drouets,¹ Saint Gelais, Salels, Masuels, and many more; who, having commenced masters in Apollo's academy on Mount Parnassus, and drunk brimmers at the Caballin fountain, among the nine merry Muses, have raised our vulgar tongue, and made it a noble and everlasting structure. Their works are all Parian marble, alabaster, porphyry, and royal cement; they treat of nothing but heroic deeds, mighty things, grave and difficult matters; and this in a crimson, alamode, rhetorical style. Their writings are all divine nectar, rich, racy, sparkling, delicate, and luscious wine. Nor does our sex wholly engross this honour; ladies have had their share of the glory: one of them, of the royal blood of France,² whom it were a profanation but to name here, surprises the age at once by her transcendent and inventive genius in her writings, and the admirable graces of her style. Imitate those great examples, if you can; for my part, I cannot. Every one, you know, cannot go to Corinth. When Solomon built the temple, all could not give gold by handfuls; [each offered a shekel].

Since, then, 't is not in my power to improve

¹No poet of this name is known, though the others are well-known names of the period. Possibly Héroet is meant, and the reading Drouet of the original French may be a misprint.

²Margaret of Valois, Queen of Navarre, sister to Francis the First; born at the castle of Engoulême, 10th April, 1492, and died in that of Audos, in Bearne, the 21st December, 1549. Of all her writings, whether in prose or verse, nothing did more honour to her pen than her *Heptameron*, which, after several editions in the Old French, was some years ago published in the Modern. (*Ozell.*)

our architecture as much as they, I am e'en resolved to do like Renault of Montauban: I 'll wait on the masons, set on the pot for the masons, cook for the stone-cutters; and since it was not my good luck to be cut out for one of them, I will live and die the admirer of their divine writings.

As for you, little envious prigs, snarling, bastard, puny critics, you 'll soon have railed your last: go hang yourselves, and choose you out some well-spread oak, under whose shade you may swing in state, to the admiration of the gaping mob; you shall never want rope enough. While I here solemnly protest before my Helicon, in the presence of my nine mistresses the Muses, that if I live yet the age of a dog, eked out with that of three crows, sound wind and limbs, like the old Hebrew captain Moses, Xenophilus the musician, and Demonax the philosopher; by arguments no ways impertinent, and reasons not to be disputed, I will prove, in the teeth of a parcel of brokers and retailers of ancient rhapsodies, and such mouldy trash, that our vulgar tongue is not so mean, silly, poor, and contemptible, as they pretend. Nor ought I to be afraid of I know not what botchers of old thread-bare stuff, a hundred and a hundred times clouted up, and pieced together; wretched bunglers, that can do nothing but new-vamp old rusty saws; beggarly scavengers, that rake even the muddiest canals of antiquity for scraps and bits of Latin, as insignificant as they are often uncertain. Beseeching our grandees of Witland, that, as when formerly Apollo had distributed all the treasures of his poetical exchequer to his favourites, little hulch-backed Æsop got for himself

the office of apologue-monger: in the same manner, since I do not aspire higher, they would not deny me that of puny rhyparographer or rifferaff-scribbler of the sect of Pyreicus.

I dare swear they will grant me this: for they are all so kind, so good-natured, and so generous, that they 'll ne'er boggle at so small a request. Therefore both dry and hungry souls, pot and trenchermen, fully enjoying those books, perusing, quoting them in their merry conventicles, and observing the great mysteries of which they treat, shall gain a singular profit and fame: as in the like case was done by Alexander the Great, with the books of prime philosophy composed by Aristotle.

Then be sure, I say, you take my advice, and stock yourselves with good store of such books, as soon as you meet with them at the booksellers'; and do not only shell those beans in cods, but e'en swallow them down like an opiate cordial, and let them be in you; I say, let them be within you; then shall you find, my beloved, what good they do to all clever shellers of beans.

Here is a good handsome basketful of them, which I here lay before your worships; they were gathered in the very individual garden whence the former came. So I beseech you, reverend sirs, with as much respect as e'er was paid by dedicating author, to accept of the gift, in hopes of somewhat better against next visit the swallows give us.

CHAPTER I

HOW PANTAGRUEL ARRIVED AT THE RINGING ISLAND,¹ AND OF THE NOISE THAT WE HEARD

PURSUING our voyage, we sailed three days, without discovering anything; on the fourth, we made land. Our pilot told us that it was the Ringing Island, and indeed we heard a kind of a confused and often-repeated noise, that seemed to us, at a great distance, not unlike the sound of great, middle-sized, and little bells, rung all at once, as 't is customary at Paris, Tours, Gergeau, Nantes, and elsewhere, on high holydays; and the nearer we came to the land, the louder we heard that jangling.

Some of us doubted that this was the Dodonian kettle, or the portico called Heptaphone, in Olympia, or the eternal humming of the Colossus raised on Memnon's tomb, in Thebes of Egypt, or the horrid din that used formerly to be heard about a tomb at Lipara, one of the Æolian Islands. But this did not square with chorography.

"I don't know," said Pantagruel, "but that some swarms of bees hereabouts may be taking a ramble

¹ The Ringing Island can mean nothing but the clergy of the Church of Rome, whose mysteries are all performed at the sound of large, middle-sized, little, and very little bells. They are rung at matins, mass, noon, vespers, sermons, and the salutation to the Virgin every day, on the eves or vigils of holydays, at processions and at stations. . . . (*Motteux.*)

in the air, and so the neighbourhood make this dingle-dangle with pans, kettles, and basins, the corybanting cymbals of Cybele, grandmother of the gods, to call them back. Let 's hearken." When we were nearer, among the everlasting ringing we heard the indefatigable singing (as we thought) of some men. For this reason, before we offered to land on the Ringing Island, Pantagrue was of opinion that we should go in the pinnacle to a small rock, near which we discovered an hermitage, and a little garden. There we found a diminutive old hermit, whose name was Braguibus, born at Glenay. He gave us a full account of all the jangling, and regaled us after a strange sort of a fashion: four live-long days did he make us fast, assuring us that we should not be admitted into the Ringing Island otherwise, because 't was then one of the four Fasting [Times], or Ember weeks.¹

"As I love my belly," quoth Panurge, "I by no means understand this riddle: methinks, this should rather be one of the four windy-weeks; for while we fast we are only puffed up with wind. Pray now, good father hermit, have not you here some other pastime besides fasting? Methinks 't is somewhat of the leanest: we might well enough be without so many palace-holidays,² and those fasting-times of yours."

¹ *I. e.*, the weeks beginning with the first Sunday of Lent, Whitsunday, the third Sunday in September, and the third Sunday in Advent; in which Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday are appointed as fast days.

² In the French *tant de fêtes de palais*, where there is a pun on the word *palais*, which may mean "palate" as well as "palace." A feast on the *palate* would be indeed "somewhat of the leanest."

“In my Donatus,” quoth Friar John, “I could find yet but three Times or tenses, the preterit, the present, and the future; doubtless here the fourth ought to be a work of supererogation.”¹ “That time or tense,” said Epistemon, “is aorist, derived from the preterimperfect tense of the Greeks, admitted in war, and odd cases. Patience per force is a remedy for a mad-dog.”² Saith the hermit, “ ’T is, as I told you, fatal to go against this: whoever does it is a rank heretic, and wants nothing but fire and faggot, that ’s certain.” “To deal plainly with you, my dear pater,” cried Panurge, “being at sea, I much more fear being wet than being warm, and being drowned than being burned. Well, however, let us fast a God’s name; yet I have fasted so long, that it has quite undermined my flesh, and I fear that at last the bastions of this bodily fort of mine will fall to ruin. Besides, I am much more afraid of vexing you in this same trade of fasting; for the devil a bit I understand anything in it, and it becomes me very scurvily, as several people have told me, and I am apt to believe them. For my part I have no great stomach to fasting: for alas! it is a trade of which any body may set up; there needs no tools. I am much more [anxious how to avoid fasting] for the future: for to do so, there ’s some stock required, and some tools are set a work. No matter, since you are so steadfast, and have us fast, let ’s fast as fast as we can, and then

¹ *A work of supererogation.*—In French *pour le vin du valet*, “for the valet’s pour-boire.”

² The proverb in the original is, “Patience, say the lepers;” alluding to the herb patience (*lapathum*) which those afflicted with the leprosy seek after with great eagerness, to relieve them. (*Ozell.*)

break fast in the name of famine.¹ Now we are come to these esurial idle days. I vow I had quite put them out of my head long ago."

"If we must fast," said Pantagrue, "I see no other remedy but to get rid of it as soon as we can, as we would out of a bad way. I'll in that space of time somewhat look over my papers, and examine whether the marine study be as good as ours at land. For Plato, to describe a silly, raw, ignorant fellow, compares him to those that are bred on shipboard, as we would do to one bred up in a barrel, who never saw anything but through the bung-hole."

To tell you the short and long of the matter, our fasting was most hideous and terrible; for, the first day we fasted at fisticuffs, the second at cudgels, the third at sharps, and the fourth at blood and wounds: such was the order of the fairies.

CHAPTER II

HOW THE RINGING ISLAND HAD BEEN INHABITED
BY THE SITICINES, WHO WERE BECOME BIRDS

HAVING fasted as aforesaid, the hermit gave us a letter for one whom he called Albiam Camar, Master Ædituus of the Ringing Island: but Panurge greeting him, called him Master Antitus. He was a little queer old fellow, bald-pated, with a snout

¹ For this sentence the French is simply *Jednons*, "let us fast."

whereat you might easily have lighted a card-match, and a phiz as red as a cardinal's cap. He made us all very welcome, upon the hermit's recommendation, hearing that we had fasted, as I have told you.

When we had well stuffed our puddings, he gave us an account of what was remarkable in the island, affirming that it had been at first inhabited by the *Siticines*; but that, according to the course of nature, as all things, you know, are subject to change, they were become birds.

There I had a full account of all that *Atteius Capito*, *Paulus Marcellus*, *A. Gellius*, *Athenæus*, *Suidas*, *Ammonius*, and others had writ of the *Siticines* and *Sicinnists*; and then we thought we might as easily believe the transmutations of *Nectymene*, *Progné*, *Itys*, *Alcyone*, *Antigone*, *Tereus*, and other birds. Nor did we think it more reasonable to doubt of the transmogrification of the *Macrobian* children into swans, or that of the men of *Pallene* in *Thrace* into birds, as soon as they have bathed themselves in the *Tritonic* lake.

After this the devil a word we could get out of him but of birds and cages.

The cages were spacious, costly, magnificent, and of admirable architecture. The birds were large, fine, and neat accordingly; looking as like the men in my country, as one pea does like another: for they eat and drank like men, muted like men, digested like men; in short, had you seen and examined 'em from top to toe, you would have laid your head to a turnip that they had been mere men. However, they were nothing less, as Master *Ædituus*

told us; assuring us, at the same time, that they were neither secular nor laic: and truth is, the diversity of their feathers and plumes did not a little puzzle us.

Some of them were all over as white as swans, others as black as crows, many as grey as owls, others black and white like magpies, some all red like red-birds, and others purple and white like some pigeons. He called the males clerghawks, monk-hawks, priesthawks, abbothawks, bishhawks, cardin-hawks, and one popehawk, who is a species by himself. He called the females clergkites, nunkites, priestkites, abbesskites, biskites, cardinkites, and popekites.

“However,” said he, “as hornets and drones will get among the bees, and there do nothing but buzz, eat, and spoil everything; so, for these last three hundred years, a vast swarm of bigottelloes¹ flocked, I don’t know how, among these goodly birds every fifth full moon, and have bemuted and bewrayed the whole island. They are so hard-favoured and monstrous, that none can abide ’em. For their wry necks make a figure like a crooked billet; their paws are hairy, like those of rough-footed pigeons; their claws and pounces, belly and breech, like those of the Stymphalid harpies. Nor is it possible to root them out: for if you get rid of one, straight four-and-twenty new ones fly thither.”

There had been need of another monster-hunter, such as was Hercules; for Friar John had like to have run distracted about it, so much he was nettled and puzzled in the matter. As for the good Pantagruel,

¹ Bigots or hypocrites.

he was e'en served as was Messer Priapus, contemplating the sacrifices of Ceres, for want of skin.¹

CHAPTER III

HOW THERE IS BUT ONE POPEHAWK IN THE RINGING ISLAND

WE then asked Master Ædituus why there was but one popehawk among such numbers of venerable birds, multiplied in all their species? He answered, that such was the first institution and fatal destiny of the stars: that the clerghawks begot the priesthawks and monkhawks, without intercourse, as some bees are born of a young bull: the priesthawks begat the bishhawks, the bishhawks

¹ Ædituus acquaints our strangers with the metamorphosis of the Siticines and Sicinnists into birds. The Siticines and Sicinnists were those that used to sing mournfully on the dead, and at funerals, among the ancients. *Siticines appellantur qui apud sitos canere soliti essent, hoc est, vita functos et sepultos.* A. Gellius, lib. 2, cap. 20. Consequently, the clergy of the Church of Rome, who chiefly subsist by obits, trentals, and masses, for the repose of the souls of the dead, may well be called by those names. . . .

Their spacious, costly, magnificent cages, admirable in their architecture, are their churches; which appears the plainer by reason of the bells which our author says were above them.

The variety of the feathers and plumes of those birds denotes the different orders and clothings of the Popish clergy, which distinguish them from each other: the Benedictines are white, the Austins black, the Franciscans grey, the Bernardins black and white, the Bishops purple, the Cardinals red; some knights and commanders

the stately cardinhawks, and the stately cardinhawks, if they live long enough, at last come to be popehawk.

Of this last kind, there never is more than one at a time; as in a bee-hive there is but one king, and in the world is but one sun.

When the popehawk dies, another rises in his stead out of the whole brood of cardinhawks; that is, as you must understand it all along, without intercourse. So that there is in that species an individual unity, with a perpetuity of succession, neither more nor less than in the Arabian phoenix.

'T is true, that about two thousand seven hundred and sixty moons ago, two popehawks were seen upon the face of the earth:¹ but then you never saw in your lives such a woeful rout and hurly-burly as was all over this island. For all these same birds did so peck, clapperclaw, and maul one another all that time, that there was the devil and all to do, and the island was in a fair way of being left without inhabitants. Some stood up for this popehawk, some for t' other, some, struck with a dumbness, were as

are white and blue; and there are nuns dressed like most of those professing the same orders.

It is observable that they are all made birds of prey, clerghawks, monkhawks, priesthawks, abbothawks, bishhawks, cardinhawks, and popehawks; and clergkites, nunkites, abbesskites, etc.

The wry-necked bigottelloes, who had flocked thither during the last three hundred years, are the orders of Franciscan and Dominican friars. Our author, who had been a Cordelier, *i. e.*, a Franciscan, and misused by the fraternity in the convent, was well acquainted with their merit, and speaks experimentally; which makes him wish for another Hercules to root them out. (*Motteux.*)

¹ Alluding to the great schism, during which there were popes both at Rome and at Avignon.

mute as so many fishes; the devil a note was to be got out of them; part of the merry bells here were as silent as if they had lost their tongues, I mean their clappers.

During these troublesome times, they called to their assistance the emperors, kings, dukes, earls, barons, and commonwealths of the world that live on t' other side of the water; nor was this schism and sedition at an end, till one of them died, and the plurality was reduced to unity.

We then asked, what moved those birds to be thus continually chanting and singing? He answered, that it was the bells that hung on the tops of their cages. Then he said to us, "Will you have me make these monkhawks, whom you see bardocuculated¹ with a bag, such as you use to [strain Hippocras], sing like any wood-larks?" "Pray do," said we. He then gave half a dozen pulls to a little rope, which caused a diminutive bell to give so many ting-tings; and presently a parcel of monkhawks ran to him, as if the devil had drove 'em, and fell a singing like mad.

"Pray, master," cried Panurge, "if I also rang this bell, could I make those other birds yonder, with red-herring-coloured feathers, sing?" "Ay, marry would you," returned Ædituus. With this Panurge hanged himself (by the hands, I mean) at the bell-rope's end, and no sooner made it speak, but those smoked birds hied them thither, and began to lift up their voices, and make a sort of an untowardly hoarse noise, which I grudge to call singing. Ædituus indeed told us, that they fed on

¹ Hooded.

nothing but fish, like the herms and cormorants of the world, and that they were a fifth kind¹ of cuculati newly stamped.

He added, that he had been told by Robert Valbringue, who lately passed that way in his return from Africa, that a sixth kind was to fly hither out of hand, which he called capushawks,² more grum, vinegar-faced, brainsick, froward, and loathsome, than any kind whatsoever in the whole island. "Africa," said Pantagruel, "still uses to produce some new and monstrous thing."

CHAPTER IV

HOW THE BIRDS OF THE RINGING ISLAND WERE ALL PASSENGERS

"SINCE you have told us," said Pantagruel, "how the popehawk is begot by the cardinhawks, the cardinhawks by the bishhawks, and the bishhawks by the priesthawks, and the priesthawks by the clerghawks, I would gladly know whence you have these same clerghawks." "They are all of them passengers," returned *Ædituus*, "and come hither from t' other world; part out of a vast country, called Want-o'-bread, the rest out of another

¹ The Minims, instituted by Francis de Paul, about the middle of the fifteenth century, long after the establishment of the four orders of mendicants. (*Ozell*.)

² The Capucin monks.

toward the west, which they style Too-many-of-em. From these two countries flock hither, every year, whole legions of these clerghawks, leaving their fathers, mothers, friends, and relations.

“This happens when there are too many children, whether male or female, in some good family of the latter country; in so much that the house would come to nothing, if the paternal estate were shared among them all (as reason requires, nature directs, and God commands). For this cause parents used to rid themselves of that inconveniency, by packing off the younger fry, and forcing them to seek their fortune in this isle Bossart (or crooked island).” “I suppose he means L’isle Bouchart, near Chinon,” cried Panurge. “No,” replied t’ other, “I mean Bossart (crooked), for there is not one in ten among them, but is either crooked, crippled, blinking, limping, ill-favoured, deformed, or an unprofitable load to the earth.”

“ ’T was quite otherwise among the heathens,” said Pantagruel, “when they used to receive a maiden among the number of vestals: for Leo Antistius affirms, that it was absolutely forbidden to admit a virgin into that order, if she had any vice in her soul, or defect in her body, though it were but the smallest spot on any part of it.” “I can hardly believe,” continued Ædituus, “that their dams on t’ other side the water go nine months with them; for they cannot endure them nine years, nay, scarce seven sometimes, in the house; but by putting only a shirt over the other clothes of the young urchins, and lopping off I don’t well know how many hairs from their crowns, mumbling certain

apostrophised and expiatory words, they visibly, openly, and plainly, by a Pythagorical metempsychosis, without the least hurt, transmogrify them into such birds as you now see; much after the fashion of the Egyptian heathens, who used to constitute their Isiacs,¹ by shaving them, and making them put on certain linostoles, or surplices. However, I don't know my good friends, [why] these she-things, whether clergkites, monkkites, and abbesskites, instead of singing some pleasant verses and charisters, such as used to be sung to Oromasis by Zoroaster's institution, may be bellowing out such catarettes and scythropys (cursed lamentable and wretched imprecations), as were usually offered to the Arimanian demon; being thus in devotion² for their kind friends and relations, that transformed them into birds, whether when they were maids, or thornbacks, in their prime, or at their last prayers.

“But the greatest number of our birds came out of Want-o'-bread, which, though a barren country, where the days are of a most tedious lingering length, overstocks this whole island with the lower class of birds. For hither fly the *asapheis*³ that inhabit that land, either when they are in danger of passing their time scurvily for want of belly-timber,

¹ Priests of Isis.

² M. Motteux is vastly mistaken here to say, in continual devotion for their friends. Rabelais means just the contrary: *font continuelles dévotions de leurs parens et amis*, i. e., they (the cloistered people) are continually devoting or cursing their friends, who put them there. What says Merlin Coccaie? “Est monachæ, quando moritur, maladie parentes.” (*Ozell.*) The original text, however, reads not *de* but *pour*, and Motteux's translation of it is correct.

³ The ignorant.

being unable, or what 's more likely, unwilling to take heart of grace, and follow some honest lawful calling, or too proud-hearted and lazy to go to service in some sober family. The same is done by your frantic innamoradoes, who, when crossed in their wild desires, grow stark-staring mad, and choose this life suggested to them by their despair, too cowardly to make them swing, like their brother Iphis¹ of doleful memory. There is another sort, that is, your jail birds, who, having done some rogue's trick, or other heinous villainy, and being sought up and down to be trussed up, and made to ride the two or three-legged mare² that groans for them, warily scour off, and come here to save their bacon; because all these sorts of birds are here provided for, and grow in an instant as fat as hogs, though they came as lean as rakes; for having the benefit of the clergy, they are as safe as thieves in a mill within this sanctuary."³

"But," asked Pantagruel, "do these birds never return to the world where they were hatched?" "Some do," answered Ædituus; "formerly very few, very seldom, very late and very unwillingly; however, since some certain eclipses, by the virtue of the celestial constellations, a great crowd of them fled back to the world. Nor do we fret or vex ourselves a jot about it: for those that stay, wisely sing,

¹ *Iphis*.—A beautiful youth of Salamis, of ignoble birth. He became enamoured of Anaxarete, and the coldness and contempt he met with rendered him so desperate that he hung himself. Anaxarete saw him carried to his grave without emotion, and was instantly changed into a stone. (Lemprière's *Classical Dictionary*.)

² The gallows.

³ This paragraph is considerably enlarged by the translator.

the fewer the better cheer; and all those that fly away first, cast off their feathers here among these nettles and briars. . . .”

CHAPTER V

OF THE DUMB KNIGHTHAWKS OF THE RINGING ISLAND¹

THESE words were scarce out of his mouth, when some five and twenty or thirty birds flew towards us: they were of a hue and feather like which we had not yet seen any thing in the whole island. Their plumes were as changeable as the skin of the chameleon, and the flower of *tripolion*, or *teucrion*. They had all under the left wing a mark, like two diameters dividing a circle into equal parts, or (if you had rather have it so) like a perpendicular line falling on a right line. The marks which each of them bore, were much of the same shape, but of different colours; for some were white, others green, some red, others purple, and some blue.

“Who are those,” asked Panurge, “and how do you call them?” “They are mongrels,” quoth

¹ The dumb knighthawks of the Ringing Island, are the knights of Malta; the mark which they bear under their left wing, is the cross of their order, which these knights wear on their heart, of different colours, according to the provinces to which they belong. They are said to be dumb, because they do not say mass, nor officiate as priests and monks; and are only obliged to read every day, or repeat some parts of their breviary. . . . They are all gentlemen, not shut up within monasteries; and though they sing not, feed, that is, spend and devour as much as the best two that do. (*Motteux.*)

Ædituus. "We call them knighthawks,¹ and they have a great number of rich commanderies (fat livings) in your world." "Good your worship," said I, "make them give us a song, an 't please you, that we may know how they sing." "They scorn your words," cried Ædituus, "they are none of your singing birds; but, to make amends, they feed as much as the best two of them all."

He then acquainted us with the occasion of their coming. "This next to us," said he, "looks so wistfully upon you, to see whether he may not find among your company a stately gaudy kind of huge dreadful birds of prey, which yet are so untoward, that they ne'er could be brought to the lure, nor to perch on the glove. They tell us that there are such in your world, and that some of them have goodly garters below the knee, with an inscription about them, which condemns him (*qui mal y pense*) who shall think ill of it, to be bewrayed.² Others are said to wear the devil in a string before their paunches;³ and others a ram's skin."⁴ "All that 's true enough, good Master Ædituus," quoth Panurge; "but we have not the honour to be acquainted with their knightships."

"Come on," cried Ædituus in a merry mood, "we have had chat enough o' conscience! let 's e'en

¹ In the French *gourmandeurs*, "gourmands," with a pun on *commandeurs*, "commanders," referring to the Knights of Malta, St. Lazare, etc.

² Evidently alluding to the Knights of the Garter. "They never could be brought to the lure, nor to perch on the glove," *i. e.*, they would not acknowledge the authority of the Pope.

³ The Knights of the Order of St. Michael.

⁴ The Knights of the Golden Fleece.

go drink." "And eat," quoth Panurge. "Eat," replied *Ædituus*, "and drink bravely, old boy; twist like plough-jobbers, and swill like tinkers; pull away and save tide, for nothing is so dear or precious as time, therefore we 'll be sure to put it to a good use."

He would fain have carried us first to bathe in the bagnios of the cardinhawks, which are goodly delicious places, and have us licked over with precious ointments by the alyptes, *alias* rubbers, as soon as we should come out of the bath. But Pantagruel told him, that he could drink but too much without that. He then led us into a spacious delicate refectory, or fratrie-room, and told us: "Braguibus, the hermit, made you fast four days together; now contrariwise, I 'll make you eat and drink of the best four days through-stitch, before you budge from this place." "But hark-ye-me," cried Panurge, "may n't we take a nap in the meantime?" "Ay, ay," answered *Ædituus*, "that 's as you shall think good; for he that sleeps, drinks." Good Lord! how we lived! what good bub! what dainty cheer! O what an honest cod was this same *Ædituus*.

CHAPTER VI

HOW THE BIRDS ARE CRAMMED IN THE RINGING ISLAND

PANTAGRUEL looked I-don't-know-howish, and seemed not very well pleased with the four days' junketing which *Ædituus* enjoined us.

Ædituus, who soon found it out, said to him, "You know, sir, that seven days before winter, and seven days after, there is no storm at sea: for then the elements are still, out of respect for the halcyons, or kingfishers, birds sacred to Thetis, which then lay their eggs and hatch their young near the shore. Now here the sea makes itself amends for this long calm; and whenever some foreigners come hither it grows boisterous and stormy for four days together. We can give no other reason for it, but that it is a piece of its civility, that those who come among us may stay whether they will or no, and be copiously feasted all the while with the incomes of the ringing. Therefore pray don't think your time lost; for, willing, nilling, you 'll be forced to stay; unless you are resolved to encounter Juno, Neptune, Doris, Æolus, and his fluster-busters; and, in short, all the pack of ill-natured left-handed godlings and vejoves.¹ Do but resolve to be cheery, and fall to briskly."

After we had pretty well stayed our stomachs with some tight snatches, Friar John said to Ædituus, "For aught I see, you have none but a parcel of birds and cages in this island of yours, and the devil-a-bit of one of them all that sets his hand to the plough, or tills the land, whose fat he devours: their whole business is to be frolic, to chirp it, to whistle it, to warble it: to sing it, and roar it merrily night and day: pray then, if I may be so bold, whence comes this plenty and overflowing of all dainty bits and good things, which we see among you?" "From all the other world," returned

¹ Evil gods, the opposite of Jove in character.

Ædituus, "if you except some part of the northern regions, who of late years have stirred up the jakes. Mum! they may chance ere long to rue the day they did so; their cows shall have porridge, and their dogs oats; there will be work made among them, that there will: come! a fig for it, let 's drink. But pray what countrymen are you?"

"Touraine is our country," answered Panurge. "Cod so!" cried Ædituus, "you were not then hatched of an ill bird, I will say that for you, since the blessed Touraine is your mother: for from thence there comes hither every year such a vast store of good things, that we were told by some folks of the place, that happened to touch at this island, that your Duke of Touraine's income will not afford him to eat his bellyful of beans and bacon (a good dish spoiled between Moses and Pythagoras¹), because his predecessors have been more than liberal to these most holy birds of ours, that we might here munch it, twist it, cram it, gorge it, crawl it, riot it, junket it, and tickle it off; stuffing our puddings with dainty pheasants, partridges, pullets with eggs, fat capons of Loudunois, and all sorts of venison and wild fowl. Come, box it about, tope on, my friends: pray do but see yon jolly birds that are perched together, how fat, how plump, and in good case they look, with the income that Touraine yields us! And in faith they sing rarely for their good founders, that 's the truth on 't. You never saw any Arcadian birds mumble more fairly than they do over a dish, when they see these two gilt batons,² or when I ring

¹ Added by the translator.

² *Festes à bastons*. A solemn festival.

for them these great bells that you see above their cages. Drink on, sirs, whip it away: verily, friends, 't is very fine drinking to-day, and so 't is every day of the week; then drink on, toss it about, here 's to you with all my soul; you are most heartily welcome: never spare it, I pray you; fear not we should ever want good bub, and belly-timber; for, look here, though the sky were of brass, and the earth of iron, we should not want wherewithal to stuff the gut, though they were to continue so seven or eight years longer than the famine in Egypt. Let us then, with brotherly love and charity, refresh ourselves here with the creature."

"Woons, man!" cried Panurge, "what a rare time you have on't in this world!" "Pshaw!" returned *Ædituus*, "this is nothing to what we shall have in t' other: the Elysian fields will be the least that can fall to our lot. Come, in the meantime let 's drink here; come, here 's to thee, old fuddlecap."

"Your first *Siticines*," said I, "were superlatively wise, in devising thus a means for you to compass whatever all men naturally covet so much; and so few, or, to speak more properly, none can enjoy together: I mean, a paradise in this life, and another in the next. Sure you were born wrapped in your mother's smickets! O happy creatures! O more than men! Would I had the luck to fare like you!"

CHAPTER VII

HOW WITH MUCH ADO WE GOT A SIGHT OF THE
POPEHAWK

OUR junketing and banqueting held on at the same rate the third day, as the two former. Pantagrue then earnestly desired to see the popehawk: but Ædituus told him it was not such an easy matter to get a sight of him. "How," asked Pantagrue, "has he Plato's¹ helmet on his crown, Gyges' ring on his pounces, or a chameleon on his breast, to make him invisible when he pleases?" "No, sir," returned Ædituus; "but he is naturally of pretty difficult access: however, I'll see and take care that you may see him, if possible." With this he left us piddling: then within a quarter of an hour came back, and told us the popehawk is now to be seen: so he led us, without the least noise, directly to the cage wherein he sat drooping, with his feathers staring about him, attended by a brace of little cardinhawks, and six lusty fusty bishhawks.

Panurge stared at him like a dead pig, examining exactly his figure, size, and motions. Then with a loud voice he said, "A curse light on the hatcher of the ill bird! o' my word this is a filthy whoophooper."² "Hush, speak softly," said Ædituus; "by G—! he has a pair of ears, as formerly Michael de Matiscome remarked." "What then," returned

¹ It should be *Pluto's*.

² A whoophooper, or a hooper, *υρυφα, ἑποψ*, is a bird whose cop or tuft of feathers on its head is not altogether unlike the Papal tiara, adorned with a triple crown. (*Motteux*.)

Panurge, "so hath a whoopcat." So said Ædituus, "If he but hear you speak such another blasphemous word, you had as good be damned; do you see that basin yonder in his cage? Out of it shall sally thunderbolts and lightnings, storms, bulls and the devil and all, that will sink you down to Peg Trantum's, an hundred fathom underground." "'T were better to drink and be merry," quoth Friar John. . . .

"May we not hear the popehawk sing," asked Pantagruel? "I dare not promise that," returned Ædituus; "for he only sings and eats at his own time." "So don't I," quoth Panurge; "poor Pilgarlic is fain to make everybody's time his own: come, then, let us go drink if you will."

"Now this is something like a tansy," said Ædituus, "you begin to talk somewhat like; still speak in that fashion, and I'll secure you from being thought a heretic. Come on, I am of your mind."

As we went back to have t'other fuddling bout, we spied an old green-headed bishhawk, who sat moping with his mate and three jolly bittern attendants, all snoring under an arbour. Near the old chuff stood a buxom abbesskite, that sung like any linnet; and we were so mightily tickled with her singing, that I vow and swear we could have wished all our members turned into ears, to have had more of the melody. Quoth Panurge, "This pretty cherubin of cherubins is here breaking her head with chanting to this huge, fat, ugly-face, who lies grunting all the while like a hog as he is. I'll make him change his note presently in the devil's name." With this he rang a bell that hung over

the bishhawk's head; but though he rang and rang again, the devil-a-bit bishhawk would hear; the louder the sound, the louder his snoring. There was no making him sing. "By G—!" quoth Panurge, "you old buzzard, if you won't sing by fair means, you shall by foul."

Having said this, he took up one of St. Stephen's loaves, *alias* a stone, and was going to hit him with it about the middle. But Ædituus cried to him, "Hold, hold, honest friend! strike, wound, poison, kill, and murder all the kings and princes in the world, by treachery or how thou wilt, and as soon as thou wouldst, unnestle the angels from their cockloft; popehawk will pardon thee all this: but never be so mad as to meddle with these sacred birds, as much as thou lovest the profit, welfare, and life not only of thyself, and thy friends and relations alive or dead, but also of those that may be born hereafter to the thousandth generation; for so long thou wouldst entail misery upon them. Do but look upon that basin." "Cat-so! let us rather drink, then," quoth Panurge. "He that spoke last, spoke well, Mr. Antitus," quoth Friar John: "while we are looking on these devilish birds, we do nothing but blaspheme; and while we are taking a cup, we do nothing but praise God. Come on, then, let's go drink; how well that word sounds!"

The third day (after we had drank, as you must understand) Ædituus dismissed us. We made him a present of a pretty little Pergois knife, which he took more kindly than Artaxerxes did the cup of cold water that was given him by a clown. He most courteously thanked us, and sent all sorts of

provisions aboard our ships, wished us a prosperous voyage, and success in our undertakings, and made us promise and swear by Jupiter of stone¹ to come back by his territories. Finally he said to us, "Friends, pray note, that there are many more stones in the world than men; take care you don't forget it."

CHAPTER VIII

HOW WE PASSED THROUGH THE WICKET, INHABITED BY GRIPE-MEN-ALL, ARCH-DUKE OF THE FURRED LAW-CATS

FROM thence Condemnation was passed by us. 'T is another damned barren island, whereat none for the world cared to touch. Then we went through the wicket: but Pantagruel had no mind to bear us company; and 't was well he did not, for we were nabbed there, and clapped into lob's-pound² by order of Gripe-men-all, Arch-duke of the Furred Law-cats.

The Furred Law-cats are most terrible and dreadful monsters, they devour little children, and trample³ over marble-stones. Pray tell me, noble toppers, do they not deserve to have their snouts slit? The hair

¹ In the French *Jupiter Pierre*, i. e., either "Jupiter Lapis" or "Jupiter Peter" (the successor of Peter, the Pope).

² A prison for idlers.

³ The new editions of Rabelais have indeed *passent sur*, etc., but the true reading is *paissent*. They feed, they guttle, in a room paved

of their hides does n't lie outwards; and every mother's son of 'em for his device wears a gaping pouch, but not all in the same manner: for some wear it tied to their neck scarf-wise, others upon the breech, some on the paunch, others on the side, and all for a cause, with reason and mystery. They have claws so very strong, long, and sharp, that nothing can get from 'em that is once fast between their clutches. Sometimes they cover their heads with mortar-like caps, at other times with mortified caparisons.

As we entered their den, said a common mumper, to whom we had given half a teston, "Worshipful culprits, God send you a good deliverance. Examine well," said he, "the countenance of these stout props and pillars of this catch-coin law and iniquity; and pray observe, that if you still live but six olympiads, and the age of two dogs more, you 'll see these Furred Law-cats lords of all Europe, and in peaceful possession of all the estates and dominions belonging to it: unless, by divine providence, what 's got over the devil's back is spent under his belly; or the goods which they unjustly get, perish with their prodigal heirs. Take this from an honest poor beggar.

"Among 'em reigns the sixth essence; by the means of which they gripe all, devour all, burn all, draw all, hang all, quarter all, behead all, murder all, imprison all, waste all, and ruin all, without the with marble; such as is, and always was, that called *la grande chambre*, belonging to the courts of judicature at Paris; where the lawyers play as good a knife as any inns of court gentlemen here with us. (*Ozell.*) Possibly there may be an allusion also to tomb-stones, and to lawyers devouring the property of the dead.

least notice of right or wrong: for among them vice is called virtue; wickedness, piety; treason, loyalty; robbery, justice. Plunder is their motto, and when acted by them, is approved by all men, except the heretics: and all this they do, because they dare; their authority is sovereign and irrefragable.

“For a sign of the truth of what I tell you, you ’ll find, that there the mangers are above the racks. Remember hereafter, that a fool told you this; and if ever plague, famine, war, fire, earthquakes, inundations, or other judgments befall the world, do not attribute them to the aspects and conjunctions of the malevolent planets, to the abuses of the court of Romania, or the tyranny of secular kings and princes: to the impostures of the false zealots of the cowl, heretical bigots, false prophets, and broachers of sects; to the villainy of griping usurers, clippers, and coiners; or to the ignorance, impudence, and imprudence of physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries; nor to the lewdness of adulteresses, and destroyers of by-blows; but charge ’em all, wholly and solely, to the inexpressible, incredible, and inestimable wickedness and ruin which is continually hatched, brewed, and practised in the den of those Furred Law-cats. Yet ’t is no more known in the world than the cabala of the Jews; the more is the pity; and, therefore, ’t is not detested, chastised, and punished, as ’t is fit it should be. But should all their villainy be once displayed in its true colours, and exposed to the people; there never was, is, nor will be any spokesman so sweet-mouthed, whose fine colloquing tongue could save ’em; nor any laws so rigorous and draconic, that could punish ’em as they

deserve; nor yet any magistrate so powerful, as to hinder their being burnt alive in their coney-burrows without mercy. Even their own furred kittlings, friends, and relations would abominate 'em.

“For this reason, as Hannibal was solemnly sworn by his father Amilcar to pursue the Romans with the utmost hatred, as long as ever he lived: so, my late father has enjoined me to remain here without, till God Almighty's thunder reduce them there within to ashes, like other presumptuous Titans, profane wretches, and opposers of God: since mankind is so inured to their oppressions, that they either do not remember, foresee, or have a sense of the woes and miseries which they have caused; or if they have, either will, dare, or cannot root 'em out.”

“How!” said Panurge, “say you so? Catch me there and hang me! Damme, let 's march off! This noble beggar has scared me worse than [thunder in autumn].” Upon this we were filing off; but alas! we found ourselves trapped: the door was double-locked and barricadoed. Some messengers of ill news told us, 't was full as easy to get in there as to get into hell, and as hard to get out. Aye! there indeed lay the difficulty, for there is no getting loose without a pass and discharge in due course from the bench. This for no other reason than because folks go easier out of a church than out of a spunging-house, and they could not have our company when they would. The worst on 't was when we got through the wicket: for we were carried, to get out our pass or discharge, before a more dreadful monster than ever was read of in the legends of knight-errantry.

They called him Gripe-men-all. I can't tell what to compare it to, better than to a chimera, a Sphynx, a Cerberus; or to the image of Osiris, as the Egyptians represented him, with three heads, one of a roaring lion, t' other of a fawning cur, and the last of a howling, prowling wolf, twisted about with a dragon biting his tail, surrounded with fiery rays. His hands were full of gore, his talons like those of the harpies, his snout like a hawk's bill, his fangs or tusks like those of an overgrown brindled wild-boar; his eyes were flaming, like the jaws of hell, all covered with mortars interlaced with pestles, and nothing of his arms was to be seen, but his clutches. His hutch, and that of the warren-cats, his col-laterals, was a long, spick-and-span new rack, a-top of which (as the mumper told us) some large, stately mangers were fixed in the reverse. Over the chief-seat was the picture of an old woman, holding the case or scabbard of a sickle in her right hand, a pair of scales in her left, with spectacles on her nose: the cups of the balance were a pair of velvet pouches: the one full of bullion, which overpoised t' other, empty and long, hoisted higher than the middle of the beam. I 'm of opinion that it was the true effigies of Justice Gripe-men-all; far different from the institution of the ancient Thebans, who set up the statues of their Dicasts without hands, in marble, silver, or gold, according to their merit, even after their death.

When we made our personal appearance before him, a sort of I-don't-know-what men, all clothed with I-don't-know-what bags and pouches, with long scrolls in their clutches, made us sit down upon

a cricket (such as criminals sit on when they are tried in France). Quoth Panurge to 'em, "Good my lords, I'm very well as I am; I'd as lieve stand, an 't please you. Besides, this same stool is somewhat of the lowest for a man that has new breeches and a short doublet." "Sit you down," said Gripe-men-all again, "and look that you don't make the court bid you twice. Now," continued he, "the earth shall immediately open its jaws, and swallow you up to quick damnation, if you don't answer as you should."

CHAPTER IX

HOW GRIPE-MEN-ALL PROPOUNDED A RIDDLE TO US

WHEN we were sate, Gripe-men-all, in the middle of his furred cats, called to us in a hoarse dreadful voice, "Well! come on, give, give me' presently — an answer." "Well! come on," muttered Panurge between his teeth, "give, give me

¹ "Give me," constantly repeated by the translator at this point, and the "By gold," later, both represent the French expression *Or ça*, which is even more frequently repeated by Justice Grippeminaud. *Or ça* means "Now then," and its constant repetition satirises the jurists' manner of speech; but *or* also means "gold."

There is a more literal, and, on the whole, better translation of these two chapters in W. F. Smith's *Rabelais*.

presently—a comforting dram.” “Hearken to the court,” continued Gripe-men-all.

AN ENIGMA.

A young tight thing, as fair as may be,
Without a dad [bore a black] baby
And brought him forth without the pother
In labour made by teeming mother,
Yet the cursed brat feared not to gripe her,
But gnawed, for haste, her sides like viper.
Then the black upstart boldly sallies,
And walks and flies o'er hills and valleys.
Many fantastic sons of wisdom,
Amazed, foresaw their own in his doom,
And thought, like an old Grecian noddie,
A human spirit moved his body.

“Give, give me out of hand—an answer to this riddle,” quoth Gripe-men-all. “Give, give me—leave to tell you, good, good, my lord,” answered [I], “that if I had but a sphynx at home, as Verres, one of your precursors, had, I might then solve your enigma presently: but verily, good my lord, I was not there; and, as I hope to be saved, am as innocent in the matter as the child unborn.” “Foh! give me—a better answer,” cried Gripe-men-all; “or, by gold! this shall not serve your turn: I ’ll not be paid in such coin: if you have nothing better to offer, I ’ll let your rascalship know, that it had been better for you to have fallen into Lucifer’s own clutches, than into ours. Dost thou see ’em here, sirrah? ha! and dost thou prate here of thy being innocent, as if thou couldst be delivered from our

racks and tortures for being so! Give me—Patience! thou widgeon. Our laws are like cobwebs: your silly little flies are stopped, caught, and destroyed there; but your stronger birds break them, and force and carry them which way they please. Likewise, don't think we are so mad as to set up our nets to snap up your great robbers and tyrants: no, they are somewhat too hard for us, there's no meddling with them; for they would make no more of us than we make of the little ones: but you paltry, silly, innocent wretches, must make us amends; and, by gold! we will innocentise your fopship with a wannion; you never were so innocentised in your days."

Friar John, hearing him run on at that mad rate, had no longer the power to remain silent, but cried to him, "Heigh-dey! Prythee, Mr. Devil in a coif, wouldest thou have a man tell thee more than he knows? Has n't the fellow told you he does not know a word of the business? His name's Twyford. A plague rot you, won't truth serve your turns?" "Why! how now, Mr. Prate-apace?" cried Gripe-men-all, taking him short, "Marry come up! who made you so saucy as to open your lips before you were spoken to? Give me—Patience! By gold! this is the first time, since I reign, that any one has had the impudence to speak before he was bidden. How came this mad fellow to break loose?" ("Villain! thou liest," said Friar John, without stirring his lips.) "Sirrah, sirrah," continued Gripe-men-all, "I doubt thou 'lt have business enough on thy hands, when it comes to thy turn to answer." ("Damme! thou liest," said Friar

John, silently.) “Dost thou think,” continued my lord, “thou ’rt in the wilderness of your foolish university, wrangling and bawling among the idle, wandering searchers and hunters after truth? By gold! we have here other fish to fry; we go another-gates way to work, that we do. By gold! people here must give categorical answers to what they don’t know. By gold! they must confess they have done those things which they have not and ought not to have done. By gold! they must protest that they know what they never knew in their lives; and, after all, patience, *per force*, must be their only remedy, as well as a mad-dog’s. Here, silly geese are plucked, yet cackle not. Sirrah! give me—an account, whether you had a letter of attorney, or whether you were fee’d or no, that you offered to bawl in another man’s cause? I see you had no authority to speak, and I may chance to have you wed to something you won’t like.” “Oh, you devils!” cried Friar John, “proto-devils! panto-devils! you would wed a monk, would you? Ho ha! ho ha! A heretic! a heretic! I ’ll give thee out for a rank heretic.”

CHAPTER X

HOW PANURGE SOLVED GRIPE-MEN-ALL’S RIDDLE

GRIPE-MEN-ALL, as if he had not heard what Friar John said, directed his discourse to Panurge, saying to him, “Well, what have you to

say for yourself, Mr. Rogue-enough, hah? Give, give me out of hand—an answer.” “Say?” quoth Panurge, “why, what would you have me say? I say, that since you give no heed at all to the equity of the plea, and the devil sings among you: let this answer serve for all, I beseech you, and let us go out about our business; I am no longer able to hold out, as gad shall judge me!”

“Go to, go to,” cried Gripe-men-all; “when did you ever hear that for these three hundred years last past, anybody ever got out of this weal without leaving something of his behind him? No, no, get out of the trap if you can without losing leather, life, or at least some hair, and you ’ll have done more than ever was done yet. For why, this would bring the wisdom of the court into question, as if we had took you up for nothing, and dealt wrongfully by you. Well, by hook or by crook, we must have something out of you. Look ye! one word ’s as good as twenty; I have no more to say to thee, but that as thou likest thy former entertainment, thou ’lt tell me more of the next; for ’t will go ten times worse with thee, unless, by gold! you give me—a solution to the riddle I propounded. Give, give—it, without any more ado, I say.”¹

“By gold!” quoth Panurge, ’t is a black mite or weevil, which is born of a white bean, and sallies out at the hole which he makes, gnawing it: the mite, being turned into a kind of a fly, sometimes walks and sometimes flies, over hills and dales. Now, Pythagoras, the philosopher, and his sect, besides

¹ This and the following paragraphs have been somewhat enlarged by the translator.

many others, wondering at its birth in such a place (which makes some argue for equivocal generation), thought that, by a metempsychosis, the body of that insect was the lodging of an human soul. Now, were you men here, after your welcomed death, according to his opinion, your souls would most certainly enter into the body of mites or weevils; for in your present state of life, you are good for nothing in the world, but to gnaw, bite, eat, and devour all things; so in the next you 'll e'en gnaw and devour your mother's very sides, as the vipers do. Now, by gold! I think I have fairly solved and resolved your riddle."

Panurge then, without any more ado, threw a large leathern purse, stuffed with gold crowns (*escus au soleil*) among them.

The Furred Law-cats no sooner heard the jingling of the chink, but they all began to bestir their claws, like a parcel of fiddlers running a division: and then fell to it, squimble, squamble, catch that catch can. They all said aloud, "These are the fees, these are the gloves; now, this is somewhat like a tansy. Oh! 't was a pretty trial, a sweet trial, a dainty trial. O' my word, they did not starve the cause: these are none of your snivelling *forma pauperis's*; no, they are noble clients, gentlemen every inch of them." "By gold! 't is gold," quoth Panurge, "good old gold, I 'll assure you."

Saith Gripe-men-all, "The court, upon a full hearing" ("Of the gold," quoth Panurge), "and weighty reasons given, finds the prisoners not guilty, and accordingly orders 'em to be discharged out of custody, paying their fees. Now, gentlemen,

proceed, go forwards," said he to us: "we have not so much of the devil in us as we have of his hue; though we are stout, we are merciful."

As we came out at the wicket, we were conducted to the port by a detachment of certain highland griffins. "Pray, gentlemen," [said] they, "don't forget to leave somewhat behind you for us poor devils to drink your healths." "O lawd! never fear," answered Friar John, "I don't remember that I ever went anywhere yet, where the poor devils are not [remembered] and encouraged."

CHAPTER XI

HOW THE FURRED LAW-CATS LIVE ON CORRUPTION¹

FRIAR JOHN had hardly said those words ere he perceived seventy-eight galleys and frigates just arriving at the port. So he hied him thither to learn some news; and as he asked what goods they had o' board, he soon found that their whole cargo was venison, hares, capons, turkeys, pigs, swine, bacon, kids, calves, hens, ducks, teals, geese, and other poultry and wildfowl.

He also spied among these some pieces of velvet, satin, and damask. This made him ask the newcomers, Whither, and to whom, they were going to carry those dainty goods? They answered, that they were for Gripe-men-all and the Furred Law-cats.

¹ Modern, "graft."

“Pray,” asked he, “what ’s the true name of all these things in your country language?” “Corruption,” they replied. “If they live on corruption,” said the Friar, “they ’ll perish with their generation. May the devil be damned! I have it now: their fathers devoured the good gentlemen, who, according to their state of life, used to go much a hunting and hawking, to be the better inured to toil in time of war; for hunting is an image of a martial life; and Xenophon was much in the right on ’t, when he affirmed that hunting had yielded a great number of excellent warriors, as well as the Trojan horse. For my part, I am no scholar, I have it but by hearsay, yet I believe it. Now, the souls of those brave fellows, according to Gripe-men-all’s riddle, after their decease, enter into wild-boars, stags, roebucks, hems, and such other creatures, which they loved, and in quest of which they went while they were men; and these Furred Law-cats, having first destroyed and devoured their castles, lands, demesnes, possessions, rents, and revenues, are still seeking to have their blood and soul in another life. What an honest fellow was that same mumper, who had forewarned us of all these things, and bid us take notice of the mangers above the racks!”

“But,” said Panurge to the new-comers, “how do you come by all this venison? Methinks the great king has issued out a proclamation, strictly inhibiting the destroying of stags, does, wild boars, roebucks, or other royal game, on pain of death.” “All this is true enough,” answered one for the rest, “but the great king is so good and gracious, you must know, and these Furred Law-cats so cursed

and cruel, so mad, and thirsting after Christian blood, that we have less cause to fear in trespassing against that mighty sovereign's commands, than reason to hope to live, if we do not continually stop the mouths of these Furred Law-cats with such bribes and corruption. Besides," added he, "tomorrow Gripe-men-all marries a Furred Law-puss of his to a high and mighty Double-furred Law-tybert. Formerly we used to call them chop-hay; but, alas! they are not such neat creatures now as to eat any, or chew the cud. We call them chop-hares, chop-partridges, chop-woodcocks, chop-pheasants, chop-pullets, chop-venison, chop-conies, chop-pigs, for they scorn to feed on coarser meat." "A fig for their chops," cried Friar John, "next year we will have them called chop-dung, chop-stront, chop-filth. . . ."

CHAPTER XII

HOW WE LANDED AT THE PORT OF THE LYCHNOBII,
AND CAME TO LANTERN-LAND

SOON after, we arrived at the port of Lantern-land,¹ where Pantagruel discovered, on a high tower, the lantern of Rochelle, that stood us in good stead, for it cast a great light. We also saw the

¹ Lantern-land is the land of Learning, frequented by bachelors of arts, masters of arts, doctors, and professors in various studies, bishops, etc. (*Motteux.*)

lantern of Pharos, that of Nauplion, and that of Acropolis, at Athens, sacred to Pallas.

Near the port, there 's a little hamlet inhabited by the Lychnobii,¹ that live by lanterns, as the gulligutted friars in our country live by nuns; they are studious people. Demosthenes had formerly lanternised there.

We were conducted from that place to the palace by three obeliscalichnys,² military-guards of the port, with high-crowned hats, whom we acquainted with the cause of our voyage, and our design; which was to desire the Queen of the country to grant us a lantern to light and conduct us, during our voyage to the Oracle of the Holy Bottle.

They promised to assist us in this, and added, that we could never have come in a better time; for then the lanterns held their provincial chapter.

When we came to the royal palace we had audience of her highness the Queen of Lantern-land, being introduced by two lanterns of honour, that of Aristophanes, and that of Cleanthes. Panurge, in few words, acquainted her with the causes of our voyage,

¹ The Lychnobians, who inhabit a little hamlet near the port of Lantern-land, are booksellers. They live by lanterns, that is, by the learned, as the gulligutted friars live by nuns; that is, they grow as fat by buying and selling their works, as the hungry friars do by managing the concerns of nuns, of which they are so greedy. They are studious people; that is, they often study how to get good copy for little or nothing, contrive a taking title, etc. I believe this needs no comment. (*Motteux.*)

Motteux's amusing but entirely gratuitous attack upon booksellers needs only *this* comment: that Rabelais probably had no such meaning, but may perhaps refer to students who live by candle-light. Compare Lucian's *Λυχνόπολις*.

² A kind of beacons.

and she received us with great demonstrations of friendship; desiring us to come to her at supper-time, that we might more easily make choice of one to be our guide; which pleased us extremely. We did not fail to observe intensely everything we could see, as the garbs, motions, and deportment of the Queen's subjects, principally the manner after which she was served.

The bright Queen was dressed in virgin crystal of Tutia, wrought damask-wise, and beset with large diamonds.

The lanterns of the royal blood were clad partly with bastard-diamonds, partly with diaphanous stones; the rest with horn, paper, and oiled-cloth.

The cresset-lights took place according to the antiquity and lustre of their families.

An earthen dark-lantern, shaped like a pot, notwithstanding this, took place of some of the first quality; at which I wondered much, till I was told it was that of Epictetus, for which three thousand drachmas had been formerly refused.

Martial's polymix¹ lantern made a very good figure there; I took particular notice of its dress, and more yet of the [icosimyx²] formerly consecrated by Canopa, the daughter of Tisias.

I saw the lantern pensile, formerly taken out of the temple of Apollo Palatinus at Thebes, [and afterwards by Alexander the Great carried to the town of Cymos.]

I saw another that distinguished itself from the rest by a bushy tuft of crimson silk on its head. I

¹ A lamp with many wicks, or a branched candlestick.

² A lamp with twenty wicks, or candlestick with twenty branches.

was told it was that of Bartolus, the lantern of the civilians.

Two others were very remarkable for glister-pouches that dangled at their waist. We were told, that one was the greater light, and the other the lesser light of the 'pothecaries.

When 't was supper-time, the Queen's highness first sat down, and then the lady-lanterns, according to their rank and dignity. For the first course, they were all served with large Christmas-candles, except the Queen, who was served with a hugeous, thick, stiff, flaming taper of white wax, somewhat red towards the tip; and the royal family, as also the provincial lantern of Mirebalais, who were served with nut-lights; and the provincial of Lower Poictou, with an armed candle.

After that, God wot what a glorious light they gave with their wicks: I do not say all, for you must except a parcel of junior lanterns, under the government of a high and mighty one. These did not cast a light like the rest, but seemed to me dimmer than any long-snuff-farthing candle, whose tallow has been half melted away in a hot-house.

After supper we withdrew to take some rest, and the next day the Queen made us choose one of the most illustrious lanterns to guide us: after which we took our leave.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW WE ARRIVED AT THE ORACLE OF THE BOTTLE

OUR glorious lantern lighting and directing us to heart's content, we at last arrived at the desired island, where was the Oracle of the Bottle.¹ As soon as friend Panurge landed, he nimbly cut a caper with one leg for joy, and cried to Pantagruel, "Now we are where we have wished ourselves long ago. This is the place we 've been seeking with such toil and labour." He then made a compliment to our lantern, who desired us to be of good cheer, and not be daunted or dismayed, whatever we might chance to see.

To come to the Temple of the Holy Bottle, we were to go through a large vineyard, in which were all sorts of vines, as the Falernian, Malvesian, the Muscadine, those of Taige, Beaune, Mirevaux, Orleans, Picardent, Arbois, Coussi, Anjou, Grave, Corsica, Vierron, Nerac, and others. This vineyard was formerly planted by the good Bacchus, with so great a blessing, that it yields leaves, flowers, and fruit, all the year round, like the orange-trees at Surène.

Our magnificent lantern ordered every one of us to eat three grapes, to put some vine-leaves in his shoes, and take a vine-branch in his left hand.

At the end of the close we went under an arch built after the manner of those of the ancients. The trophies of a toper were curiously carved on it.

First, on one side was to be seen a long train of

¹ Being lighted and directed by the lantern—the learned—our travellers at last arrive at the island where was the Oracle of the Bottle—Truth. (*Motteux.*)

flagons, leathern bottles, flasks, cans, glass-bottles, barrels, nipperkins, pint-pots, quart-pots, pottles, gallons, and old-fashioned semaises (swingeing wooden pots, such as those out of which the Germans fill their glasses): these hung on a shady arbour.

On another side was store of garlic, onions, shallots, hams, botargos, caviar, biscuits, neats'-tongues, old cheese, and such like comfits, very artificially interwoven, and packed together with vine-stocks.

On another were a hundred sorts of drinking glasses, cups, cisterns, ewers, false-cups, tumblers, bowls, mazers, mugs, jugs, goblets, tallboys, and such other Bacchic artillery.

On the frontispiece of the triumphal arch, under the zoöphore, was the following couplet:

You, who presume to move this way,
Get a good lantern lest you stray.

"We took special care of that," cried Pantagruel, when he had read them; "for there is not a better or a more divine lantern than ours in all Lantern-land."

This arch ended in a fine large round alley, covered over with the interlaid branches of vines, loaded and adorned with clusters of five hundred different colours, and of as many various shapes, not natural, but due to the skill of agriculture; some were golden, others bluish, tawny, azure, white, black, green, purple, streaked with many colours, long, round, [with facets], hairy, great-headed, and grassy. That pleasant alley ended at three old ivy-trees, verdant, and all loaden with [berries]. Our enlightened lantern directed us to make ourselves hats with

some of their leaves, and cover our heads wholly with 'em, which was immediately done.

“Jupiter’s priestess,” said Pantagruel, “in former days, would not, like us, have walked under this arbour.” “There was a mystical reason,” answered our most perspicuous lantern, “that would have hindered her. For had she gone under it, the wine, or the grapes of which ’t is made, that ’s the same thing, had been over her head, and then she would have seemed overtopped and mastered by wine. Which implies, that priests, and all persons who devote themselves to the contemplation of divine things, ought to keep their minds sedate and calm, and avoid whatever might disturb and discompose their tranquillity; which nothing is more apt to do than drunkenness.”

“You also,” continued our lantern, “could not come into the Holy Bottle’s presence, after you have gone through this arch, did not the noble priestess Bacbuc first see your shoes full of vine-leaves; which action is diametrically opposite to the other, and signifies that you despise wine, and having mastered it, as it were, tread it under foot.”

“I am no scholar,” quoth Friar John, “for which I am heartily sorry, yet I find, by my breviary, that in the Revelation, a woman was seen with the moon under her feet, which was a most wonderful sight. Now, as Bigot explained it to me, this was to signify, that she was not of the nature of other women; for they have all the moon at their heads, and, consequently, their brains are always troubled with a lunacy: this makes me willing to believe what you said, dear Madam Lantern.”

CHAPTER XIV

HOW WE WENT UNDER GROUND TO COME TO THE
TEMPLE OF THE HOLY BOTTLE, AND HOW CHI-
NON IS THE OLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD

WE went under ground through a plastered vault, on which was coarsely painted a dance of women and satyrs, waiting on old Silenus, who was grinning o' horseback on his ass. This made me say to Pantagruel, that this entry put me in mind of the painted cellar, in the oldest city of the world, where such paintings are to be seen, and in as cool a place.

"Which is the oldest city in the world?" asked Pantagruel. "'T is Chinon, sir, or Cainon in Touraine," said I. "I know," returned Pantagruel, "where Chinon lies, and the painted cellar also, having myself drunk there many a glass of cool wine; neither do I doubt but that Chinon is an ancient town—witness its blazon. I own 't is said twice or thrice,

Chinon,
Little town,
Great renown,
On old stone
Long has stood;
There 's the Vienne, if you look down;
If you look up, there 's the wood.

"But, how," continued he, "can you make it out that 't is the oldest town in the world? Where did you find this written?" "I have found in the sacred

writ," said I, "that Cain was the first that built a town; we may then reasonably conjecture that from his name he gave it that of Cainon. Thus, after his example, most other founders of towns have given them their names: Athena, that 's Minerva in Greek, to Athens; Alexander to Alexandria; Constantine to Constantinople; Pompey to Pompeiopolis in Cilicia; Adrian to Adrianople; Canaan to the Canaanites; Saba to the Sabæans; Assur to the Assyrians; and so Ptolemais, Cæsarea, Tiberias, and Herodium in Judæa got their names."

While we were thus talking, there came to us the great flask whom our lantern called the philosopher, her holiness the Bottle's governor. He was attended with a troop of the temple-guards, all French bottles in wicker-armour; and seeing us with our javelins wrapped with ivy, with our illustrious lantern, whom he knew, he desired us to come in with all manner of safety, and ordered we should be immediately conducted to the Princess Bacbuc, the Bottle's Lady of Honour, and priestess of all the mysteries; which was done.¹

¹ They go down under ground through a plastered vault, on which is coarsely painted a dance of women and satyrs, waiting on old Silenus, who was grinning on horseback on his ass. This shows, that we must not dwell on the surface or outside of things, but dive to their very centre or bottom, to come at truth. This also may refer to this work. The plastered vault, on which is coarsely daubed a dance of women and satyrs, is, in its literal sense, smutty, drunken, lewd, and satirical expressions; and our author is the Silenus, who grins and laughs at every one. He has ingeniously brought in a discourse about the antiquity of Chinon, his native town; by which he seems at the same time to ridicule the fables that are reported in many towns about their founders, whom some make as ancient as the patriarch of highest pedigree in Wales. (*Motteux.*)

CHAPTER XV

HOW BACBUC, THE HIGH-PRIESTESS, BROUGHT
PANURGE BEFORE THE HOLY BOTTLE

THERE the noble priestess Bacbuc made Panurge stoop and kiss the brink of the fountain; then bade him rise and dance three ithymbi.¹ Which done, she ordered him to sit down, between two stools placed there for that purpose, upon the ground. Then she opened her ceremonial book, and, whispering in his left ear, made him sing an epileny [as follows]:²

Bottle! whose mysterious deep
Does ten thousand secrets keep,
With attentive ear I wait;
Ease my mind, and speak my fate.
Soul of joy, like Bacchus, we
More than India gain by thee.
Truths unborn thy juice reveals,
Which futurity conceals.
Antidote to frauds and lies,
Wine, that mounts us to the skies
May thy father Noah's brood
Like him drown, but in thy flood.
Speak, so may the liquid mine
Of rubies or of diamonds shine.
Bottle! whose mysterious deep
Does ten thousand secrets keep,
With attentive ear I wait;
Ease my mind, and speak my fate.

¹ Dances in honour of Bacchus.

² In the French, the stanza begins and ends with short lines, and so when printed has somewhat the shape of a bottle.

When Panurge had sung, Bacbuc threw I don't know what into the fountain, and straight its water began to boil in good earnest, just for the world as doth the great monastical pot at Bourgueil, when 't is high-holiday there. Friend Panurge was listening with one ear, and Bacbuc kneeled by him, when such a kind of humming was heard out of the Bottle, as is made by a swarm of bees bred in the flesh of a young bull, killed and dressed according to Aristæus's art, or such as is made when a bolt flies out of a cross-bow, or when a shower falls on a sudden in summer. Immediately after this was heard the word TRINC. "By cob's body," cried Panurge, "'t is broken, or cracked at least, not to tell a lie for the matter; for, even so do crystal bottles speak in our country, when they burst near the fire."

Bacbuc arose, and gently taking Panurge under the arms, said, "Friend, offer your thanks to indulgent heaven, as reason requires; you have soon had the word of the Goddess bottle: and the kindest, most favourable, and certain word of an answer that I ever yet heard her give, since I officiate here at her most sacred oracle; rise, let us go to the chapter, in whose gloss that fine word is explained." "With all my heart," quoth Panurge; "by jingo! I am just as wise as I was last year; light! where 's the book? Turn it over, where 's that chapter? Let 's see this merry gloss."

CHAPTER XVI

HOW BACBUC EXPLAINED THE WORD OF THE
GODDESS BOTTLE

BACBUC having thrown I don't know what into the fountain, straight the water ceased to boil: and then she took Panurge into the greater temple, where was the enlivening fountain.

There she took out a hugeous silver book,¹ in the shape of a half-tierce, or hogshead, of sentences; and having filled it at the fountain, said to him: "The philosophers, preachers, and doctors of your world, feed you up with fine words and cant at the ears; now, here we really incorporate our precepts at the mouth. Therefore I 'll not say to you, read this chapter, see this gloss; no, I say to you, taste me this fine chapter, swallow me this rare gloss. Formerly an ancient prophet of the Jewish nation ate a book, and became a clerk even to the very teeth; now will I have you to drink one, that you may be a clerk to your very liver. Here, open your mandibules."

Panurge, gaping as wide as his jaws would stretch, Bacbuc took the silver book, at least we took it for a real book, for it looked just for the world like a breviary; but, in truth, it was a breviary, a flask of right Falernian wine, as it came from the grape, which she made him swallow every drop.

"By Bacchus!" quoth Panurge, "this was a notable chapter, a most authentic gloss, on my

¹The monks used to make their drinking-cups in the shape of mass-books and prayer-books, to deceive the world. (*Ozell.*)

word. Is this all that the Trismegistian Bottle's word means? I' troth I like it extremely, it went down like mother's milk." "Nothing more," returned Bacbuc; "for *Trinc* is a panomphean¹ word, that is, a word understood, used, and celebrated by all nations, and signifies drink.

"Some say in your world, that sack is a word used in all tongues, and justly admitted in the same sense among all nations; for, as Æsop's fable hath it, all men are born with a sack at the neck, naturally needy, and begging of each other; neither can the most powerful king be without the help of other men, or can any one that's poor subsist without the rich, though he be never so proud and insolent; as for example Hippias the philosopher, who boasted he could do everything. Much less can any one make shift without drink than without a sack. Therefore here we hold not that laughing, but that drinking is the distinguishing character of man. I do not say drinking, taking that word singly and absolutely in the strictest sense: no, beasts then might put in for a share; I mean drinking cool delicious wine. For you must know, my beloved, that by wine we become divine; neither can there be a surer argument, or a less deceitful divination. Your academics assert the same, when they make the etymology of wine, which the Greeks call ΟΙΝΟΣ, to be from *vis*, strength, virtue, and power; for 't is in its power to fill the soul with all truth, learning, and philosophy.

"If you observed what is written in Ionian letters on the temple gate, you may have understood that

¹ Greek πανομφαῖος, all-oracular.

truth is in wine. The Goddess Bottle therefore directs you to that divine liquor; be yourself the expounder of your undertaking."

"It is impossible," said Pantagruel to Panurge, "to speak more to the purpose than does this true priest; you may remember I told you as much when you first spoke to me about it.

"TRINC then! what says your heart, elevated by Bacchic enthusiasm?"

With this quoth Panurge,

" Trinc! trinc! by Bacchus let us tope,
And tope again; for, now I hope . . .
Ere long, my friends, I shall be wedded. . . .
Sing Iö pæan! loudly sing
To Hymen, who all joys will bring.
Well, Friar John, I 'll take my oath,
This oracle is full of troth:
Intelligible truths it bears,
More certain than the sieve and shears."

CHAPTER XVII

HOW WE TOOK OUR LEAVE OF BACBUC, AND LEFT
THE ORACLE OF THE HOLY BOTTLE

"**W**HAT ails the fellow?" quoth Friar John. "Stark staring mad, or bewitched o' my word! Do but hear the chiming dotterel gabble in rhyme. . . . I 've done with rhyming; the rheum gripes me at the gullet. Let 's talk of paying and going; come."

“Do not trouble yourself about anything here,” said the priestess to the friar; “if you be but satisfied, we are. Here below, in these circumcentral regions, we place the sovereign good not in taking and receiving, but in bestowing and giving; so that we esteem ourselves happy, not if we take and receive much of others, as perhaps the sects of teachers do in your world, but rather if we impart and give much. All I have to beg of you, is that you leave us here your names in writing, in this ritual.” She then opened a fine large book, and as we gave our names, one of her mystagogues, with a gold pin, drew some lines on it, as if she had been writing; but we could not see any characters.

This done, she filled three glasses with fantastic water, and giving them into our hands, said, “Now, my friends, you may depart, and may that intellectual sphere, whose centre is everywhere, and circumference nowhere, whom we call God, keep you in His almighty protection. When you come into your world, do not fail to affirm and witness, that the greatest treasures, and most admirable things, are hidden under ground.

“And not without reason Ceres was worshipped, because she taught mankind the art of husbandry, and by the use of corn, which she invented, abolished that beastly way of feeding on acorns; and she grievously lamented her daughter’s banishment into our subterranean regions, certainly foreseeing that Proserpine would meet with more excellent things, more desirable enjoyments, below, than she her mother could be blessed with above.

“What do you think is become of the art of forc-

ing the thunder and celestial fire down, which the wise Prometheus had formerly invented? 'T is most certain you have lost it; 't is no more on your hemisphere: but here below we have it. And, without a cause, you sometimes wonder to see whole towns burned and destroyed by lightning and ethereal fire, and are at a loss about knowing from whom, by whom, and to what end, those dreadful mischiefs were sent. Now they are familiar and useful to us; and your philosophers, who complain that the ancients have left them nothing to write of, or to invent, are very much mistaken. Those phenomena which you see in the sky; whatever the surface of the earth affords you, and the sea and every river contain, is not to be compared with what is hid within the bowels of the earth.

“For this reason the subterranean ruler has justly gained in almost every language, the epithet of rich. Now, when your sages shall wholly apply their minds to a diligent and studious search after truth, humbly begging the assistance of the sovereign God, whom formerly the Egyptians in their language called *The Hidden* and *The Concealed*, and invoking Him by that name, beseech Him to reveal and make Himself known to them, that Almighty Being will, out of His infinite goodness, not only make His creatures, but even Himself known to them.

“Thus will they be guided by good lanterns. For all the ancient philosophers and sages have held two things necessary, safely and pleasantly to arrive at the knowledge of God, and true wisdom: first, God's gracious guidance, then man's assistance.

“So among the philosophers, Zoroaster took

Arimaspes for the companion of his travels; Æsculapius, Mercury; Orpheus, Musæus; Pythagoras, Aglaophemus; and among princes and warriors, Hercules, in his most difficult achievements, had his singular friend Theseus; Ulysses, Diomedes; Æneas, Achates: you followed their examples, and came under the conduct of an illustrious lantern; now, in God's name depart, and may He go along with you!"

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